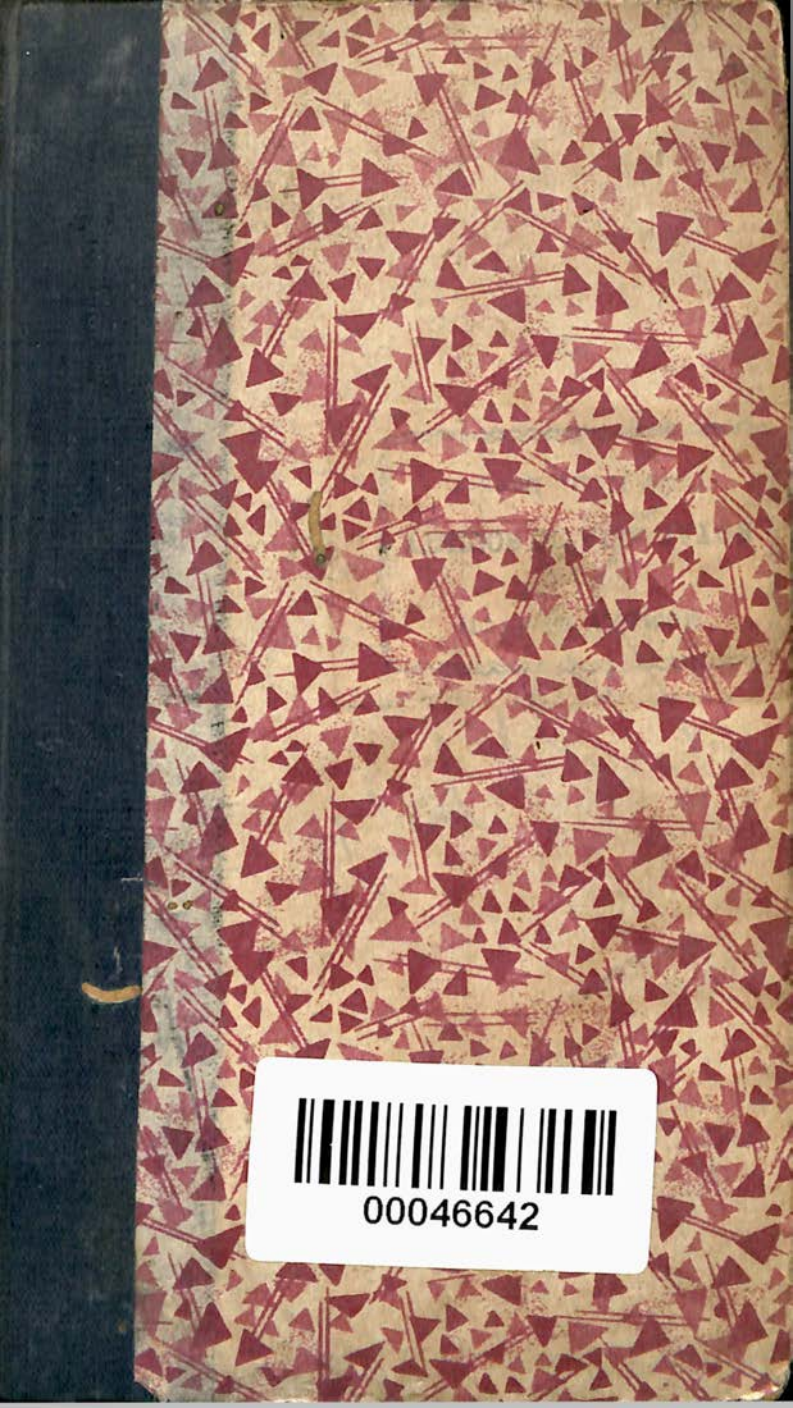
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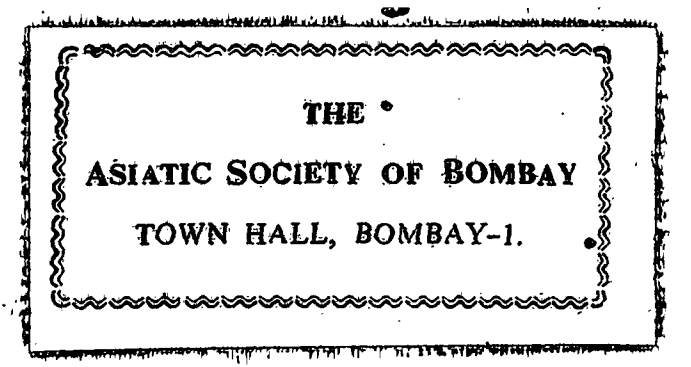

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THE WORKS OF Mr. *Nathaniel Lee*, IN THREE VOLUMES.

LONDON:

ed for M. P. and S. M. CHAPMAN at the *Angel* n *Pell-mell*; and sold by A. BETTESWORTH in ater-noſter-Row, and C. CLAY without *Temple-bar*. M. DCC. XXII.

PLAYS

Written by

Mr. *Nathaniel Lee.*

VOLUME the FIRST.

Containing

THEODOSIUS; *or, the* FORCE *of* LOVE.	PRINCESS *of* CLEVE.
	LUCIUS BRUTUS.
	OEDIPUS.

46642

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THEODOSIUS:

OR,

The Force of Love:

A

TRAGEDY,

ACTED

By their Royal Highneſs's Servants, at the *Duke's Theatre.*

Written by Mr. *NAT. LEE.*

—— Nec minus periculum ex magna Fama quam ex mala. Tacit.

To her GRACE the Dutcheſs of. RICHMOND.

MADAM,

THE Reputation that this PLAY received on the Stage, ſome few Errors excepted, was more than I could well hope from ſo cenſorious an Age, from whom I ask but ſo much neceſſary Praiſe as will ſerve, once or twice a Year at moſt, to gain their good Company, and juſt keep me alive.

There is not now that Mankind that was then,
When as the Sun and Man did ſeem to ſtrive
(Joint-Tenants of the World) who ſhould ſurvive:
When if a ſlow-pac'd Star had ſtoln away,
From the Obſerver's marking, he might ſtay
Two or three hundred Years to ſee't agen,
And then make up his Obſervation plain. Dr. *Donne.*

For 'tis impoſſible in our limited Time (and I bring his Opinion to back my own, who is without Compariſon the beſt Writer of the Age) to preſent our Judges a Poem half ſo perfect as we cou'd make it. I muſt acknowledge, *Madam*, with all humility, I ought to have taken more

Time and more Pains in this *Tragedy*, becauſe it is dedicated to your Grace, who being the beſt Judge, (and therefore can, when you pleaſe, make us tremble) yet with exceeding Mercy have pardon'd the Defects of *Theodoſius*, and given it your entire Approbation. My Genius, *Madam*, was your Favourite when the Poet was unknown, and openly receiv'd your Smiles before I had the Honour to pay your Grace the moſt ſubmiſſive Gratitude for ſo illuſtrious and advantageous a Protection. To let the World too know that you do not think it beneath you to be officiouſly Good, even from extremeſt Heights, to diſcern the loweſt Creatures, and give them all the nobleſt Influence you can, you brought Her Royal Highneſs juſt at the exigent time, whoſe ſingle Preſence on the Poet's Day, is a Subſiſtence for him all the Year after. Ah, *Madam*, if all the ſhort-liv'd Happineſs that miſerable Poets can enjoy conſiſt in Commendation only; nay, if the moſt part are content with popular Breath, and even for that are thankful; How ſhall I expreſs my ſelf to your Grace, who by a particular Goodneſs and innate Sweetneſs, merely for the ſake of doing well, have thus rais'd me above my ſelf? To have your Grace's Favour is, in a word, to have the Applauſe of the whole Court, who are its nobleſt Ornament, magnificent and eternal Praiſe. Something there is in your Mien ſo much above that we vulgarly call Charming, that to me it ſeems Adorable, and your Preſence almoſt Divine, whoſe dazling and majeſtick Form is a proper Manſion for the moſt elevated Soul. And let me tell the World, nay, ſighing, ſpeak it to a barbarous Age (I cannot help calling it ſo, when I think

I think of *Rome* and *Greece*) your extraordinary Love for Heroick Poetry is not the leaſt Argument to ſhew the Greatneſs of your Mind, and fulneſs of Perfection. To hear you ſpeak with that infinite Sweetneſs and Chearfulneſs of Spirit that is natural to your Grace, is methinks to hear our tutelar Angels: 'Tis to bemoan the preſent malicious Times, and remember the Golden Age. But to behold you too, is to make Prophets quite forget their Heaven, and bind the Poets with eternal Rapture.

Here pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay, her Body thought.
You for whoſe Body God made better Clay,
Or took Souls Snuff, ſuch as ſhall late decay,
Or ſuch as need ſmall Change at the Laſt Day.
Dr. *Donn.*

Ziphares and *Semandra* were firſt your Grace's Favourites; and though I ought not, *Madam*, to praiſe your Wit by your Judgment of my Painting, yet I muſt ſay, ſuch Characters every Dauber cannot draw. It has been often obſerved againſt me, That I abound in ungovern'd Fancy; but, I hope, the World will pardon the Sallies of Youth; Age, Deſpondence, and Dulneſs come too faſt of themſelves. I do commend no Man for keeping the beaten Road; but I am ſure the noble Hunters that follow the Game muſt leap Hedges and Ditches ſometimes, and run at all, or never come in to the fall of the Quarry. My comfort is, I cannot be ſo ridiculous a Creature to any Man as I am to my ſelf: For who ſhould know the

Houſe ſo well as the good Man at home? who, when is Neighbours come to ſee him, firſt ſets the beſt Rooms to view; and if he be not a wilful Aſs, keeps the Rubbiſh and Lumber in ſome dark Hole, where no body comes but himſelf, to mortify at melancholy Hours. But how then, *Madam*, in this unſuitable Condition, how ſhall I anſwer the infinite Honours and Obligations your Grace has laid upon me? Your Grace, who is the moſt beautiful Idea of Love and Glory; who, to that Divine Compoſition, have the nobleſt and beſt-natur'd Wit in the World. All I can promiſe, *Madam*, and be able to perform, is, that your Grace ſhall never ſee a Play of mine that ſhall give Offence to Modeſty and Virtue; and what I humbly offer to the World, ſhall be of uſe at leaſt, and I hope deſerve imitation; which is, or ought to be, I am ſure, the Deſign of all *Tragedies* and *Comedies* both antient and modern. I ſhould preſume to promiſe my ſelf too ſome Succeſs in things of this nature, if your Grace (in whom the Charms of Beauty, Wit, and Goodneſs ſeem reconcil'd) at a leiſure Hour would condeſcend to correct with your excellent Judgment, the Errors of,

MADAM,

Your Grace's moſt Humble,

moſt Obedient,

and Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WIT long oppreſs'd, and fill'd at laſt with Rage,
Thus in a ſullen Mood rebukes the Age.
What Loads of Fame do modern Heroes bear,
For an inglorious, long, and lazy War?
Who for ſome Skirmiſh, or a ſafe Retreat,
(Not to be dragg'd to Battle) are call'd Great.
But oh! what do ambitious Stateſmen gain,
Who into private Cheſts whole Nations drain?
What Sums of Gold they hoard, is daily known,
To all Mens Coſt, and ſometimes to their own.
Your Lawyer too, that like an O Yes *bawls,*
That drowns the Market-Higler in the Stalls,
That ſeems begot, conceiv'd, and born in Brawls,
Yet thrives: He and his Croud get what they pleaſe,
Swarming all Term-time thro the Strand *like Bees,*
They buz at Weſtminſter, *and lye for Fees.*
The Godly too their ways of Getting have;
But none ſo much as your Fanatick Knave:
Wiſely the wealthieſt Livings they refuſe,
Who by the fatteſt Biſhopricks would loſe;
Who with ſhort Hair, large Ears, and ſmall blue Band,
True Rogues, their own, not God's Elect command.
Let Pigs then be prophane; but Broth's allow'd,
Poſſets and Chriſtian Caudles may be good
Meet-helps, to reinforce a Brother's Blood:
Therefore each Female Saint he doth adviſe,
With Grunts, and Hums, and Ha's, and Gogling Eyes,
To ruin him down, and make the Spirit riſe:
While with his Zeal, tranſported from the Ground,
He mounts, and ſanctifies the Siſters round.

On Poets only no kind Star e'er ſmil'd,
Curſt Fate has damn'd 'em ev'ry Mother's Child.
Therefore he warns his Brothers of the Stage,
To write no more for an ungrateful Age.
Think what penurious Maſters you have ſerv'd;
Taſſo *run mad, and noble* Spenſer *ſtarv'd.*
Turn then, who e'er thou art that canſt write well,
Thy Ink to Gall, and in Lampoons excel.
Forſwear all Honeſty, traduce the Great,
Grow Impudent, and rail againſt the State;
Burſting with Spleen, abroad thy Paſquils ſend,
And chuſe ſome Libel-ſpreader for thy Friend:
The Wit and Want of Timon *point thy Mind,*
And for thy Satire-ſubject chuſe Mankind.

EPILOGUE.

THrice happy they that never writ before;
How pleas'd and bold they quit the ſafer Shore:
Like ſome new Captain of the City Bands,
That with big Looks in Finsbury *commands,*
Swell'd with huge Ale, he cries, Beat, beat a Drum;
Pox on the French *King, uds-bud let him come:*
Give me ten thouſand Red-Coats, and alloo,
We'll firk his Crequi *and his* Condé *too.*
Thus the young Scriblers Mankind's Senſe diſdain;
For Ignorance is ſure to make 'em vain;
But far from Vanity, or dang'rous Pride,
Our cautious Poet courts you to his ſide:
For why ſhould you be ſcorn'd, to whom are due
All the good Days that ever Authors knew?
If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em ſhine;
The Pit and Boxes make the Poet dine,
And he ſcarce drinks but of the Critticks Wine.

Old.

Old Writers ſhould not for Vain-glory ſtrive;
But, like old Miſtreſſes, think how to thrive;
Be fond of ev'ry thing their Keepers ſay,
At leaſt till they can live without a Play.
Like one that knows the Trade, and has been bit,
She doats and fawns upon her wealthy Cit,
And ſweart, ſhe loves him merely for his Wit.
Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
Antick and ugly, like an old Baboon,
She ſwears, is an accompliſh'd Beau-garſon;
Turns with all Winds, and ſails with all Deſires;
All Hearts in City, Town, and Court ſhe fires,
Young callow Lords, lean Knights, and driv'ling Squires.
She in reſiſtleſs Flattery finds her Ends,
Gives thanks for Fools, and makes ye all her Friends;
So ſhould wiſe Poets ſooth an aukard Age,
For they are Proſtitutes upon the Stage:
To ſtand on Points were fooliſh and ill-bred,
As for a Lady to be nice in Bed:
Your Wills alone muſt their Performance meaſure,
And you may turn 'em every way for Pleaſure.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Theodoſius,	Mr. *Williams.*
Varanes,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Marcian,	Mr. *Smith.*
Lucius.	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Atticus, *Chief Prieſt;*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Leontine,	Mr. *Leitherſull.*
Chorus.	

Pulcheria,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Atheſtais,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Marina.	
Flavilla.	
Julia.	
Delia.	
Attendants, Singers.	

The SCENE, *Conſtantinople.*

THE O-

THEODOSIUS:

OR,

The Force of Love.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A ſtately Temple, which repreſents the Chriſtian Religion, as in its firſt Magnificence: Being but lately eſtabliſh'd at Rome *and* Conſtantinople. *The ſide Scenes ſhew the horrid Tortures with which the* Roman *Tyrants perſecuted the Church; and the flat Scene, which is the Limit of the Proſpect, diſcovers an Altar richly adorn'd, before it* Conſtantine, *ſuppos'd kneels, with Commanders about him, gazing at a bloody Croſs in the Air, which being encompaſs'd with many Angels, offers it ſelf to view, with thoſe Words diſtinctly written,* (In hoc ſigno vinces!) *Inſtruments are heard, and many Attendants: The Miniſters at Divine Service walk buſily up and down, till* Atticus *the Chief of all the Prieſts, and Succeſſor of St.* Chryſoſtom, *in rich Robes, comes forward with the Philoſopher* Leontine; *the Waiters in Ranks bowing all the way before him.*

A Chorus heard at diſtance.

PRepare, prepare! the Rites begin,
Let none unhallow'd enter in;
The Temple with new Glory ſhines,
Adorn the Altars, waſh the Shrines,
And purge the Place from Sin.

Enter

Enter Atticus *and* Leontine.

Attic. O H, *Leontine!* was ever Morn like this,
Since the Celeſtial Incarnation dawn'd?
I think no Day ſince that, ſuch Glory gave
To Chriſtian Altars, as this Morning brings.

Leont. Great Succeſſor of holy *Chryſoſtom*,
Who now triumphs above a Saint of Honour;
Next in degree to thoſe bright Sons of Heav'n,
Who never fell, nor ſtain'd their orient Beams:
What ſhall I anſwer? How ſhall I approach you,
Since my Converſion, which your Breath inſpir'd?

Attic. To ſee this Day, the Emperor of the Eaſt
Leaves all the Pleaſures that the Earth can yield,
That Nature can beſtow, or Art invent,
In his Life's ſpring, and bloom of gawdy Years,
To undergo the Penance of a Cloyſter,
Confin'd to narrow Rooms, and gloomy Walks,
Faſtings, and Exerciſes of Devotion,
Which from his Bed at Midnight muſt awake him;
Methinks, O *Leontine!* is ſomething more
Than yet Philoſophy could ever reach.

Leont. True, *Atticus*, you have amaz'd my Reaſon.

Attic. Yet more, to our Religion's laſting Honour,
Marina and *Flavilla*, two young Virgins,
Imperial born, caſt in the faireſt Mould
That e'er the hands of Beauty form'd for Woman;
The Mirrors of our Court, where Chaſtity
And Innocence might copy ſpotleſs Luſtre,
To Day with *Theodoſius* leave the World.

Leont. Methinks at ſuch a glorious Reſignation,
Th'Angelick Orders ſhould at once deſcend
In all the Paint and Drapery of Heav'n,
With charming Voices, and with lulling Strings
To give full Grace to ſuch triumphant Zeal.

Attic. No, *Leontine*, I fear there is a fault;
For when I laſt confeſs'd the Emperor,

Wherein

Whether Diſguſt and melancholy Blood,
From reſtleſs Paſſions, urg'd not this Divorce;
He only anſwer'd me with Sighs and Bluſhes:
'Tis ſure, his Soul is of the tendereſt Make;
Therefore I'll treat him ſtrictly: but, my Friend,
Why ſhould I give his Character to you,
Who, when his Father ſent him into *Perſia*,
Were by that mighty Monarch then appointed
To breed him with his Son, the Prince *Varanes*?
Leont. And what will raiſe your Admiration, is,
That two ſuch different Tempers ſhould agree:
You know that *Theodoſius* is compos'd
Of all the ſoftneſs that ſhould make a Woman:
Judgment almoſt like Fear fore-runs his Actions;
And he will poiſe an Injury ſo long
As if he had rather pardon than revenge it.
But the young *Perſian* Prince quite oppoſite,
So fiery fierce, that thoſe who view him nearly,
May ſee his haughty Soul ſtill mounting in his Face;
Yet did I ſtudy theſe ſo different Tempers,
Till I at laſt had form'd a perfect Union,
As if two Souls did but inform one Body.
A Friendſhip that may challenge all the World,
And at the proof be matchleſs!
Attic. I long to read
This gallant Prince, who, as you have inform'd me,
Comes from his Father's Court to ſee our Emperor.
Leont. So he intended till he came to *Athens*;
And at my homely Board beheld my Daughter,
Where, as Fate ordered, ſhe who never ſaw
The Glories of a Court, bred up to Books
In Cloſets, like a Sybil: She, I ſay,
Long ſince from *Perſia* brought by me to *Athens*,
Unskill'd in Charms, but thoſe which Nature gave her,
Wounded this ſcornful Prince: In ſhort, he forc'd me
To wait him thither, with deep Proteſtations,
That Moment that bereft him of the ſight
Of *Athanais*, gave him certain Death.
But ſee my Daughter honour'd with his Preſence.

Enter

Enter Varanes *and* Athenais.

Vara. 'Tis ſtrange! O *Athenais!* wondrous, all
Wondrous the Shrines, and wonderful the Altars!
The Martyrs, though but drawn in painted Flames,
Amaze me with the Image of their Suff'rings:
Saints canoniz'd, that dar'd with *Roman* Tyrants;
Hermits that liv'd in Caves, and fed with Angels;
By *Oroſmades*, it is wondrous all.
That bloody Croſs, in yonder Azure Sky,
Above the Head of kneeling *Conſtantine*;
Inſcrib'd about with Golden Characters,
Thou ſhalt o'ercome in this. If it be true,
I ſay again, by Heav'n, 'tis wondrous ſtrange.

Athen. O Prince, if thus Imagination ſtirs you,
A Fancy rais'd from Figures in dead Walls,
How would the ſacred Breath of *Atticus*
Inſpire your Breaſt, purge all your Droſs away,
And drive this *Athenais* from your Soul,
To make a Virgin room, whom yet the Mould
Of your rude Fancy cannot comprehend.

Vara. What ſays my Fair? Drive *Athenais* from me!
Start me not into Frenzy, leſt I rail
At all Religion, and fall out with Heav'n:
And what is ſhe alas! that ſhould ſupplant thee?
Were ſhe the Miſtreſs of the World, as fair
As Winter Stars, or Summer-ſetting Suns,
And thou ſet by in Nature's plaineſt Dreſs,
With that chaſte modeſt Look when firſt I ſaw thee;
The Heireſs of a poor Philoſopher; [*Recorders ready*
I ſwear by all I wiſh, by all I love, *to flouriſh.*
Glory and thee, I would not loſe a Thought,
Nor caſt an Eye that way, but ruſh to thee
To theſe lov'd Arms, and loſe my ſelf for ever.

Athen. Forbear, my Lord.

Vara. O cruel *Athenais!*
Why doſt thou put me off, who pine to death?
And thruſt me from thee when I would approach thee?
Can there be ought in this? Curſe then thy Birth-right,

Thy

Thy glorious Title, and ill-ſuited Greatneſs,
Since *Athenais* ſcorns thee: Take again
Your ill-tim'd Honours; take 'em, take 'em Gods!
And change me to ſome humble Villager,
If ſo at laſt for Toils at ſcorching Noon,
In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields,
At Night ſhe will but crown me with a Smile,
Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bleſs me.

Athen. When Princes ſpeak, their Subjects ſhould be ſilent;
But with Humility I would demand,
Wherein appears my Scorn, or my Averſion?
Have I not for your ſake abandon'd home,
Where I had vow'd to ſpend my calmer Days?
But you perhaps imagine it but little
For a poor Maid to follow you abroad,
Eſpecially the Daughter of old *Leontine*;
Yet I muſt tell you Prince ——

Vara. I cannot bear
Thoſe Frowns: I have offended, but forgive me.
For who, *Athenais*, that is toſs'd
With ſuch tempeſtuous Tides of Love as I,
Can ſteer a ſteddy Courſe? Retire, my Fair,

[*Recorders flouriſh.*

Hark! the Solemnities are now beginning,
And *Theodoſius* comes: Hide, hide thy Charms;
If to his clouded Eyes ſuch Day ſhould break,
The Royal Youth who dotes to Death for Love,
I fear would forfeit all his Vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon thy World, thy World of Beauty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodoſius *leading* Marina *and* Flavilla (*all three dreſs'd in white*) *followed by* Pulcheria.

Theo. Farewel, *Pulcheria!* and I pray, no more:
For all thy kind Complaints are loſt upon me.
Have I not ſworn the World and I muſt part?
Fate has proclaim'd it, therefore weep no more,
Wound not the tendereſt Part of *Theodoſius*,
My yielding Soul, that would expire in Calms!

Wound

Wound me not with thy Tears, and I will tell thee,
Yet e're I take my laſt farewel for ever,
The Cauſe of all my Sufferings: Oh, my Sister!
A bleeding Heart, the Stings of pointed Love,
What Conſtitution ſoft as mine can bear?
Pulch. My Lord, my Emperor, my deareſt Brother,
Why all this while did you conceal it from me?
Theo. Becauſe I was aſham'd to own my Weakneſs;
I knew thy ſharper Wit, and ſtricter Wiſdom
Would dart Reproofs, which I could not endure.
Draw near, Oh *Atticus*, and mark me well,
For never yet did my complaining Spirit
Unlaid this weighty Secret upon him,
Nor groan a Syllable of her Oppreſſion.
Attic. Conceaiment was a Fault; but ſpeak at large,
Make bare the Wound, and I will pour in Balm.
The. 'Tis Folly all, and Fondneſs——Oh, Remembrance!
Why doſt thou open thus my Wound again,
And from my Heart call down thoſe warmer Drops
That make me die with ſhame? hear then, *Pulcheria!*
Some few preceding Days before I left
The *Perſian* Court, hunting one Morning early,
I loſt myſelf and all the Company,
Still wandring on as Fortune would direct me:
I paſt a Rivulet, and lighted on
The ſweeteſt Solitude I ever ſaw!
When ſtreight, as if Enchantment had been there,
Two charming Voices drew me till I came,
Where divers Arbors over-look'd the River.
Upon the Oſier Bank two Women ſate,
Who, when their Song was ended, talk'd to one
Who, bathing, ſtood far in the Chryſtal Stream.
But, Oh, what Thought can paint that fair Perfection,
Or give a Glympſe of ſuch a naked Glory?
Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
When the green Nymphs firſt kiſs'd her coral Lips,
All poliſh'd, fair, and waſh'd with orient Beauty,
Could in my dazling Fancy match her Brightneſs.
Attic. Think where you are?

Theo. Oh! Sir, you muſt forgive me,
The chaſt Enthuſiaſtick Form appears,
As when I ſaw her; yet I ſwear, *Pulcheria*,
Had cold *Diana* been a Looker on,
She muſt have prais'd the Virtues of the Virgin:
The *Satyrs* could not grin, for ſhe was veil'd:
Nothing immodeſt, from her naked Boſom
Down to her Knees, the Nymph was wrapt in Lawn:
But, Oh for me! for me, that was too much!
Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breaſts,
So nicely ſhaped, ſo matchleſs in their Luſtre!
Such All-Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
Of killing Love, and ever ſince have languiſh'd
With lingering Surfeits of her fatal Beauty!
Alas, too fatal ſure! Oh, *Atticus!*
Forgive me, for my Story now is done,
The Nymph was dreſt, and with her two Companions,
Having deſcry'd me, ſhriek'd and fled away,
Leaving me motionleſs, till *Leontine*,
Th' Inſtructer of my Youth, by chance came in,
And wak'd me from the Wonder that entranc'd me.

Attic. Behold, my Lord, the Man whom you have nam'd,
The Harbinger of Prince *Varanes*, here.

Theo. Oh *Leontine!* ten thouſand Welcomes meet thee!
Thou Foſter-Father of my tender Youth,
Who rear'd the Plant, and prun'd it with ſuch Care;
How ſhall I look upon thee, who am fallen
From all the Principles of manlier Reaſon,
By thee infus'd, to more than Woman's Weakneſs?
Now by the Majeſty Divine, that awes
This ſacred Place, I ſwear you muſt not kneel:
And tell me, for I have a thouſand things
To ask thee; Where, where is my godlike Friend?
Is he arriv'd, and ſhall I ſee his Face,
Before I'm cloyſter'd from the World for ever?

Leont. He comes, my Lord, with all the expecting Joys
Of a young promis'd Lover, from his Eyes
Big Hopes look forth, and boiling Fancy forms

Nothing

Nothing but *Theodoſius* ſtill before him;
His Thought, his every Word, is *Theodoſius*.
Theo. Yet *Leontine*, yet anſwer me once more:
With Tremblings I demand thee.
Say —— haſt thou ſeen? Oh! has that heav'nly Form
Appear'd to thee again? Behold he's dumb:
Proceed then to the ſolemn laſt farewel,
Never was Man ſo willing, and prepar'd.

Enter Varanes, Aranthes, *Attendants.*

Vara. Where is my Friend! Oh, where is my belov'd,
My *Theodoſius!* point him out ye Gods,
That I may preſs him dead betwixt my Arms;
Devour him thus with over-haſty Joys,
That languiſh at his Breaſt, quite out of Breath,
And cannot utter more.
Theo. Thou mightieſt Pleaſure!
And greateſt Bleſſing, that kind Heav'n could ſend,
To glad my parting Soul, a thouſand Welcomes!
Oh! when I look on thee, new Starts of Glory
Spring in my Breaſt, and with a backward Bound
I run the Race of luſty Youth again.
Vara. By Heav'n it joys me too, when I remember
Our thouſand Paſtimes, when we borrow'd Names;
Alcides, I, and Thou, my deareſt *Theſeus*,
When through the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like *Theſſalian* Bulls,
Like Tygers flu'd, and ſanded as the Shore,
With Ears, and Cheſts, that daſh'd the Morning Dew:
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are toſt in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchleſs was our Courſe:
Now ſweeping o'er the Limit of a Hill;
Now with a full Career come thund'ring down
The Precipice, and ſweat along the Vale.
Theo. Oh, glorious Time! and when the gathering Clouds
Have call'd us home, ſay, Did we reſt my Brother?
When on the Stage, to the admiring Court,
We ſtrove to repreſent *Alcides'* Fury,

In

In all that raging Heat, and Pomp of Madneſs,
With which the ſtately *Seneca* adorn'd him;
So lively drawn, and painted with ſuch Horror,
That we were forc'd to give it o'er; ſo loud
The Virgins ſhriek'd, ſo faſt they dy'd away.
Vara. My *Theodoſius* ſtill; 'tis my lov'd Brother;
And by the Gods we'll ſee thoſe Times agen!
Why then has Rumour wrong'd thee, that reported
Chriſtian Euthuſiaſm had charm'd thee from us,
That drawn by Prieſts, and work'd by Melancholy,
Thou hadſt laid down the golden Reins of Empire,
And ſworn thy ſelf a Votary for ever?
Theo. 'Tis almoſt true; and had not you arriv'd,
The ſolemn Buſineſs had by this been ended.
This I have made the Empreſs of the *Eaſt*,
My elder Siſter: Theſe with me retire,
Devoted to the Pow'r whom we adore.
Vara. What Power is that that merits ſuch Oblations?
I thought the Sun more great and glorious,
Than any that e're mingled with the Gods;
Yet even to him my Father never offer'd
More than a Hecatomb of Bulls and Horſes:
Now by thoſe golden Beams, that glad the World,
I ſwear it is too much; For one of theſe,
But half ſo bright, our God would drive no more,
He'd leave the darken'd Globe, and in ſome Cave
Enjoy ſuch Charms for ever.
Attic. My Lord, forbear!
Such Language does not ſuit with our Devotion:
Nothing profane muſt dare murmur here,
Nor ſtain the hallow'd Beauties of the Place.
Yet thus far we muſt yield; the Emperor
Is not enough ador'd to leave the World.
Vara. Thus low, moſt Reverend of this ſacred Place,
I kneel for Pardon, and am half converted,
By your Permiſſion that my *Theodoſius*
Return to my Embraces. Oh, my Brother!
Why doſt thou droop? there will be time enough
For Prayer and Faſting, and religious Vows;
Let us enjoy, while yet thou art my own,

All

All the Magnificence of *Eaſtern* Courts;
I hate to walk a lazy Life away:
Let's run the Race which Fate has ſet before us,
And poſt to the dark Goal.

Theo. Cruel Deſtiny!
Why am not I thus too? Oh, my *Varanes!*
Why are theſe coſtly Diſhes ſet before me?
Why do theſe Sounds of Pleaſure ſtrike my Ears?
Why are theſe Joys brought to my ſick Remembrance,
Who have no Appetite; but am to Senſe,
From Head to Foot, all a dead Palſy o'er?

Vara. Fear not, my Friend, all ſhall be well again,
For I have thouſand Ways, and thouſand Stories
To raiſe thee up to Pleaſure; we'll unlock
Our faſteſt Secrets, ſhed upon each other
Our tender'ſt Cares, and quite unbar thoſe Doors,
Which ſhall be ſhut to all Mankind beſide.

Attic. Silence and Reverence are the Temple's Dues:
Therefore, while we purſue the ſacred Rites,
Be theſe obſerv'd, or quit the awful Place.
Imperial Siſters, now Twin-ſtars of Heaven,
Anſwer the Succeſſor of *Chryſoſtom*;
Without leaſt Reſervation anſwer me,
By thoſe harmonious Rules I charg'd ye learn.

Atticus *Sings.*

Attic. *Canſt thou, Marina, leave the World,*
The World that is Devotion's Bane;
Where Crowns are toſt, and Scepters hurl'd,
Where Luſt and proud Ambition reign?

2 Prieſt. *Can you your coſtly Robes forlorn,*
To live with us in poor Attire?
Can you from Courts to Cells repair,
To ſing at Midnight in our Quire?

3 Prieſt. *Can you forget your golden Beds,*
Where you might ſleep beyond the Morn,

On Mats to lay your Royal Heads,
And have your beauteous Treſſes ſhorn?

Attic. *Can you reſolve to faſt all Day,*
And weep and groan to be forgiv'n?
Can you in broken Slumbers pray,
And by Affliction merit Heav'n?

Chor. *Say, Votaries, can this be done,*
While we the Grace Divine implore,
The World has loſt, the Battle's won;
And Sin ſhall never charm ye more?

Marina *The Gate to Bliſs does open ſtand,*
Sings. *And all my Penance is in view;*
The World upon the other hand
Cries out, Oh, do not bid adieu!

Yet, ſacred Sirs, in theſe Extreams,
Where Pomp and Pride their Glories tell;
Where Youth and Beauty are the Themes,
And plead their moving Cauſe ſo well:

If ought that's vain my Thoughts poſſeſs,
Or any Paſſions govern here,
But what Divinity may bleſs;
Oh, may I never enter there!

Flavilla *What! what can Pomp or Glory do;*
Sings. *Or what can human Charms perſuade,*
That Mind that has a Heav'n in view,
How can it be by Earth betray'd!

No Monarch full of Youth and Fame,
The Joy of Eyes, and Nature's Pride,
Should once my Thoughts from Heav'n reclaim,
Though now he woo'd me for his Bride.

Haſte then, Oh haſte! and take us in,
For ever lock Religion's Door,

Secure

Secure us from the Charms of Sin,
And let us see the World no more. —

Attic. *Hark! hark! behold the heavenly Choir,*
Sings. They cleave the Air in bright Attire,
And see his Lute each Angel brings,
And hark Divinely thus he sings!
To the Pow'rs Divine all Glory be given,
By Men upon Earth, and Angels in Heaven.

Scene shuts, and all the Priests with Marina *and* Flavilla *disappear.*

Pulch. For ever gone! for ever parted from me!
Oh! *Theodosius*, till this cruel Moment
I never knew how tenderly I lov'd 'em;
But on this everlasting Separation,
Methinks my Soul has left me, and my Time
Of Dissolution points me to the Grave.

Theo. Oh, my *Varanes*, does not now thy Temper
Bate something of its Fire? dost thou not melt
In mere Compassion of my Sister's Fate,
And cool thy self with one relenting Thought?

Vara. Yes, my dar'd Soul rolls inward; Melancholy,
Which I ne'er felt before, now comes upon me;
And I begin to loath all human Greatness:
Oh! sigh not then, nor thy hard Fate deplore!
For, 'tis resolv'd, we will be Kings no more:
We'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be our Guide;
Love that's more worth than all the World beside.
Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam,
The fetter'd Mind still languishes at home;
In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round,
Business and Cares eternally abound.
" And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,
" She's clogg'd with Scepters, and to Crowns confin'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pulcheria, Julia, *Attendants.*

Pulch. THese Packets for the Emperor *Honorius*;
Be swift, let the Agent haste to *Rome*—
I hear, my *Julia*, that our General
Is from the *Goths* return'd with Conquest home.

Jul. He is; to day I saw him in the Presence,
Sharp to the Courtiers, as he ever was,
Because they went not with him to the Wars:
To you he bows, and sues to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. He shall, my dearest *Julia*; oft I have told thee
The Secret of my Soul: If e'er I marry,
Marcian's my Husband; he *is* a Man, my *Julia*,
Whom I have study'd long and found him perfect:
Old *Rome* at every Glance looks through his Eyes,
And kindles the Beholders: Some sharp Atoms
Run through his Frame, which I could wish were out:
He sickens at the Softness of the Emperor,
And speaks too freely of our Female Court;
Then sighs, comparing it with what *Rome* was.

Enter Marcian *and* Lucius.

Pulch. Ha! who are these that dare profane this Place
With more than barb'rous Insolence?

Marc. At your Feet,
Behold I cast the scourge of these Offenders,
And kneel to kiss your Hand.

Pulch. Put up your Sword,
And e'er I bid you welcome from the Wars,
Be sure you clear your Honour of this Rudeness;
Or, *Marcian*, leave the Court.

Marc.

Marc. Thus then, Madam;
The Emperor receiv'd me with Affection,
Embrac'd me for my Conqueſts, and retir'd;
When on a ſudden all the gilded Flies
That buz about the Court came flutt'ring round me:
This with affected Cringes, and minc'd Words,
Begs me to tell my Tale of Victories;
Which done, he thanks me, ſlips behind his Fellow,
Whiſpers him in the Ear, then ſmiles and liſtens,
While I relate my Story once again:
A third comes in, and asks me the ſame Favour:
Whereon they laugh, while I ſtill ignorant
Go on; but one behind, more impudent,
Strikes on my Shoulder; then they laugh'd out-right:
But then I gueſſing the Abuſe too late,
Return'd my Knight behind a Box o'th' Ear;
Then drew, and briefly told them they were Raſcals.
They, laughing ſtill, cry'd out the General's muſty,
Whereon I drove 'em, Madam, as you ſaw:
This is in ſhort the Truth, I leave the Judgment
To your own Juſtice; If I have done ill,
Sentence me, and I'll leave the Court for ever.

Pulch. Firſt you are welcome, *Marcian*, from the Wars;
And ſtill when e'er occaſion calls for Arms,
Heav'n ſend the Emperor a General,
Renown'd as *Marcian*: as to what is paſt,
I think the World will rather praiſe than cenſure
Pulcheria, when ſhe pardons you the Action.

Marc. Gods! Gods! and thou great Founder of Old *Rome!*
What is become of all that mighty Spirit,
That rais'd our Empire to a Pitch ſo high?
Where is it pent? What, but Almighty Power
Could thus confine it, that but ſome few Atoms
Now run through all the Eaſt and Occident?

Pulch. Speak calmly, *Marcian*——

Marc. Who can be temperate,
That thinks as I do, Madam? Why here's a Fellow,
I have ſeen him fight againſt a Troop of *Vandals*
In your Defence, as if he lov'd to bleed:

Come

Come to my Arms, my Dear! thou canſt not talk,
But haſt a Soul above the proudeſt of 'em.
Oh, Madam, when he has been all over Blood,
And hack'd with Wounds that ſeem'd to mouth his Praiſes;
I have ſeen him ſmile ſtill as he puſh'd Death from him,
And with his Actions rally diſtant Fate.

Pulch. He has a noble Form.

Marc. Yet ev'n this Man,
That fought ſo bravely in his Country's Cauſe,
This excellent Man this Morning in the Preſence,
Did I ſee wrong'd before the Emperor,
Scorn'd and deſpis'd becauſe he could not cringe,
Not plant his Feet as ſome of them could do.
One ſaid his Clothes were not well made, and damn'd
His Taylor——Another ſaid, he look'd
As if he had not loſt his Maiden-head.
If things are ſuffer'd to be thus, down all
Authority, Pre-eminence, Degree and Virtue.
Let *Rome* be never mention'd; no, in the Name
Of all the Gods, be ſhe forgotten ever.
Effeminate *Perſians*, and the *Lydian* Softneſs,
Make all your Fights, *Marcian* ſhall out no more;
For by my Arms it makes a Woman of me;
And my ſwoln Eyes run o'er to think this Worth,
This fuller Honour than the whole Court holds,
Should be ridiculous to Knaves and Fools;
Should ſtarve for want of what is neceſſary
To Life's Convenience: *When luxurious Bawds*
Are ſo o'er-grown with Fat, and cramm'd with Riot,
That they can hardly walk without an Engine.

Pulch. Why did you not inform the Emperor?

Marc. Becauſe he will not hear me; alas, good Man,
He flies from this bad World, and ſtill when Wars
And Dangers come, he runs to his Devotions,
To your new thing, I know not what you call it,
Which *Conſtantine* began.

Pulch. How, *Marcian!* are not you of that
Religion which the Emperor owns?

Marc. No, Madam, if you'll ſee my naked Thought,
I am not of their Principle, that take

A Wrong; ſo far from bearing with a Foe,
I would ſtrike firſt, like old *Rome*; I wou'd forth,
Elbow the neighbouring Nations round about,
Invade, enlarge my Empire to the Bounds
Of the too narrow Univerſe. Yes, I own
That I deſpiſe your holy Innovations.
I am for the *Roman* Gods, for Funeral Piles,
For mounting Eagles, and the fancied Greatneſs
Of our Fore-fathers. Methinks my heated Spirit
Cou'd utter things worth loſing of my Head.

Pulch. Speak freely, *Marcian*, for I know thee honeſt.

Marc. Oh, Madam! long, long may the Emperor live;
But, I muſt ſay, his gentle Diſpoſition
Suits not, alas, the Oriental Sway:
Bid him but look on *Pharamond*: Oh, Gods!
Awake him with the Image of that Spirit,
Which, like a Pyramid revers'd, is grown
Ev'n from a Point to the moſt dreadful Greatneſs:
His very Name already ſhakes the World;
And ſtill in Perſon heading his firſt Squadrons,
Like the firſt *Cæſar* o'er the hardy *Gauls*,
He ſeems another Thunderbolt of War.

Pulch. I oft have blam'd my Brother moſt for this,
That to my Hand he leaves the State-Affairs:
And how that ſounds, you know———

Marc. Forgive me, Madam;
I think that all the Greatneſs of your Sex,
Rome's Clelia, and the fam'd *Semiramis*,
With all th' *Amazonian* Valour too,
Meet in *Pulcheria*: yet, I ſay, forgive me,
If with reluctance I behold a Woman
Sit at the Empire's Helm, and ſteer the World.

Pulch. I ſtand rebuk'd———

Marc. Mark but the growing *French*.
The moſt auſpicious Omen of their Greatneſs,
That I can gueſs, is their late *Salique* Law,
Pleſs'd by their Prieſts, their *Salii*, and pronounc'd
To ſtand for ever; which excludes all Women
From the Imperial Crown: But, Oh! I ſpeak
The leaſt of all thoſe infinite Grievances,

Which

Which make the Subjects murmur: In the Army,
Tho I proceeded ſtill like *Hannibal*,
And puniſh'd ev'ry Mutineer with Death;
Yet, Oh! it ſtabb'd me through and through the Soul.
To paſs the Wretches Doom, becauſe I knew
With Juſtice they complain'd; for hard they fought,
And with their Blood earn'd that forbidden Bread,
Which ſome at Court, and great ones, though un-nam'd,
Caſt to their Hounds, while the poor Soldiers ſtarv'd——
Pulch. Your Pity too in mournful Fellowſhip,
No doubt might ſooth their Murmurs.
Marc. Yes, it did.
That I might put 'em once again in heart,
I ſaid 'twas true, the Emperor was to blame,
Who dealt too coldly with his faithful Servants,
And paid their great Arrears by ſecond-hand:
I promis'd too, when we return'd to Court,
Things ſhould be mended——
But how! Oh Gods! forgive my Blood this Tranſport!
To the eternal Shame of Female Councils!
And to the blaſt of *Theodoſius'* Name,
Whom never warlike Chronicle ſhall mention!
Oh, let me ſpeak it with a *Roman* Spirit,
We were receiv'd like undone Prodigals,
By curſt ungrateful Stewards, with cold Looks,
Who yet got all by thoſe poor Wretches Ruin;
Like Malefactors, at the Hands of Juſtice.
I bluſh, I almoſt weep with burſting Rage!
If thus receiv'd, how paid our long Arrears?
Why, as intruſted Miſers pay the Rights
Of helpleſs Widows, or the Orphans Tears.
Oh Soldier! for to thee, to thee I ſpeak it,
Bawds for the Drudgery of Citizens Wives,
Would better pay Debilitated Stallions.
Madam, I have ſaid perhaps too much; if ſo,
It matters not, for he who lies, like me,
On the hard Ground, is ſure to fall no further.
Pulch. I have given you patient hearing, honeſt *Marcian*:
And, as far as I can ſee into your Temper,

I ſpeak my ſerious Judgment in cold Blood,
With ſtricteſt Conſultation on the matter;
I think, this ſeeming plain and honeſt *Marcian*,
An exquiſite and moſt notorious Traytor.

Marc. Ha! Traytor!

Pulch. Yes, a moſt notorious Traytor.

Marc. Your Grandfather, whoſe Frown could awe the World,
Would not have call'd me ſo—— or if he had——

Pulch. You would have taken it——But to the Buſineſs.
Was't not enough; Oh Heaven! thou know'ſt too much!
At firſt to own your ſelf an Infidel,
A bold Contemner, even to Blaſphemy,
Of that Religion which we all profeſs;
For which your Heart's beſt Blood can ne'er ſuffice:
But you muſt dare, with a ſeditious Army,
Thus to conſpire againſt the Emperor.
I mention not your Impudence to me,
Taxing the Folly of my Government
Ev'n to my Face: Such an Irreverence,
As ſure no barb'rous *Vandal* would have urg'd;
Beſide your libelling all the Court, as if
You had engroſs'd the whole World's Honeſty:
And Flatterers, Fools, and Sycophants, and Knaves,
Such was your Language, did inhabit here.

Marc. You wreſt my honeſt Meaning, by the Gods!
You do; and if you thus go on, I feel
My ſtruggling Spirit will no longer bear it.

Pulch. I thought the meaning of all rational Men
Should ſtill be gather'd out of their Diſcourſe;
Nor are you ſo imprudent, without thinking,
To vent ſuch Words, tho now you fain would hide it;
You find the Guilt, and baulk the Accuſation:
But think not you ſhall ſcape ſo eaſily.
Once more I do confront you, as a Traytor;
And as I am entruſted with full Pow'r,
Diveſt you, in the Name of *Theodoſius*,
Of all your Offices, Commiſſions, Honours;
Command you leave the Court within three Days,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honeſt *Marcian*.

Marc.

Marc. Gods! Gods!

Pulch. What now! ha! does the Traytor murmur?
I'll in three days; mark me, 'tis I thus doom thee;
Rash inconsiderable Man, a Wretch beneath
The Torments I cou'd execute upon thee,
If after three days space thou'rt found in Court,
Thou dy'ſt: thy Head, thy Head ſhall pay the Forfeit.
Farewel: now rage; now rail and curſe the Court;
Saucily dare to abuſe the beſt of Princes,
And let thy lawleſs Tongue laſh all it can;
Do like a mad Man rave: deplore thy Fortune,
While Pages laugh at thee. Then haſte to the Army,
Grow popular, and lead the Multitude:
Preach up thy Wrongs, and drive the giddy Beaſt
To kick at *Cæſar*. Nay, if thou weep'ſt, I am gone.
Oh *Julia!* if I ſtay, I ſhall weep too.
Yet 'tis but juſt that I the Heart ſhould ſee
Of him who once muſt lord it over me.
[*Ex.* Pulch. *&c.*

Luc. Why do you droop, Sir—Come, no more o' this,
You are and ſhall be ſtill our General:
Say but the Word, I'll fill the Hippodrome
With Squadrons that ſhall make the Emp'ror tremble;
We'll fire the Court about his Ears.
Methinks, like *Junius Brutus*, I have watch'd
An Opportunity, and now it comes:
Few Words and I are Friends; but, noble *Marcian*,
If yet thou art not more than General,
E'er dead of Night, ſay *Lucius* is a Coward.

Marc. I charge thee in the Name of all the Gods,
Come back. I charge thee by the Name of Friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no General.
But huſh! within three days we muſt be gone,
And then, my Friend, farewel to Ceremony.
We'll fly to ſome far diſtant lonely Village,
Forget our former State, and breed with Slaves;
Sweat in the Eye of Day, and when Night comes,
With Bodies coarſely fill'd, and vacant Souls,
Sleep like the laboured Kinds, and never think;
For if I think again, I ſhall go mad.

Enter Leontine *and* Athenais, *&c.*

Therefore no thought. But ſee, we are interrupted.
Oh Court! Oh Emperor! yet let Death threaten,
I'll find a time. Till then be ſtill my Soul!
No General now! a Member of thy Country,
But moſt corrupt, therefore to be cut off,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honeſt *Marcian!*
A Slave, a Traytor! Oh ye eternal Gods—— [*Exeunt.*
Leont. So, *Athenais!* now our Compliment,
To the young *Perſian* Prince, is at an end:
What then remains but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlaſtingly farewel?
Athen. My Lord!
Leont. I ſay that Decency requires
We ſhould be gone, nor can you ſtay with Honour.
Athen. Moſt true, my Lord.
Leont. The Court is now at peace,
The Emperor's Siſters are retir'd for ever,
And he himſelf compos'd; what hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to Prince *Varanes?*
Athen. Ah, Sir, why will you break my Heart?
Leont. I would not;
Thou art the only Comfort of my Age;
Like an old Tree I ſtand among the Storms,
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me; [*She kneels.*
My dear green Branch, and how I prize thee, Child,
Heaven only knows! why doſt thou kneel and weep?
Athen. Becauſe you are ſo good, and will I hope
Forgive my Fault, who firſt occaſion'd it.
Leont. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the Prince.
Athen. You did, and, O my Lord! I heard too much;
Too much I fear for my eternal Quiet.
Leont. Riſe, *Athenais!* credit him who bears
More Years than thou: *Varanes* has deceiv'd thee.
Athen. How do we differ then? you judge the Prince
Impious and baſe; while I take Heav'n to witneſs,
I think him the moſt vertuous of Men:
Therefore take heed, my Lord, how you accuſe him

Before

Before you make the Tryal. Alas, *Varanes*,
If thou art falſe, there's no ſuch thing on Earth
As ſolid Goodneſs, or ſubſtantial Honour.
A thouſand times, my Lord, he has ſworn to give me
(And I believe his Oaths) his Crown and Empire,
That day I make him Maſter of my Heart.
Leont. That day he'll make thee Miſtreſs of his Power,
Which carries a foul Name among the Vulgar.
No, *Athenais*! let me ſee thee dead,
Born a pale Corpſe, and gently laid in Earth,
So I may ſay ſhe's chaſte and dy'd a Virgin,
Rather than view thee with theſe wounded Eyes
Seated upon the Throne of *Iſdigerdes*,
The Blaſt of common Tongues, the Nobles Scorn,
Thy Father's Curſe; that is, the Prince's Whore.
Athen. Oh horrid Suppoſition! how I deteſt it!
Be witneſs Heav'n, that ſees my ſecret Thoughts!
Have I for this, my Lord, been taught by you
The niceſt Juſtice, and ſevereſt Virtue,
To fear no Death, to know the End of Life,
And with a long Search diſcern the higheſt Good?
No, *Athenais*! when the Day beholds thee
So ſcandalouſly rais'd, Pride caſt thee down,
The Scorn of Honour, and the People's Prey!
No, cruel *Leontine*, not to redeem
That aged Head from the deſcending Axe,
Not that I ſaw thy trembling Body rack'd,
Thy Wrinkles about thee fill'd with Blood,
Would I for Empire, to the Man I love,
Be made the Object of unlawful Pleaſure.
Leont. Oh greatly ſaid, and by the Blood which warms me,
Which runs as rich as any *Athens* holds,
It would improve the Virtue of the World,
If every Day a thouſand Votaries,
And thouſand Virgins came from far to hear thee?
Athen. Look down ye Pow'rs, take notice we obey
The rigid Principles ye have infus'd;
Yet, Oh my noble Father! to convince you,
Since you will have it ſo, propoſe a Marriage;

Tho with the Thought I am covered o'er with Bluſhes,
Not that I doubt the Prince, that were to doubt
The Heavens themſelves. I know he is all Truth;
But Modeſty ——
The Virgin's troubleſome and conſtant Gueſt,
That, that alone forbids ——
Leont. I wiſh to Heav'n
There prove no greater Bar to my Belief:
Behold the Prince, I will retire a while,
And, when Occaſion calls, come to thy aid. [*Ex.* Leon.

Enter Varanes *and* Aranthes.

Vara. To fix her on the Throne, to me, ſeems little,
Were I a God, yet would I raiſe her higher,
This is the Nature of thy Prince: But Oh!
As to the World thy Judgment ſoars above me,
And I am dar'd with this Gigantick Honour;
Glory forbids her Proſpect to a Crown,
Nor muſt ſhe gaze that way; my haughty Soul,
That day when ſhe aſcends the Throne of *Cyrus*,
Will leave my Body pale, and to the Stars
Retire in Bluſhes, loſt, quite loſt for ever,
Aran. What do you purpoſe then?
Vara. I know not what;
But ſee ſhe comes, the Glory of my Arms,
The only Buſineſs of my inſtant Thought,
My Soul's beſt Joy, and all my true Repoſe.
I ſwear I cannot bear theſe ſtrange Deſires,
Theſe ſtrong Impulſes, which will ſhortly leave me
Dead at thy Feet ——
Athen. What have you found, my Lord,
In me ſo harſh or cruel, that you fear
To ſpeak your Griefs?
Vara. Firſt let me kneel and ſwear,
And on thy Hand ſeal my religious Vow;
Straight let the Breath of Gods blow me from Earth,
Swept from the Book of Fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, Oh *Athenais*,
To all the *Perſian* Greatneſs.

Athen.

Athen. I believe you:
For I have heard you ſwear as much before.
Vara. Haſt thou? Oh, why then did I ſwear again?
But that my Love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way expreſs my Paſſion.
Athen. Oh riſe, my Lord——
Vara. I will do every thing
Which *Athenais* bids: if there be more
In Nature to convince thee of my Love,
Whiſper it, Oh ſome God, into my Ear,
And on her Breaſts thus to her liſtning Soul
I'll breathe the Inſpiration. Wilt thou not ſpeak?
What but one Sigh, no more! can that ſuffice
For all my haſt Expence of Prodigal Love?
Oh *Athenais*, what ſhall I ſay or do,
To gain the thing I wiſh?
Athen. What's that, my Lord?
Vara. Thus to approach thee ſtill; thus to behold thee——
Yet there is more——
Athen. My Lord, I dare not hear you.
Vara. Why doſt thou frown at what thou doſt not know?
'Tis an Imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet as 'tis raviſhing, 'tis full of Honour.
Athen. I muſt not doubt you, Sir: But, Oh I tremble,
To think if *Iſdigerdes* ſhould behold you,
Should hear you thus proteſting to a Maid
Of no Degree, but Virtue, in the World——
Vara. No more of this, no more; for I diſdain
All Pomp when thou art by: far be the Noiſe
Of Kings and Courts from us, whoſe gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have ſteer'd another way.
Free as the Foreſt-Birds, we'll part together,
Without remembring who our Fathers were;
Fly to the Arbours, Grots, and flow'ry Meads,
And in ſoft Murmurs interchange our Souls;
Together drink the Chryſtal of the Stream,
Or taſte the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields;
And when the golden Evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy Neſt, and ſleep till Morn.

Athen. Ah, Prince! no more!
Forbear, forbear to charm me,
Since I am doom'd to leave you, Sir, for ever.
Vara. Hold, *Athenais*——
Athen. I know your Royal Temper,
And that high Honour reigns within your Breast,
Which would diſdain to waſte ſo many Hours
With one of humble Blood compar'd to you;
Unleſs ſtrong Paſſion ſway'd your Thoughts to love her.
Therefore receive, O Prince! and take it kindly,
For none on Earth but you could win it from me,
Receive the Gift of my Eternal Love:
'Tis all I can beſtow, nor is it little,
For ſure a Heart ſo coldly chaſte as mine,
No Charms but your's, my Lord, could e'er have warm'd!
Vara. Well, have you made amends by this laſt Comfort,
For the cold Dart you ſhot at me before,
For this laſt Goodneſs? Oh, my *Athenais!*
(For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine!)
I empty all my Soul in Thanks before you:
Yet oh! one Fear remains, like Death it chills me;
Why my relenting Love did talk of parting!
Athen. Look there, and ceaſe your Wonder, I have ſworn
T' obey my Father, and he calls me hence ——

Enter Leontine.

Vara. Ha, *Leontine!* by which of all my Actions
Have I ſo deeply injur'd thee, to merit
The ſmarteſt Wound Revenge could form to end me?
Leont. Anſwer me now, O Prince! for Virtue prompts me,
And Honeſty will daily now no longer,
What can the End of all this Paſſion be?
Glory requires this ſtrict Account, and asks
What you intend at laſt to *Athenais?*
Vara. How, *Leontine!*

Leont.

Leont. You ſaw her, Sir, at *Athens*; ſaid you lov'd her.
I charg'd her humbly to receive the Honour,
And hear your Paſſion. Has ſhe not, Sir, obey'd me?
Vara. She has, I thank the Gods: but whither wouldſt thou?
Leont. Having reſolv'd to viſit *Theodoſius*,
You ſwore you would not go without my Daughter;
Whereon I gave Command that ſhe ſhould follow.
Vara. Yes, *Leontine*, my old Remembrancer,
Moſt learn'd of all Philoſophers, you did.
Leont. Thus long ſhe has attended, you have ſeen her,
Sounded her Virtues and her Imperfections;
Therefore, dread Sir, forgive this bolder Charge
Which Honour ſounds, and now let me demand you —
Vara. Now help, *Arganthes*, or I'm daſht for ever.
Aran. Whatever happens, Sir, diſdain the Marriage.
Leont. Can your high Thoughts ſo far forget themſelves,
T'admit this humble Virgin for your Bride?
Vara. Ha!
Athen. He bluſhes, Gods! and ſtammers at the Queſtion.
Leont. Why do you walk, and chafe your ſelf, my Lord?
The Buſineſs is not much.
Vara. How, *Leontine!*
Not much; I know that ſhe deſerves a Crown;
Yet 'tis to Reaſon much, tho not to Love.
And ſure the World would bluſh to ſee the Daughter
Of a Philoſopher on the Throne of *Cyrus*.
Athen. Undone for ever!
Leont. 'Is this your Anſwer, Sir?
Vara. Why doſt thou urge me thus, and puſh me to
The very brink of Glory? where, alas!
I look and tremble at the vaſt Deſcent:
Yet even there, to the vaſt bottom, down
My raſh Adventurer Love would have me leap,
And graſp my *Athenais* with my Ruin.
Leont. 'Tis well, my Lord ——

Vara.

Vara. Why doſt thou thus provoke me?
I thought that *Perſia*'s Court had ſtore of Honour
To ſatisfy the height of thy Ambition.
Beſides, old Man, my Love is too well grown,
To want a Tutor for his good Behaviour;
What he will do, he will do of himſelf,
And not be taught by you ——

Leont. I know he will not!
Fond Tears away; I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy, with his old Man's Preferment,
My Daughter for your Whore.

Vara. Away, I ſay, my Soul diſdains the Motion!

Leont. The Motion of a Marriage; yes, I ſee it;
Your angry Looks and haughty Words betray it.
I found it at the firſt; I thank you, Sir,
You have at laſt rewarded your old Tutor
For all his Cares, his Watchings, Services.
Yet let me tell you, Sir, this humble Maid,
This Daughter of a poor Philoſopher,
Shall, if ſhe pleaſe, be ſeated on a Throne
As high as that of the immortal *Cyrus*.

Vara. I think that Age and deep Philoſophy
Have crackt thy Brain; Farewel, old *Leontine*,
Retire to reſt, and when this brawling Humour
Is rock'd aſleep, I'll meet my *Athenais*,
And clear th' Accounts of Love, which thou haſt blotted.

Exit.

Leont. Old *Leontine!* perhaps I am mad indeed.
But hold my Heart, and let that ſolid Virtue,
Which I ſo long ador'd, ſtill keep the Reins.
O *Athenais!* But I will not chide thee;
Fate is in all our Actions, and, methinks,
At leaſt a Father judges ſo; it has
Rebuk'd thee ſmartly for thy Eaſineſs:
There is a kind of mournful Eloquence
In thy dumb Grief, which ſhames all clamorous Sorrow.

Athen. Alas! my Breaſt is full of Death; methinks
I fear e'en you ——

Leont. Why ſhould'ſt thou fear thy Father?

Athen.

Athen. Becauſe you have the Figure of a Man!
Is there, O ſpeak, a poſſibility
To be forgiven?

Leont. Thy Father does forgive thee,
And Honour will; but on this hard Condition,
Never to ſee him more ——

Athen. See him! Oh Heavens!

Leont. Unleſs it be, my Daughter, to upbraid him;
Not tho he ſhould repent and ſtreight return,
Nay proffer thee his Crown —— No more of that,
Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy Wrongs,
Revenge thy ſelf, revenge thy injur'd Father.
For 'tis Revenge ſo wiſe, ſo glorious too,
As all the World ſhall praiſe ——

Athen. Oh, give me leave,
For yet I am all Tenderneſs; the Woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward Woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my Breaſt,
And viſits all the warmer Manſions there,
Where ſhe ſo oft has harbour'd falſe *Varanes*,
Cruel *Varanes!* falſe forſworn *Varanes!*

Leont. Is this forgetting him? Is this the Courſe
Which Honour bids thee take?

Athen. Ah, Sir, allow
A little time for Love to make his way;
Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
And many Tears, and thouſand Oaths it coſt him.
And Oh! I find he will not be diſlodg'd
Without a Groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be rais'd
Without whole Floods of Grief at his farewel,
Which thus I ſacrifice: and Oh! I ſwear,
Had he proved true, I would as eaſily
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to ſerve him,
As now I ſhed theſe Drops, or vent theſe Sighs,
To ſhew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leont. No Woman ſure, but thou, ſo low in Fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair Example,
Would thus have griev'd, becauſe a Prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in After-times,

That

That there was ever ſuch a Maid in being:
Yet do I adviſe, preſerve thy Vertue;
And ſince he does diſdain thee for his Bride,
Scorn thou to be ——.

Athen. Hold, Sir, oh! hold, forbear.
For my nice Soul abhors the very ſound;
Yet with the ſhame of that, and the deſire
Of an immortal Name, I am inſpir'd!
All kinder Thoughts are fled for ever from me;
All Tenderneſs, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my Boſom colder than the Grave:

Leont. On, *Athenais!* on, 'tis bright before thee;
Purſue the Track, and thou ſhalt be a Star.

Athen. Oh, *Leontine*, I ſwear, my noble Father
That I will ſtarve e'er once forego my Vertue:
And thus let's join to contradict the World,
That Empire could not tempt a poor old Man,
To ſell his Prince the Honour of his Daughter;
And ſhe too match'd the Spirit of her Father;
Tho humbly born, and yet more humbly bred,
She for her Fame refus'd a Royal Bed;
Who, tho ſhe lov'd, yet did put off the Hour,
Nor could her Virtue be betray'd by Pow'r.
" Patterns like theſe will guilty Courts improve,
" And teach the Fair to bluſh at conſcious Love:
" Then let all Maids for Honour come in view,
" If any Maid can more for Glory do. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Varanes *and* Aranthes.

Vara. Come to my Arms, my faithful, dear *Aranthes*,
Soft Counſellor, Companion of my Youth;
If I had longer been alone, moſt ſure,
With the Diſtraction that ſurrounds my Heart,
My Hand would have rebell'd againſt his Maſter,
And done a Murder here.

Aranth. The Gods forbid.

Vara. I ſwear, I preſs thee with as hearty Joy,
As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man,
When from a Dream of Death ſhe wak'd, and found
Her Lover ſafe, and ſleeping by her ſide.

Aranth. The Cauſe, my Lord?

Vara. Early thou know'ſt laſt Night I went to reſt;
But long, my Friend, e'er Slumber clos'd my Eyes;
Long was the Combat fought, 'twixt Love and Glory;
The Fever of my Paſſion burnt me up,
My Pangs grew ſtronger, and my Rack was doubled;
My Bed was all a-float with the cold Drops,
That mortal Pain wrang from my lab'ring Limbs;
My Groans more deep than others dying Gaſps:
Therefore, I charge thee, haſte to her Apartment;
I do conjure thee tell her, tell her all
My Fears can urge, or Fondneſs can invent:
Tell her how I repent, ſay any thing;
For any thing I'll do to quench my Fires:
Say, I will marry her now on the inſtant:
Say all that I would ſay; yet in the end
My Love ſhall make it more than Gods can utter.

Aranth.

Aranth. My Lord, both *Leontine* and ſhe are gone
From their Apartment ——
Vara. Ha! gone, ſay'ſt thou! whither?
Aranth. That was my whole Employment all this Day;
But, Sir, I grieve to ſpeak it, they have left
No track behind for Care to find 'em out;
Nor is it poſſible ——
Vara. It is, it ſhall;
I'll ſtruggle with Impoſſibilities,
To find my *Athenais:* Not the Walls
Of *Athens*, nor of *Thebes*, ſhall hide her from me.
I'll bring the Force of all my Father's Arms,
And lay 'em waſte, but I'll redeem my Love.
Oh, *Leontine!* moroſe old *Leontine*,
Thou mere Philoſopher! Oh, cruel Sage,
Who for one haſty Word, one cholerick Doubt,
Haſt turn'd the Scale; tho in the ſacred Balance
My Life, my Glory, and my Empire hung.
Aranth. Moſt ſure, my Lord, they are retir'd to *Athens*,
I will ſend Poſt to Night. ——
Vara. No, no, *Aranthes*,
Prepare my Chariots, for I'll go in Perſon;
I ſwear till now, till I began to fear
Some other might enjoy my *Athenais*,
I ſwear, I did not know how much I lov'd her.
But let's away, I'll to the Emperor,
Thou to the haſty Management of my Buſineſs;
Prepare, to Day I'll go, to Day I'll find her:
No more; I'll take my leave of *Theodoſius*,
And meet thee on the *Hippodrome:* away,
Let the wild Hurry of thy Maſter's Love
Make quick thy Apprehenſion; haſte, and leave me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Eutheria, Atticus, Leontine, *Votaries leading* Athenais *in Proceſſion after her Baptiſm, to be Confirm'd.*

Atticus ſings.

Oh, Chryſoſtom! *look down, and ſee*
An Off'ring worthy Heav'n and thee!
So rich the Victim, bright and fair,
That ſhe on Earth appears a Star.
Chor. Eudoſia *is the Virgin's Name,*
And After-times ſhall ſing her Fame.

Atticus ſings. *Lead her, Votaries, lead her in,*
Her holy Birth does now begin.
1 Votary. *In humble Weeds, but clean Array,*
Your Hours ſhall ſweetly paſs away;
And when the Rites Divine are paſt,
To pleaſant Gardens you ſhall haſte.
2 Votary. *Where many a flow'ry Bed we have,*
That Emblem ſtill to each a Grave:
And when within the Stream we look,
With Tears we uſe to ſwell the Brook:
But Oh, when in the liquid Glaſs
Our Heav'n appears, we ſigh to paſs!
Chor. *For Heav'n alone we are deſign'd,*
And all things bring our Heav'n to mind.

Athen. O Princeſs! O moſt worthy of the World,
That is ſubmitted by its Emperor [*Kneels.*
To your moſt wiſe and providential Sway:
What *Greek* or *Roman* Eloquence can paint
The Rapture and Devotion of my Soul!
I am adopted yours; you are my Goddeſs,
That have new-form'd, new-moulded my Conceptions,
And by the Plat-form of a Work Divine,
New fram'd, new built me to your own Deſires;
Thrown all the Lumber of my Paſſions out,

And

And made my Heart a Manſion of Perfection,
Clean as an Anchorite's Grot, or Votary's Cell,
And ſpotleſs as the Glories of his Steps,
Whom we far off adore!
Pulch. Riſe, *Eudoſia*,
And let me fold my Chriſtian in my Arms;
With this dear Pledge of an Eternal Love,
I ſeal thee, O *Eudoſia!* mine for ever.
Accept, bleſt Charge, the Vows of my Affection;
For by the ſacred Friendſhip that I give thee,
I think that Heav'n by Miracle did find thee,
To eaſe my Cares, to help me in my Councils,
To be my Siſter, Partner in my Bed;
And equally, thro my whole Courſe of Life,
To be the better part of thy *Pulcheria*,
And ſhare my Griefs and Joys.
Athen. No, Madam, no;
Excuſe the Cares that this ſad Wretch muſt bring you;
Oh, rather let me leave the World for ever;
Or if I muſt partake your Royal Secrets,
If you reſolve to load me with ſuch Honour,
Let it be far from Cities, far from Courts,
Where I may fly all human Converſation;
Where I may never ſee, nor hear, nor name,
Nor think, nor dream, O Heav'n! if poſſible,
Of Mankind more.
Pulch. What now, in Tears, *Eudoſia?*
Athen. Far from the Guilt of Palaces, oh ſend me!
Drive me, oh drive me from the Traytor Man!
So I might 'ſcape that Monſter, let me dwell
In Lions Haunts, or in ſome Tyger's Den;
Place me on ſome ſteep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
That bellies out, juſt dropping in the Ocean;
Bury me in the hollow of its Womb,
Where ſtarving on my cold and flinty Bed,
I may from far, with giddy Apprehenſion,
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep.
Yet not ev'n there, in that vaſt whirl of Death,
Can there be found ſo terrible a Ruin
As Man, falſe Man, ſmiling deſtructive Man.

Pulch.

Pulch. Then thou haſt lov'd, *Eudoſia*, Oh, my Siſter!
Still nearer to my Heart, ſo much the dearer;
Becauſe our Fates are like, and hand in hand
Our Paſſions lead us thro the Maze of Life:
I am glad that thou haſt lov'd; nay, lov'd with Danger;
Since thou haſt 'ſcap'd the Ruin —— Methinks it lightens
The weight of my Calamities, that thou
(In all things elſe ſo perfect and divine)
Art yet a-kin to my Infirmity,
And bear'ſt thy part in Love's melodious Ill:
Love that like Baſil perfum'd infects the Mind,
That ſad Delight that charms all Woman-kind.

Athen. Yes, Madam, I confeſs, that Love has charm'd me,
But never ſhall again. No, I renounce him;
Inſpire me all the Wrongs of abus'd Women,
All you that have been cozen'd by falſe Men;
See what a ſtrict Example I will make:
But for the Perjuries of one I will revenge ye
For all that's paſt, that's preſent, and to come.

Pulch. Oh, thou far more than the moſt maſculine Virtue!
Where, our *Aſtræa*; where, oh drowning Brightneſs,
Where haſt thou been ſo long? Let me again
Proteſt my Admiration and my Love;
Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
While ſuch clear Virtue ſhines within our Circle,
Vice ſhall no more appear within the Palace,
But hide her dazzled Eyes, and this be call'd
The holy Court: but lo, the Emperor comes.

Enter Theodoſius, *and Attendants.*

Beauty, like thine, may drive that Form away,
That has ſo long entranc'd his Soul —— My Lord ——

Theod. If yet, alas! I might but hope to ſee her;
But, Oh! forgive me Heav'n, this wilder ſtart,
That thus would reach Impoſſibility:
No, no, I never muſt behold her more;

As

As well my *Atticus* might raiſe the Dead,
As *Leontine* ſhould charm that Form in view.
Pulch. My Lord, I come to give your Grief a Cure;
With purer Flames to draw that cruel Fire
That tortur'd you ſo long —— Behold this Virgin ——
The Daughter of your Tutor *Leontine.*
Theo. Ha!
Pulch. She is your Siſter's Charge, and made a Chriſtian;
And *Athenais* is *Eudoſia* now;
Be ſure a fairer never grac'd Religion;
And for her Virtue ſhe tranſcends Example.
Theo. O all ye Bleſt above, how can this be?
Am I awake, or is this poſſible? [Athen. *kneels.*
Pulch. She kneels, my Lord, will you not go and raiſe her?
Theo. Nay, do thou raiſe her, for I am rooted here!
Yet if laborious Love and Melancholy
Have not o'ercome me, and quite turn'd me mad,
It muſt be ſhe, that naked dazzling Sweetneſs;
The very Figure of that Morning Star,
That dropping Pearls, and ſhedding dewy Beams,
Fled from the greedy Waves when I approach'd.
Anſwer me, *Leontine*, am I diſtracted?
Or is this true? By thee in all Encounters
I will be rul'd, in Temperance and Wildneſs,
When Reaſon claſhes with Extravagance:
But ſpeak ——
Leon. 'Tis true, my Lord, this is my Daughter,
Whom I conceal'd in *Perſia* from all Eyes
But your's, when Chance directed you that way.
Theo. He ſays, 'tis true: Why then this heartleſs Carriage?
Oh, were I proof againſt the Darts of Love,
And cold to Beauty as the Marble Lover
That lies without a Thought upon his Tomb;
Would not this glorious Dawn of Life run thro me,
And waken Death it ſelf? —— Whither am I flow then?
What hinders now, but in ſpight of Rules

I burst thro all the bands of Death that hold me, [*He*
And fly with such a haste to that Appearance, *kneels.*
As bury'd Saints shall make at the last Summons?
Athe. The Emperor at my Feet! O Sir! forgive me,
Drown me not thus with everlasting Shame;
Both Heav'n and Earth must blush at such a view:
Nor can I bear it longer ——
Leon. My Lord, she is unworthy ——
Theo. Ha! what say'st thou *Leontine?*
Unworthy! O thou Atheist to perfection!
All that the blooming Earth could send forth fair;
All that the gawdy Heav'ns could drop down glorious!
Unworthy sayst thou! Wert thou not her Father,
I swear I would revenge —— But haste, and tell me,
For Love like mine will bear no second Thought,
Can all the Honours of the Orient,
Thus sacrific'd with the most pure Affection,
With spotless Thoughts and languishing Desires,
Obtain, O *Leontine*, (the Crown at last)
To thee I speak, thy Daughter to my Bride?
Leont. My Lord, the Honour bears such Estimation,
It calls the Blood into my aged Cheeks,
And quite o'er-whelms my Daughter with Confusion;
Who with her Body prostrate on the Earth
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd Glory.
Theo. Let me embrace, and thank thee: O kind Heav'n!
O *Atticus! Pulcheria!* O my Father!
Was ever Change like mine? Run thro the Streets;
Who waits there? Run, and loud as Fame can speak,
With Trumpet Sounds proclaim your Emperor's Joy.
And as of old, on the great Festival
Of her they call the Mother of the Gods;
Let all Work cease, at least an oaken Garland
Crown each *Plebeian* Head: Let sprightly Bowls
Be doal'd about, and the toss'd Cymbals sound:
Tell 'em their much lamented *Theodosius*
By Miracle is brought from Death to Life;
His Melancholy's gone, and now once more
He shall appear at the State's Helm again;

Nor

Nor fear a Wrack while this bright Star direct us;
For while ſhe ſhines, no Sands, no cowring Rocks
Shall lie unſeen, but I will cut my way
Secure as *Neptune* thro the higheſt Stream,
And to the Port in ſafety ſteer the World.

Athen. Alas, my Lord, conſider my Extraction;
With all my other Wants ——

Theo. Peace, Empreſs, Peace!
No more the Daughter of old *Leontine*;
A Chriſtian now, and Partner of the Eaſt.

Athen. My Father has diſpos'd me, you command me;
What can I anſwer then but my Obedience?

Theo. Attend her, dear *Pulcheria*; and, oh tell her
To Morrow, if ſhe pleaſe, I will be happy. [*Ex.* Pulch.
O why ſo long ſhould I my Joys delay? *and* Athen.
Time imp thy Wings, let not thy Minutes ſtay,
But to a Moment change the tedious Day.
The Day! 'twill be an Age before to Morrow:
An Age, a Death, a vaſt Eternity,
Where we ſhall cold, and paſt Enjoyment lie.

Enter Varanes *and* Aranthes.

Vara. O, *Theodoſius!*

Theo. Ha! my Brother here!
Why doſt thou come to make my Bliſs run o'er?
What is there more to wiſh? Fortune can find
No Flaw in ſuch a Glut of Happineſs,
To let one Miſery in —— O, my *Varanes!*
Thou that of late didſt ſeem to walk on Clouds,
Now give a looſe, let go the ſlackned Reins,
Let us drive down the Precipice of Joy,
As if that all the Winds of Heav'n were for us.

Vara. My Lord, I am glad to find the Gale is turn'd,
And give you Joy of this auſpicious Fortune.
Plough on your way, with all your Streamers out;
With all your glorious Fleet and Streamers ride
Triumphant on —— And leave me to the Waves,
The Sands, the Winds, the Rocks, the ſure Deſtruction
And ready Gulphs that gape to ſwallow me.

Theo.

Theo. It was thy Hand that drew me from the Grave,
Who had been dead by this time to Ambition,
To Crowns, to Titles, and my ſlighted Greatneſs.
But ſtill as each Work of thine deſerv'd
The ſmile of Heav'n —— Thy *Theodoſius* met
With ſomething dearer than his Diadem,
With all that's worth a Wiſh, that's worth a Life;
I met with that which made me leave the World.

Vara. And I, O turn of Chance! O curſed Fortune!
Have loſt at once all that could make me happy.
O ye too partial Powers! But now no more:
The Gods, my dear, my moſt lov'd *Theodoſius*,
Double all thoſe Joys that thou haſt met upon thee;
For ſure thou art moſt worthy, worthy more
Than *Jove* in all his Prodigality
Can e'er beſtow in Bleſſings on Mankind!
And Oh, methinks my Soul is ſtrangely mov'd,
Takes it the more unkindly of her Stars,
That thou and I cannot be bleſt together:
For I muſt leave thee, Friend! this Night muſt leave thee,
To go in doubtful Search of what perhaps
I ne'er ſhall find; if ſo my cruel Fate
Has order'd it: Why then farewel for ever,
For I ſhall never, never ſee thee more.

Theo. How ſenſible my tender Soul is grown
Of what you utter! O my gallant Friend!
O Brother! O *Varanes!* Do not judge
By what I ſpeak, for Sighs will interrupt me;
Judge by my Tears, judge by theſe ſtrict Embraces,
And by my laſt Reſolve: Tho I have met
With what in ſilence I ſo long ador'd;
Tho in the Rapture of proteſting Joys,
I had ſet down to Morrow for my Nuptials;
And *Atticus* to Night prepares the Temple;
Yet my *Varanes*, I will rob my Soul
Of all her Health, of my Imperial Bride,
And wander with thee in the ſearch of that
On which thy Life depends ——

Vara. If this I ſuffer,
Conclude me then begotten of a Hind,
And bred in Wilds: No, *Theodoſius*, no;
I charge thee by our Friendſhip, and co[illegible] then
By all the Gods, to mention this no more:
Perhaps, dear Friend, I ſhall be ſooner here
Than you expect, or I my ſelf imagine:
What moſt I grieve, is that I cannot wait
To ſee your Nuptials: Yet my Soul is with you,
And all my Adorations to your Bride.

Theo. What, my *Varanes*, will you be ſo cruel
As not to ſee my Bride before you go?
Or are you angry at your Rival's Charms,
Who has already raviſh'd half my Heart,
That once was all your own?

Vara. You know I am diſorder'd!
My Melancholy will not ſuit her bleſt Condition.
[*Exit* Theo.
And the Gods know, ſince thou, my *Athenais*,
Are fled from theſe ſick Eyes, all other Women
To my pall'd Soul ſeem like the Ghoſt of Beauty,
And haunt my Memory with the loſs of thee.

Enter Athenais, Theodoſius *leading her.*

Theo. Behold, my Lord, the occaſion of my Joy.

Vara. O ye immortal Gods! *Aranthes!* Oh!
Look there, and wonder: Ha! is't poſſible?

Athen. My Lord, the Emperor ſays you are his Friend,
He charges me to uſe my Intereſt,
And beg of you to ſtay, at leaſt ſo long
As our Eſpouſals will be ſolemnizing.
I told him I was honour'd once to know you;
But that ſo ſlightly, as I could not warrant
The Grant of any thing I ſhould ask you ——

Vara. O Heaven and Earth! O *Athenais!* why,
Why doſt thou uſe me thus? Had I the World,
Thou know'ſt it ſhould be thine.

Athen. I know not that ——
But yet, to make ſure Work, one half of it

Is mine already, Sir, without your giving.
My Lord, the Prince is obſtinate, his Glory
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak Breath of Woman;
He is all Hero, bent for higher Game;
Therefore, 'tis noble, Sir, to let him go:
Not for him, my Lord, yet for my ſelf,
I muſt intreat the Favour to retire. [*Ex.* Athen. *&c.*

Vara. Death! and Deſpair! Confuſion! Hell and Furies!

Theo. Heav'n guard thy Health, and ſtill preſerve thy
What ſhould this mean? I fear the Conſequence, (Virtue:
For 'tis too plain they know each other well.

Vara. Undone! *Anaxthes!* loſt, undone for ever,
I ſee my Doom, I read it with broad Eyes,
As plain as if I ſaw the Book of Fate:
Yet I will muſter all my Spirits up,
Digeſt my Griefs, ſwallow the riſing Paſſions.
Yes, I will ſtand this Shock of all the Gods
Well as I can, and ſtruggle for my Life.

Theo. You muſe, my Lord; and if you'll give me leave
To judge your Thoughts, they ſeem employ'd at preſent
About my Bride: I gueſs you know her too.

Vara. His Bride! O Gods, give me a Moment's Patience.
I muſt confeſs the ſight of *Athenais*,
Where I ſo little did expect to ſee her,
So grac'd and ſo adorn'd, did raiſe my wonder;
But what exceeds all Admiration, is
That you ſhould talk of making her your Bride.
'Tis ſuch a blind Effect of monſtrous Fortune,
That tho I will remember you affirm'd it,
I cannot yet believe ——

Theo. Then now believe me:
By all the Pow'rs Divine, I will eſpouſe her.

Vara. Ha! I ſhall leap the Bounds. Come, come, my Lord,
By all theſe Pow'rs you nam'd, I ſay you muſt not.

Theo. I ſay, I will; and who ſhall bar my Pleaſure?
Yet more, I ſpeak the Judgment of my Soul,
Weigh but with Fortune Merit in the Ballance,
And *Athenais* loſes by the Marriage.

Vara. Relentleſs Fates! malicious cruel Pow'rs!
O for what Crime do you thus rack your Creature?
Sir, I muſt tell you this unkindly meanneſs
Suits the Profeſſion of an Anchorite well,
But in an Oriental Emperor
It gives Offence; nor can you without Scandal,
Without the Notion of a grovelling Spirit,
Eſpouſe the Daughter of old *Leontine*,
Whoſe utmoſt Glory is to have been my Tutor.

Theo. He has ſo well acquitted that Employment,
Breeding you up to ſuch a gallant Height
Of full Perfection, and Imperial Greatneſs,
That ev'n for this Reſpect, if for no other,
I will eſteem him worthy while I live.

Vara. My Lord, you'll pardon me a little Freedom?
For I muſt boldly urge in ſuch a Cauſe,
Who over flatters you, tho ne'er ſo near
Related to your Blood, ſhould be ſuſpected.

Theo. If Friendſhip would admit a cold Suſpicion,
After what I have heard, and ſeen to Day,
Of all Mankind I ſhould ſuſpect *Varanes*.

Vara. He has ſtung me to the Heart; my Groans will choke me,
Unleſs my ſtruggling Paſſion gets a vent.
Out with it then ——— I can no more diſſemble ———
Yes, yes, my Lord, ſince you reduce me to
The laſt neceſſity, I muſt confeſs it;
I muſt avow my Flame for *Athenais*.
I am all Fire; my Paſſion eats me up,
It grows incorporate with my Fleſh and Blood:
My Pangs redouble, now they cleave my Heart!
O *Athenais!* O *Eudoſia* ——— oh ———
The plain as Day I ſee my own Deſtruction,
Yet to my Death, and oh, let all the Gods
Bear Witneſs! I ſwear I will adore thee.

Theo. Alas! *Varanes*, Which of us two the Heav'ns
Have mark'd for Death is yet above the Stars;
But while we live let us preſerve our Friendſhip
Sacred and juſt, as we have ever done.
This only Mean in two ſuch hard Extremes
Remains for both: To morrow you ſhall ſee her,

With

With all Advantage, in her own Apartment;
Take your own time, ſay all you can to gain her:
If you can win her, lead her into *Perſia*;
If not, conſent that I eſpouſe her here.
Vara. Still worſe and worſe! O *Theodoſius!* oh!
I cannot ſpeak for Sighs, my Death is ſeal'd
By this laſt ſweetneſs; had you been leſs good,
I might have hop'd: but now my Doom's at hand.
Go then, and take her, take her to the Temple:
The Gods too give you Joy. O *Athenais!*
Why does thy Image mock my fooliſh Sorrow?
O *Theodoſius*, do not ſee my Tears:
Away, and leave me; leave me to the Grave.
Theo. Farewel; let's leave the Iſſue to the Heav'ns.
I will prepare your way with all that Honour
Can urge in your behalf, tho to my Ruin. [*Ex.* Theo.
Vara. O could I tear my Limbs, and eat my Fleſh;
Fool that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious Fool!
Damn'd be all Courts, and treble damn'd Ambition:
Blaſted be thy Remembrance. Curſes on thee,
And Plagues on Plagues fall on thoſe Fools that ſeek thee.
Aranth. Have Comfort, Sir ——
Vara. Away, and leave me, Villain;
Traitor, who wrought me firſt to my Deſtruction ——
Yet ſtay and help me, help me to curſe my Pride,
Help me to wiſh that I had ne'er been Royal,
That I had never heard the Name of *Cyrus*,
That my firſt Brawl in Court had been my laſt.
O that I had been born ſome happy Swain,
And never known a Life ſo great, ſo vain!
Where Extremes might not be forc'd to chooſe,
And bleſt with ſome mean Wife, no Crown could loſe;
Where the dear Partner of my little State,
With all her ſmiling Off-ſpring at the Gate,
Bleſſing my Labours, might my coming wait:
Where in our humble Beds all ſafe might lie,
And not in curſed Courts for Glory die —— [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

1.

HAIL to the Mirtle Shade,
All hail to the Nymphs of the Fields;
Kings would not here invade
Thoſe Pleaſures that Virtue yields.
Chor. *Beauty here opens her Arms,*
To ſoften the languiſhing Mind;
And Phillis *unlocks her Charms;*
Ah Phillis! *ah why ſo kind?*

2.

Phillis, *thou Soul of Love,*
Thou Joy of the neighb'ring Swains;
Phillis *that crowns the Grove,*
And Phillis *that gilds the Plains.*
Chor. Phillis, *that ne'er had the Skill,*
To paint, to patch, and be fine,
Yet Phillis *whoſe Eyes can kill,*
Whom Nature hath made Divine.

3.

Phillis, *whoſe charming Song*
Makes Labour and Pains a delight;
Phillis *that makes the Day young,*
And ſhortens the live-long Night.
Chor. Phillis, *whoſe Lips like* May,
Still laughs at the Sweets they bring;
Where Love never knows decay,
But ſets with Eternal Spring.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Enter Marcian, *and* Lucius *at a diſtance.*

Marc. THE General of the Oriental Armies,
Was a Commiſſion large as Fate could give.
'Tis gone: why what care I? O Fortune, Fortune!
Thou laughing Empreſs of this buſy World,
Marcian defies thee now——
Why what a thing is a diſcarded Favourite?
He who but now tho longing to retire,
Cou'd not for buſy Waiters be alone,
Throng'd in his Chamber, haunted to his Cloſet,
With a full Croud, and an eternal Court;
When once the Favour of his Prince is turn'd;
Shun'd as a Ghoſt, the clouded Man appears,
And all the gaudy Worſhippers forſake him:
So fares it now with me where e'er I come,
As if I were another *Cataline.*
The Courtiers riſe, and no Man will ſit near me,
As if the Plague were on me all Men fly me:
O *Lucius! Lucius!* if thou leav'ſt me too,
I think, I think I cou'd not bear it;
But, like a Slave, my Spirit booke with Suffering,
Should on theſe Coward Knees fall down and beg
Once to be great again ——

Luc. Forbid it, Heav'n!
That e'er the noble *Marcian* condeſcend
To ask of any, but the immortal Gods.
Nay, I avow, if yet your Spirit dare,
Spight of the Court, you ſhall be great as *Cæſar.*

Marc. No, *Lucius*, no; the Gods repel that humour.
Yet ſince we are alone, and muſt e're long
Leave this bad Court; let us, like Veterans,

Speak out — Thou ſaiſt, alas! as great as *Cæſar*:
But where's his Greatneſs? Where is his Ambition?
If any Sparks of Virtue yet remain
In this poor Figure of the *Roman* Glory:
I ſay, if any be, how dim they ſhine,
Compar'd with what his great Fore-Fathers were?
How ſhould he lighten then, or awe the World,
Whoſe Soul in Courts is but a lambent Fire;
And ſcarce, O *Rome!* a Glow-worm in the Field?
Soft, Young, Religious, God-like Qualities
For one that ſhould recover the loſt Empire!
And wade thro Seas of Blood; and walk o'er Mountains
Of ſlaughter'd Bodies to immortal Honour.

Luc. Poor Heart! He pin'd a while ago for Love.

Marc. And for his Miſtreſs vow'd to leave the World;
But ſome new Chance it ſeems has chang'd his Mind.
A Marriage! but to whom or whence he came,
None knows: but yet a Marriage is proclaim'd,
Pageants prepar'd, the Arches are adorn'd;
The Statues crown'd; the *Hippodrome* does groan
Beneath the Burden of the mounted Warriors;
The Theatre is open'd too, where he
And the hot *Perſian* mean to act their Follies.
Gods! Gods! Is this the Image of our *Cæſars?*
Is this the Model of our *Romulus?*
O why ſo poorly have you ſtamp'd *Rome's* Glory!
Not *Rome's* but yours! Is this Man fit to bear it?
This waxen Portraiture of Majeſty!
Which every warmer Paſſion does melt down,
And makes him fonder than a Woman's longing!

Luc. Thus much I know to the eternal Shame
Of the Imperial Blood; this upſtart Empreſs,
This fine new Queen is ſprung from abject Parents;
Nay, baſely born! but that's all one to him,
He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Marc. Shall I not ſpeak? Shall I not tell him of it?
I feel this big-ſwol'n throbbing *Roman* Spirit
Will burſt, unleſs I utter what I ought.

Enter Pulcheria *with a Paper in her Hand, and* Julia.

Marc. *Pulcheria* here! why ſhe's the Scourge of *Marcian*;
I tremble too when ever ſhe approaches;
And my Heart dances an unuſual Meaſure:
Spite of my ſelf I bluſh and cannot ſtir,
While ſhe is here —— What, *Lucius*, can this mean?
'Tis ſaid *Calphurnia* had the Heart of *Cæſar*;
Auguſtus doted on the ſubtle *Livia*:
Why then ſhould I not worſhip that fair Anger?
Oh didſt thou mark her when her Fury lightned;
She ſeem'd all Goddeſs; nay, her Frowns became her:
There was a Beauty in her very Wildneſs.
Were I a Man born great as our firſt Founder,
Sprung from the Blood Divine —— But I am caſt,
Beyond all poſſibility of Hope ——

Pulch. Come hither, *Marcian!* read this Paper o'er,
And mark the ſtrange neglect of *Theodoſius*:
He ſigns whate'er I bring; perhaps you have heard
To morrow he intends to wed a Maid of *Athens*,
New-made a Chriſtian, and new-named *Eudoſia*;
Whom he more dearly prizes than his Empire:
Yet in this Paper he hath ſet his Hand,
And ſeal'd it too with the Imperial Signet,
That ſhe ſhould loſe her Head to morrow Morning.

Marc. 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this ſeems ſtrange——

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a Murder
On his own Perſon, than permit a Vein
Of her to bleed; yet, *Marcian*, what might follow,
If I were envious of this Virgin's Honour,
By his raſh paſſing whatſoever I offer ——
Without a view —— ha, but I had forgot!
Julia, let's haſte from this infectious Perſon ——
I had forgot that *Marcian* was a Traytor!
Yet by the Pow'rs Divine, I ſwear 'tis pity,
That one ſo form'd by Nature for all Honour,
All Titles, Greatneſs, Dignities Imperial,
The nobleſt Perſon, and the braveſt Courage,
Should not be honeſt: *Julia*, is't not pity?

O *Marcian*, *Marcian!* I could weep to think
Virtue ſhould loſe it ſelf as thine has done.
Repent, raſh Man, if yet 'tis not too late,
And mend thy Errors; ſo farewel for ever.

[*Exit* Pulch. Jul.

Marc. Farewel for ever! no, Madam, e'er I go,
I am reſolv'd to ſpeak, and you ſhall hear me:
Then, if you pleaſe take off this Traytor's Head;
End my Commiſſion and my Life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll laugh at what I am going to ſay:
But by your Life, my Lord, I think 'tis true:
Pulcheria loves this Traytor! Did you mark her?
At firſt ſhe had forgot your Baniſhment;
Makes you her Counſellor, and tells her Secrets,
As to a Friend; nay, leaves them in your Hand,
And ſays, 'tis pity that you are not honeſt,
With ſuch Deſcription of your Gallantry,
As none but Love could make: Then taking leave,
Thro the dark Laſhes of her darting Eyes,
Methought ſhe ſhot her Soul at every Glance;
Still looking back, as if ſhe had a mind
That you ſhould know ſhe left her Heart behind her.

Marc. Alas! thou doſt not know her, nor do I:
Nor can the Wit of all Mankind conceive her.
But let's away. This Paper is of uſe.

Luc. I gueſs your purpoſe;
He is a Boy, and as a Boy you'll uſe him:
There is no other way.

Marc. Yes, if he be not
Quite dead with Sleep, for ever loſt to Honour,
Marcian with this ſhall rouze him. O, my *Lucius!*
Me thinks the Ghoſts of the Great *Theodoſius*,
And thundering *Conſtantine* appear before me:
They charge me as a Soldier to chaſtize him,
To laſh him with keen Words from lazy Love,
And ſhew him how they trod the Paths of Honour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Theodosius *lying on a Couch, with two Boys dreſt like* Cupids *Singing to him as he ſleeps.*

SONG.

Happy Day! ah happy Day,
That Cæſar's Beams did firſt diſplay,
So peaceful was the happy Day.
The Gods themſelves did all look down,
The Royal Infant's Birth to crown,
So pleas'd, they ſcarce did on the Guilty frown.

Happy Day! ah happy Day!
And oh thrice happy Hour,
That made ſuch Goodneſs Maſter of ſuch Pow'r.
For thus the Gods declare to Men,
No Day like this ſhall ever come agen.

Enter Marcian *with an Order.*

Theo. Ha! what raſh thing art thou, who ſet'ſt ſo (ſmall
A value on thy Life, thus to preſume
Againſt the fatal Orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on *Cæſar's* ſolitude,
And urge me to thy Ruin?
Marc. Mighty *Cæſar*,
I have tranſgreſt, and for my Pardon bow
To thee, as to the Gods when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your Mercy, when you know
The Nature of my Crime. I am commiſſion'd
From all the Earth to give thee Thanks and Praiſes,
Thou Darling of Mankind! whoſe conqu'ring Arms
Already drown the Glory of great *Julius*,
Whoſe deeper reach in Laws and Policy,
Makes wiſe *Auguſtus* envy thee in Heav'n?
What mean the Fates by ſuch prodigious Virtue?
When ſcarce the manly Down yet ſhades thy Face,

With Conqueſts thus to over-run the World,
And make Barbarians tremble? O, ye Gods!
Should Deſtiny now end thee in the Bloom,
Methinks I ſee thee mourn'd above the loſs
Of lov'd *Germanicus*; thy Funerals,
Like his, are ſolemniz'd with Tears and Blood.

Theo. How, *Marcian!*

Marc. Yes, the raging Multitude,
Like Torrents, ſet no bound to their mad Grief;
Shave their Wives Heads, and tear off their own Hair;
With wild Deſpair they bring their Infants out,
To brawl their Parents ſorrow in the Streets;
Trade is no more, all Courts of Juſtice ſhut;
With Stones they daſh the Windows of their Temples,
Pull down their Altars; break their Houſhold-Gods;
And ſtill the univerſal Groan is this,
Conſtantinople's loſt, our Empire's ruin'd:
Since he is gone, that Father of his Country;
Since he is dead, O Life, where is thy Pleaſure?
O *Rome!* Oh conquer'd World, where is thy Glory?

Theo. I know thee well, thy Cuſtom and thy Manners;
Thou doſt upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy Life ——————

Marc. What's Life without my Honour?
Could you transform your ſelf into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardleſs Face like *Jupiter's*,
I would be heard in ſpight of all your Thunder:
O pow'r of Guilt, you fear to ſtand the Teſt,
Which Virtue brings; like Sores your Vices ſhake
Before this *Roman* Healer. But, by the Gods,
Before I go I'll rip the Malady,
And let the Venom flow before your Eyes.
This is a Debt to the Great *Theodoſius*,
The Grand-father of your illuſtrious Blood;
And then farewel for ever.

Theo. Preſuming *Marcian!*
What canſt thou urge againſt my Innocence?
Thro the whole Courſe of all my harmleſs Youth,
Ev'n to this Hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked Act which I have done to ſhame me.

Marc.

Maro. This may be true: yet if you give the ſway
To other Hands, and your poor Subjects ſuffer,
Your Negligence to them is as the Cauſe.
O *Theodoſius* credit me, who know
The World, and hear how Soldiers cenſure Kings;
In after-times, if thus you ſhould go on,
Your Memory by Warriors will be ſcorn'd,
As much as *Nero* or *Caligula* loath'd;
They will deſpiſe your ſloth, and backward eaſe,
More than they hate the others Cruelty.
And what a thing, ye Gods, is ſcorn or pity?
Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all Mankind;
Load me with Malice, Envy, Deteſtation:
Let me be horrid to all apprehenſion,
And the World ſhun me, ſo I eſcape but Scorn.
Theo. Prithee, no more.
Marc. Nay, when the Legions make Compariſons;
And ſay, thus cruel *Nero* once reſolved
On *Galba*'s Inſurrection, for Revenge,
To give all *France* as Plunder to the Army;
To poiſon the whole Senate at a Feaſt;
To burn the City, turn the wild Beaſts out,
Bears, Lions, Tigers, on the Multitude;
That ſo obſtructing thoſe that quench'd the Fire,
He might at once deſtroy rebellious *Rome*.
Theo. O cruelty! why tell'ſt thou me of this?
Am I of ſuch a barbarous bloody Temper?
Marc. Yet ſome will ſay, this ſhew'd he had a Spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That ſavour'd of a *Roman*; but for you,
What can your partial Sycophant invent,
To make you room among the Emperors?
Whoſe utmoſt is the ſmalleſt part of *Nero*;
A pretty Player, one that can act a Hero,
And never be one. O ye immortal Gods,
Is this the old *Ceſarian* Majeſty?
Now, in the name of our great *Romulus*,
Why ſing you not, and fiddle too as he did?
Why have you not, like *Nero*, a *Phenaſcus*?
One to take care of your celeſtial Voice?—

Life

Lie on your Back, my Lord, and on your Stomach
Lay a thin Plate of Lead, abſtain from Fruits;
And when the Buſineſs of the Stage is done,
Retire with your looſe Friends to coſtly Banquets,
While the lean Army groans upon the Ground.

Theo. Leave me, I ſay, leſt I chaſtiſe thee:
Hence, be gone, I ſay——

Marc. Not till you have heard me out——
Build too, like him, a Palace lin'd with Gold,
As long and large as that of th' Eſquiline;
Incloſe a Pool too in it, like the Sea,
And at the Empire's Coſt let Navies meet:
Adorn your ſtarry Chambers too with Gems,
Contrive the plated Ceilings to turn round,
With Pipes to caſt Ambroſian Oils upon you:
Conſume with his prodigious Vanity,
In mere Perfumes and odorous Diſtillations,
Of Seſterces at once four hundred Millions:
Let naked Virgins wait you at your Table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their Wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor Soldiers,
So they perform the Drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let 'em ſtarve for want of their Arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like Dogs in Ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a Traytor!

Marc. Go too, you are a Boy——
Or by the Gods——

Theo. If Arrogance, like this,
And to the Emperor's Face, ſhould 'ſcape unpuniſh'd,
I'll write my ſelf a Coward; die then, Villain,
A Death too glorious for ſo bad a Man,
By *Theodoſius* Hand. [Marcian *diſarms him,*
[*but is wounded.*

Marc. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our *Roman* Spirits,
Now charms my Hand from giving thee thy Fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my Honours?
Torn my Commiſſions, ſham'd me to the Earth,
Baniſh'd the Court, a Vagabond for ever?
Does not the Soldier hourly ask it from me?

Sigh their own Wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the Throne,
And make beſides this purple Youth my Footſtool?
The Armies court me, and my Country's Cauſe:
The Injuries of *Rome* and *Greece* perſuade me.
Shew but this *Roman* Blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me Emp'ror whether I will or no:
Did not for leſs than this the latter *Brutus*,
Becauſe he thought *Rome* wrong'd, in Perſon head
Againſt his Friend a black Conſpiracy,
And ſtab the Majeſty of all the World?

Theo. Act as you pleaſe, I am within your Power.

Marc. Did not the former *Brutus*, for the Crime
Of *Sextus*, drive old *Tarquin* from his Kingdom?
And ſhall this Prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked Wills and lawleſs Pleaſures,
Raviſh from the Empire its dear Health,
Well-being, Happineſs, and antient Glory?
Go on in this diſhonourable reſt?
Shall he, I ſay, dream on, while the ſtarv'd *Troops*
Lie cold and waking in the Winter Camp;
And like pin'd Birds, for want of ſuſtenance,
Feed on the Haws and Berries of the Fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious Gods;
Give to my Hand forbearance, to my Heart
Its conſtant Loyalty: I would but ſhake him,
Rouze him a little from this Death of Honour,
And ſhew him what he ſhould be.

Theo. You accuſe me,
As if I were ſome Monſter, moſt unheard of:
Firſt, as the Ruin of the Army, then
Of taking your Commiſſion: But, by Heav'n,
I ſwear, O *Marcian!* this I never did,
Nor e'er intended it: Nor ſay I this
To alter thy ſtern Uſage; for with what
Thou haſt ſaid and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow already weary of my Life.

Marc. My Lord, I take your Word: you do not know
The Wounds which rage within your Country's Bowels:
The horrid Uſage of the ſuff'ring Soldier:

But

But why will not our *Theodoſius* know,
If you intruſt the Government to others,
That act theſe Crimes; who but your ſelf's to blame?
Be witneſs, O ye Gods! of my plain Dealing,
Of *Marcian's* Honeſty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my Baniſhment: but alas!
My Loſs is little to what ſoon will follow;
Reflect but on your ſelf and your own Joys,
Let not this Lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumour'd thro the City that you Jov'd;
That your Eſpouſals ſhould be ſolemniz'd;
When on a ſudden here you ſend your Orders
That this bright Favourite, the lov'd *Eudoſia*,
Should loſe her Head.

Theo. Oh Heav'n and Earth! What ſay'ſt thou?
That I have ſeal'd the Death of my *Eudoſia?*

Marc. 'Tis your own Hand and Signet: Yet I ſwear,
Tho you have giv'n to Female Hands your ſway,
And therefore I, as well as the whole Army,
For ever ought to curſe all Woman-kind;
Yet when the Virgin came, as ſhe was doom'd,
And on the Scaffold, for that purpoſe rais'd
Without the Walls, appear'd before the Army——

Theo. What! on a Scaffold! ha! before the Army!

Marc. How quickly was the Tide of Fury turn'd
To ſoft Compaſſion and relenting Tears? But when the Axe
Sever'd the brighteſt Beauty of the Earth
From that fair Body, had you heard the Groan,
Which, like a Peal of diſtant Thunder, ran
Thro all the armed Hoſt, you would have thought,
By the immediate Darkneſs that fell round us,
Whole Nature was concern'd at ſuch a Suff'ring,
And all the Gods were angry.

Theo. Oh *Pulcheria!*
Cruel ambitious Siſter, this muſt be
Thy doing. Oh ſupport me, noble *Marcian!*
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'ſt ſtrike; behold
I offer thee my Breaſt, with my laſt Breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'ſt my Blood.

We

Were I to live, thy Counſel ſhall direct me;
But 'tis too late ——— [*He ſwoons.*
Marc. He faints! what, hoa there, *Lucius!* [*Enter Lucius.*
My Lord the Emperor, *Eudoſia* lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment,
Quick as a Thought ſhe calls you to the Temple.
Oh, *Lucius*, help ——— I have gone too far; but ſee,
He breathes again ——— *Eudoſia* has awak'd him.
Theo. Did you not name *Eudoſia?*
Marc. Yes, ſhe lives;
I did but feign the ſtory of her Death,
To find how neat you plac'd her to your Heart:
And may the Gods rain all their Plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again:
Yet 'tis moſt certain, that you ſign'd her Death,
Not knowing what the wiſe *Pulcheria* offer'd,
Who left it in my Hand to ſtartle you:
But by my Life and Fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your Life. O pardon me,
Dear Prince, my Lord, my Emp'ror, Royal Maſter;
Droop not becauſe I utter'd ſome raſh Words,
And was a Mad-man ——— By th' Immortal Gods!
I love you as my Soul: whate'er I ſaid,
My Thoughts were otherwiſe; believe theſe Tears,
Which do not uſe to flow: all ſhall be well.
I ſwear that there are Seeds in that ſweet Temper,
To atone for all the Crimes in this bad Age.
Theo. I thank thee firſt for my *Eudoſia*'s Life.
What but my Love could have call'd back that Life
Which thou haſt made me hate? But oh, methought
'Twas hard, dear *Marcian*, very hard from thee,
From Him I ever reverenc'd as my Father,
To hear ſo harſh a Meſſage ——— but no more:
We are Friends: Thy Hand; nay, if thou wilt not riſe,
And let me fold my Arms about thy Neck,
I'll not believe thy Love! In this forgive me.
Firſt let me wed *Eudoſia*, and we'll out;
We will, my General, and make amends
For all that's paſt: Glory and Arms ye call,
And *Marcian* leads me on ———

Marc.

Marc. Let her not reſt then;
Eſpouſe her ſtraight: I'll ſtrike you at a heat.
May this great Humour get large Growth within you;
And be encourag'd by the emboldning Gods.
O what a ſight will this be to the Soldier,
To ſee me bring you dreſs'd in ſhining Armour,
To head the ſhouting Squadrons —— O ye Gods!
Methinks I hear the ecchoing Cries of Joy,
The Sound of Trumpets, and the Beat of Drums.
I ſee each ſtarving Soldier bound from Earth,
As if ſome God by Miracle had rais'd him;
And with beholding you grow fat again.
Nothing but gazing Eyes, and opening Mouths,
Cheeks red with Joy, and lifted Hands about you;
Some wiping the glad Tears that trickle down
With broken *Io*'s, and with ſobbing Raptures,
Crying, to Arms; he's come; our Emp'ror's come
To win the World. Why is not this far better
Than lolling in a Lady's Lap, and ſleeping,
Faſting, or praying? Come, come, you ſhall be merry:
And for *Eudoſia*, ſhe is your's already:
Marcian has ſaid it, Sir, ſhe ſhall be your's.

Theo. Oh *Marcian!* Oh my Brother; Father; all:
Thou beſt of Friends, moſt faithful Counſellor,
I'll find a Match for thee too e'er I reſt,
To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
I'm ſtrong and well; but when thou art gone, I'm no-
(thing.

Enter Athenais, *meeting* Theodoſius.

Theo. Alas! *Eudoſia*, tell me what to ſay;
For my full Heart can ſcarce bring forth a Word
Of that which I have ſworn to ſee perform'd.

Athen. I am perfectly obedient to your Pleaſure.

Theo. Well, then I come to tell thee, that *Varanes*
Of all Mankind is neareſt to my Heart;
I love him, dear *Eudoſia:* and to prove
That Love on trial, all my Blood's too little;
Ev'n thee, if I were ſure to die this moment,
(As Heav'n alone can tell how far my Fate

Is off!) O thou my Soul's moſt tender Joy,
With my laſt Breath I would bequeath him thee.
Athen. Then you are pleas'd, my Lord, to yield me to him.
Theo. No, my *Eudoſia*; no, I will not yield thee (him.
While I have Life; for Worlds I will not yield thee:
Yet thus far I'm engag'd to let thee know,
He loves thee, *Athenais*, more than ever;
He languiſhes, deſpairs, and dies like me:
And I have paſt my Word that he ſhall ſee thee.
Athen. Ah, Sir, what have you done againſt your ſelf,
And me? Why have you paſt your fatal Word?
Why will you truſt me, who am now afraid
To truſt my ſelf? Why do you leave me naked
To an Aſſault, who had made proof my Virtue,
With this ſure Guard, never to ſee him more.
For, oh with trembling Agonies I ſpeak it,
I cannot ſee a Prince, whom once I lov'd,
Bath'd in his Grief, and gaſping at my Feet,
In all the violent Trances of Deſpair,
Without a Sorrow that perhaps may end me.
Theo. O ye ſeverer Powers! too cruel Fate!
Did ever Love tread ſuch a maze before?
Yet, *Athenais*, ſtill I truſt thy Virtue;
But if thy bleeding Heart cannot refrain,
Give, give thy ſelf away; yet ſtill remember,
That moment *Theodoſius* is no more ——

[*Ex.* Theo. *with* Attic. Pulc. Leon.

Athen. Now Glory! now, if ever thou didſt work
In Woman's Mind, aſſiſt me —— Oh, my Heart,
Why doſt thou throb, as if thou wer't a breaking?
Down, down, I ſay, think on thy Injuries,
Thy Wrongs, thy Wrongs! 'Tis well my Eyes are dry,
And all within my Boſom now is ſtill.

Enter Varanes, *leaning on* Arianthes.

Ha! is this he? or is't *Varanes* Ghoſt?
He looks as if he had beſpoke his Grave,
Trembling and pale; I muſt not dare to view him.
For, Oh, I feel his Melancholy here,
And fear I ſhall too ſoon partake his Sickneſs.

Vara.

Vara. Thus to the angry Gods offending Mortals,
Made ſenſible by ſome ſevere Affliction,
How all their Crimes are regiſtred in Heav'n,
In that nice Court, how no raſh Word eſcapes,
But ev'n extravagant Thoughts are all ſet down:
Thus the poor Penitents with fear approach
The reverend Shrines, and thus for Mercy bow; [*Kneels.*
Thus melting too, they waſh the hallowed Earth,
And groan to be forgiven ——
Oh, Empreſs! Oh, *Eudoſia!* ſuch you are now,
Theſe are your Titles, and I muſt no dare
Ever to call you *Athenais* more.

Athen. Riſe, riſe, my Lord, let me intreat you, riſe,
I will not hear you in that humble Poſture:
Riſe, or I muſt withdraw —— The World will bluſh
For you and me, ſhould it behold a Prince,
Sprung from immortal *Cyrus*, on his Knees
Before the Daughter of a poor Philoſopher.

Vara. 'Tis juſt, you righteous Gods! my Doom is juſt;
Nor will I ſtrive to deprecate her Anger.
If poſſible, I'll aggravate my Crimes,
That ſhe may rage till ſhe has broke my Heart:
For all I now deſire, and let the Gods,
Thoſe cruel Gods that join to my undoing,
Be Witneſſes to this unnatural Wiſh,
Is to fall dead without a Wound before her.

Athen. O ye known Sounds! But I muſt ſteel my Soul.
Methinks theſe Robes, my *Delia*, are too heavy.

Vara. Not worth a Word, a Look, nor one Regard!
Is then the nature of my Fault ſo heinous,
That when I come to take my eternal Leave,
You'll not vouchſafe to view me? This is Scorn,
Which the fair Soul of gentle *Athenais*
Would ne'er have harbour'd ——
Oh, for the ſake of him, whom you e'er long
Shall hold as faſt as now your Wiſhes form him,
Give me a patient Hearing; for however
I talk of Death, and ſeem to loath my Life,
I would deliberate with my Fate a while,
With ſnatching Glances eye thee to the laſt;

Leaſt

Pauſe o'er a Loſs like that of *Athenais*,
And parly with my Ruin.
Athen. Speak, my Lord;
To hear you is the Emperor's Command;
And for that Cauſe I readily obey!
Vara. The Emperor, the Emperor's Command!
And for that Cauſe ſhe readily obeys.
I thank you, Madam, that on any Terms
You condeſcend to hear me ——
Know then, *Eudoſia:* Ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd Name of *Athenais* ſtill:
That Name that I ſo often have invok'd,
And which was ſince auſpicious to my Vows;
So oft at Midnight ſigh'd amongſt the Groves,
The Rivers Murmur, and the Eccho's Burden;
Which every Bird could ſing, and Wind did bear.
By that dear Name, I make this Proteſtation,
By all that's good on Earth, or bleſt in Heav'n,
I ſwear I love thee more, far more than ever.
With conſcious Bluſhes too, here, help me, Gods;
Help me to tell her, tho to my Confuſion,
And everlaſting Shame; yet I muſt tell her,
I lay the *Perſian* Crown before her Feet.
Athen. My Lord, I thank you, and to expreſs thoſe
As nobly as you offer 'em, I return (Thanks
The Gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you
With the Example of the Emp'ror:
Not but I know 'tis that that draws you on,
Thus to deſcend beneath your Majeſty,
And ſwell the Daughter of a poor Philoſopher
With hopes of being great.
Vara. Ah, Madam! ah, you wrong me; by the Gods,
I had repented e'er I knew the Emp'ror ——
Athen. You find, perhaps too late, that *Athenais*,
However ſlighted for her Birth and Fortune,
Has ſomething in her Perſon, and her Virtue,
Worth the regard of Emperors themſelves;
And, to return the Compliment you gave
My Father, *Leontine*, that poor Philoſopher,
Whoſe utmoſt Glory is to have been your Tutor;

I here proteſt, by Virtue, and by Glory,
I ſwear by Heav'n and all the Pow'rs Divine,
Th' abandon'd Daughter of that poor old Man
Shall ne'er be ſeated on the Throne of *Cyrus*.
Vara. O death to all my Hopes! what haſt thou ſworn?
To turn me wild? Ah, curſed Throne of *Cyrus*,
Would thou hadſt been o'erturn'd and laid in Duſt,
His Crown too Thunder-ſtruck; my Father, all
The *Perſian* Race, like poor *Darius*, ruin'd,
Blotted, and ſwept for ever from the World,
When firſt Ambition blaſted thy Remembrance ——
Athen. O Heav'n! I had forgot the baſe Affront
Offer'd by this proud Man; a Wrong ſo great,
It is remov'd beyond all hope of Mercy:
He had deſign'd to bribe my Father's Virtue,
And by unlawful Means ——
Fly from my ſight, leſt I become a Fury,
And break thoſe Rules of Temperance I propos'd;
Fly, fly, *Varanes!* fly this ſacred Place
Where Virtue and Religion are profeſs'd:
This City will not harbour Infidels,
Traytors to Chaſtity, licentious Princes.
Be gone, I ſay, thou canſt not here be ſafe;
Fly to Imperial Libertines abroad:
In Foreign Courts thou'lt find a thouſand Beauties
That will comply for Gold; for Gold they'll weep,
For Gold be fond, as *Athenais* was,
And charm thee ſtill as if they lov'd indeed.
Thou'lt find enough Companions too for Riot:
Luxuriant all, and Royal as thy ſelf,
Tho thy loud Vices ſhould reſound to Heav'n ——
Art thou not gone yet?
Vara. No, I am charm'd to hear you:
O from my Soul I do confeſs my ſelf,
The very blot of Honour; I am more black
Than thou, in all thy Heat of juſt Revenge,
With all thy glorious Eloquence, canſt make me.
Athen. Away, *Varanes.*
Vara. Yes, Madam, I am going ——
Nay, by the Gods, I do not ask thee Pardon:

Nor while I live will I implore thy Mercy:
But when I am dead, if as thou doſt return
With happy *Theodoſius* from the Temple,
If as thou go'ſt in Triumph through the Streets,
Thou chance to meet the cold *Varanes* there,
Born by his Friends to his eternal Home;
Stop then, O *Athenais!* and behold me:
Say as thou hang'ſt about the Emp'ror's Neck,
Alas! my Lord, this ſight is worth our pity.
If to thoſe pitying words thou add a Tear,
Or give one parting groan —— If poſſible,
If the good Gods will grant my Soul the freedom,
I'll leave my Shrowd, and wake from Death to thank thee.

Athen. He ſhakes my Reſolution from the bottom:
My bleeding Heart too ſpeaks in his behalf,
And ſays my Virtue has been too ſevere.

Vara. Farewel! O Empreſs: No, *Athenais*, now
I will not call thee by that tender Name,
Since cold deſpair begins to freeze my Boſom,
And all my Pow'rs are now reſolv'd on Death.
'Tis ſaid that from my Youth I have been raſh,
Cholerick, and hot, but let the Gods now judge
By my laſt wiſh, if ever patient Man
Did calmly bear ſo great a loſs as mine;
Since 'tis ſo doom'd, by Fate you muſt be wedded,
For your own Peace, when I am laid in Earth,
Forget that e'er *Varanes* had a Being;
Turn all your Soul to *Theodoſius* Boſom.
Continue Gods their Days, and make 'em long:
Lucina wait upon their fruitful *Hymen*,
And many Children, beauteous as the Mother,
And pious as the Father, make 'em ſmile.

Athen. O Heav'ns!

Vara. Farewel —— I'll trouble you no more:
The malady that's lodg'd within grows ſtronger;
I feel the ſhock of my approaching Fate:
My Heart too trembles at his diſtant march;
Nor can I utter more, if you ſhou'd ask me.
Thy arm, *Aranthes!* O farewell for ever ——

Athen.

Athen. Varanes, ſtay, and e're you go for ever,
Let me unfold my Heart.
Vara. O *Athenais!*
What further cruelty haſt thou in ſtore
To add to what I ſuffer?
Athen. Since it is doom'd
That we muſt part, let's part as Lovers ſhould,
As thoſe that have lov'd long, and loved well.
Vara. Art thou ſo good? O *Athenais*, oh!
Athen. Firſt from my Soûl I pity and forgive you;
I pardon you that haſty little Errour,
Which yet has been the cauſe of both our Ruins.
And let this Sorrow witneſs for my Heart,
How eagerly I wiſh it had not been;
And ſince I cannot keep it, take it all:
Take all the Love, O Prince, I ever bore you.
Or, if 'tis poſſible, I'll give you more;
Your noble Carriage forces this Confeſſion:
I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die for Love;
I am diſtracted with this World of Paſſion.
Vara. Gods! cruel Gods! take notice I forgive you.
Athen. Alas! my Lord, my weaker tender Sex
Has not your manly Patience, cannot curb
This Fury in; therefore I let it looſe:
Spite of my rigid Duty, I will ſpeak
With all the dearneſs of a dying Lover,
Farewel moſt lovely, and moſt lov'd of Men;
Why comes this dying Paleneſs o'er thy Face?
Why wander thus thy Eyes? Why doſt thou bend
As if the fatal weight of Death were on thee?
Vara. Speak yet a little more: For, by the Gods!
And as I prize thoſe bleſſed happy Moments,
I ſwear, O *Athenais!* all is well;
O never better.
Athen. I doubt thee, dear *Varanes*;
Yet, if thou dy'ſt, I ſhall not long be from thee.
Once more farewel, and take theſe laſt Embraces.
Oh! I could cruſh him to my Heart! Farewel,
And as a dying Pledge of my laſt Love,
Take this, which all thy Pray'rs could never charm.
What have I done? oh lead me, lead me, *Delia.*

Ah,

Ah, Prince farewel! Angels protect and guard thee.
Vara. Turn back, O *Athenais!* and behold me;
Hear my laſt Words, and then farewel for ever.
Thou haſt undone me more by this Confeſſion:
You ſay, you ſwear, you love me more than ever;
Yet muſt ſee you marry'd to another:
Can there be any Plague or Hell like this?
O *Athenais!* Whither ſhall I turn me?
You have brought me back to Life; but oh, what Life?
To a Life more terrible than a thouſand Deaths.
Like one that had been buried in a Trance,
With racking Starts, he wakes and gazes round,
Forc'd by deſpair his whirling Limbs to wound,
And bellow like a Spirit under ground;
Still urg'd by Fate, to turn, to toſs, and rave,
Tormented, daſh'd, and broken in the Grave.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Athenais *dreſt in Imperial Robes, and crown'd: A Table with a Bowl of Poiſon.*

Athen. A Midnight Marriage! muſt I to the Temple,
Thus, at the Murderer's hour? 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange!
But ſo thou ſay'ſt my Father has commanded;
And that's a mighty Reaſon.
Delia. Th' Emperor in compaſſion to the Prince,
Who would, perhaps, fly to extravagance;
If he in publick ſhould reſolve to eſpouſe you,
Contriv'd by this cloſe Marriage to deceive him.
Athen. Go fetch thy Lute, and ſing thoſe Lines I gave thee;
So, now I am alone, yet my Soul ſhakes:
For where this dreadful Draught may carry me,
The Heav'ns can only tell; yet I am reſolv'd

To

To drink it off in ſpight of Conſequence:
Whiſper him, O ſome Angel! what I'm doing;
By ſympathy of Soul let him too tremble,
To hear my wondrous Faith, my wondrous Love,
Whoſe Spirit not content with an Ovation
Of ling'ring Fate, with Triumph thus reſolv'd:
Thus in the rapid Chariot of the Soul,
To mount and dare as never Woman dar'd: [*Drinks.*
'Tis done, haſte, *Delia*, haſte! come bring thy Lute,
And ſing my Waſtage to immortal Joys,
Methinks I cannot but ſmile at my own Bravery,
Thus from my loweſt Fortune rais'd to Empire,
Crown'd and adorn'd! worſhip'd by half the Earth,
While a young Monarch dies for my Embraces:
Yet now to wave the Glories of the World,
O my *Varanes!* tho my Birth's unequal,
My Virtue ſure has richly recompens'd,
And quite out-gone Example!

SONG.

1.

Ah cruel bloody Fate,
What canſt thou now do more?
Alas, 'tis all too late,
Philander *to reſtore:*
Why ſhould the Heavenly Powers perſuade
Poor Mortals to believe,
That they guard us here,
And reward us there,
Yet all our Joys deceive?

2.

Her Ponyard then ſhe took,
And held it in her Hand;
And with a dying Look,
Cry'd, thus I Fate command:
Philander! *Ah my Love I come,*
To meet thy Shade below;
Ah, I come, ſhe cry'd,

With

With a Wound ſo wide,
There needs no ſecond Blow.

3.

In Purple Waves her Blood
Ran ſtreaming down the Floor,
Unmov'd ſhe ſaw the Flood,
And bleſt her dying Hour:
Philander! *Ah,* Philander! *ſtill*
The bleeding Phillis *cry'd:*
She wept a while,
And forc'd a Smile;
Then cloſ'd her Eyes and dy'd,

Enter Pulcheria.

Pulch. How fares my dear *Eudoſia?* Ha, thou look'ſt,
Or elſe the Tapers cheat my ſight, like one
That's fitter for thy Tomb than *Cæſar*'s Bed:
A fatal Sorrow dims thy ſhaded Eyes,
And in deſpite of all thy Ornaments,
Thou ſeem'ſt to me the Ghoſt of *Athenais.*
Athen. And what's the Puniſhment, my dear *Pulcheria?*
What Torments are allotted thoſe ſad Spirits,
Who groaning with the Burden of Deſpair,
No longer will endure the Cares of Life;
But boldly ſet themſelves at Liberty,
Thro the dark Caves of Death to wander on,
Like wildred Travellers without a Guide,
Eternal Rovers in the gloomy Maze,
Where ſcarce the Twilight of an Infant Moon,
By a faint Glimmer checkering thro the Trees,
Reflects to diſmal View the walking Ghoſts,
And never hope to reach the Bleſſed Fields?
Pulch. No more o' that, *Atticus* ſhall reſolve thee;
But ſee, he waits thee from the Emperor;
Thy Father too attends.

Enter Leontine, Atticus, &c.

Leont. Come, *Athenais!* Ha, what now in Tears?
O fall of Honour, but no more; I charge thee
I charge thee, as thou ever hop'ſt my Bleſſing,
Or fear'ſt my Curſe, to baniſh from thy Soul
All Thoughts, if poſſible, o' th' Memory
Of that ungrateful Prince that has undone thee.
Attend me to the Temple on this Inſtant,
To make the Emperor thine, this Night to wed him,
And lie within his Arms.

Athen. Yes, Sir, I'll go ——
Let me but dry my Eyes, and I will go:
Eudoſia, this unhappy Bride ſhall go,
Thus like a Victim crown'd and doom'd to bleed,
I'll wait you to the Altar, wed the Emperor,
And if he pleaſes, lie within his Arms.

Leont. Thou art my Child agen.

Athen. But do not, Sir, imagine that any Charms,
Or Threatnings ſhall compel me,
Never to think of poor *Varanes* more:
No, my *Varanes:* No ——
While I have Breath, I will remember thee:
To thee alone I will my Thoughts confine,
And all my Meditations ſhall be thine:
The Image of thy Woes my Soul ſhall fill,
Fate and my End, and thy Remembrance ſtill.
As in ſome Pop'lar Shade the Nightingale,
With piercing Moans, does her loſt Young bewail,
Which the rough Hind, obſerving as they fly,
Warm in their downy Neſt, had ſtoln away;
But ſhe in mournful Sounds does ſtill complain,
Sings all the Night, tho all her Songs are vain,
And ſtill renews her miſerable ſtrain:
So my *Varanes*, till my Death comes on,
Shall ſad *Eudoſia* thy dear Loſs bemoan.

[*Ex.* Athenais, Atticus.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Varanes.

Vara. 'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
So faſt, as if ſhe never were to riſe:
No Breath of Wind now whiſpers thro the Trees;
No Noiſe at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas;
Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon;
No wakeful Dogs bark at the ſilent Moon;
Nor 'bay the Ghoſts that glide with Horror by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie;
The Ravens perch, and no Preſages give,
Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave;
The Owls forget to ſcream; no Midnight ſound
Calls drowſy Eccho from the hollow Ground;
In Vaults the walking Fires extinguiſh'd lie;
The Stars, Heav'ns Sentry, wink and ſeem to die.
Such univerſal Silence ſpreads below,
Thro the vaſt Shades where I am doom'd to go;
Nor ſhall I need a Violence to wound:
The Storm is here that drives me on the Ground,
Sure means to make the Soul and Body part,
A burning Fever, and a broken Heart.
What, hoa, *Aranthes*! [*Enter* Aranthes.
I ſent thee to the Apartment of
Athenais! I ſent thee, did I not, to be admitted?
Aran. You did, my Lord; but Oh!
I fear to give you an Account.
Vara. A
Aranthes, I am got on the other ſide
Of this bad World; and now am paſt all fear.
O ye avenging Gods! is there a Plague
Among your hoarded Bolts, and Heaps of Vengeance,
Beyond the mighty Loſs of *Athenais*?
'Tis Contradiction; ſpeak, then ſpeak, *Aranthes*.
For all Misfortunes, if compar'd with that,
Will make *Varanes* ſmile ——

Aran. My Lord, the Empreſs,
Crown'd and adorn'd with the Imperial Robes,
At this dead time of Night with ſilent Pomp,
As they deſign'd from all to keep it ſecret,
But chiefly ſure from you; I ſay, the Empreſs
Is now conducted by the General,
Atticus and her Father, to the Temple,
There to eſpouſe the Emperor *Theodoſius*.
Vara. Say'ſt thou? Is't certain! hah.
Arant. Moſt certain, Sir, I ſaw 'em in Proceſſion.
Vara. Give me thy Sword. Malicious Fate! O Fortune!
O giddy Chance! O turn of Love and Greatneſs!
Marry'd! She has kept her Promiſe now indeed;
And Oh! her pointed Fame and nice Revenge,
Have reach'd their end. No, *Aranthes*! No!
I will not ſtay the lazy Execution
Of a ſlow Fever; Give me thy Hand, and ſwear
By all the Love and Duty that thou ow'ſt me,
To obſerve the laſt Commands that I ſhall give thee;
Stir not againſt my purpoſe, as thou fear'ſt
My Anger and Diſdain; nor dare to oppoſe me
With troubleſome unneceſſary formal Reaſons;
For what my Thought has doom'd, my Hand ſhall ſeal.
I charge thee hold it ſtedfaſt to my Heart,
Fix'd as the Fate that throws me on the Point.
Tho I have liv'd a *Perſian*, I will fall
As fair, as fearleſs, and as full reſolv'd
As any *Greek* or *Roman* of 'em all.
Aran. What you command is terrible, but ſacred;
And to atone for this too cruel Duty,
My Lord, I'll follow you ———
Vara. I charge thee not.
But when I am dead, take the attending Slave,
And bear me, with my Blood diſtilling down,
Streight to the Temple; lay me, O *Aranthes!*
Lay my cold Coarſe at *Athenais'* Feet,
And ſay, Oh why, why do my Eyes run o'er!
Say, with my lateſt Gaſp I groan'd for Pardon.
Juſt here my Friend, hold faſt, and ſtrike the Sword;
I feel the Artery, where the Life-Blood lies;

It

It heaves against the Point —— Now, O ye Gods,
If for the greatly Wretched you have room,
Prepare my Place, for dauntleſs lo I come!
The force of Love thus makes the mortal Wound,
And *Menais* ſends me to the Ground. [*Kills himſelf.*

SCENE III. *The outward Part of the Temple.*

Enter Pulcheria *and* Julia *at one Door,* Marcian *and* Lucius *at another.*

Pulch. Look, *Julia*, ſee the penſive *Marcian* comes;
'Tis to my Wiſh; I muſt no longer loſe him,
Leſt he ſhould leave the Court indeed: he looks
As if ſome mighty Secret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a Vent; inſpire me Woman,
That what my Soul deſires above the World,
May ſeem impos'd and forc'd on my Affections ——
Luc. I ſay ſhe loves you, and ſhe ſtays to hear it
From your own Mouth: Now, in the Name of all
The Gods at once, my Lord, why are you ſilent?
Take heed, Sir, mark your Opportunity;
For if the Woman lays it in your Way,
And you over-ſee it, ſhe is loſt for ever.
Marc. Madam, I come to take my eternal Leave,
Your Doom has baniſh'd me, and I obey:
The Court and I ſhake hands, and now we part,
Never to ſee each other more; the Court
Where I was born, and bred a Gentleman,
No more, but your illuſtrious Bounty rais'd me,
And drew the Earth-born Vapour to the Clouds:
But, as the Gods ordain'd it, I have loſt,
I know not how, through Ignorance, your Grace;
And now the Exhalation of my Glory
Is quite conſum'd, and vaniſh'd into Air.
Pulch. Proceed, Sir——
Marc. Yet let thoſe Gods that doom'd me to diſpleaſe
Be Witneſſes how much I honour you—— (you
Thus

Thus, worſhipping, I ſwear by your bright ſelf,
I leave this infamous Court with more content
Than Fools and Flatterers ſeek it. But, Oh Heaven!
I cannot go if ſtill your Hate purſues me;
Yes, I declare it is impoſſible
To go to Baniſhment without your Pardon.

Pulch. You have it, *Marcian*; is there ought beſide,
That you would ſpeak, for I am free to hear?

Marc. Since I ſhall never ſee you more, what hinders
But my laſt Words ſhould here avow the Truth?
Know then, Imperial Princeſs, matchleſs Woman,
Since firſt you caſt your Eyes upon my Meanneſs,
Ev'n till you rais'd me to my envy'd Height,
I have in ſecret lov'd you——

Pulch. Is this *Marcian?*

Marc. You frown! but I am ſtill prepar'd for all;
I ſay I lov'd you, and I love you ſtill,
More than my Life, and equal to my Glory.
Methinks the warring Spirit that inſpires
This Frame, the very Genius of old *Rome*,
That makes me talk without the Fear of Death,
And drives my daring Soul to Acts of Honour,
Flames in your Eyes! our Thoughts too are a-kin,
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for Glory:
Now, by the Gods, I lov'd you in your Fury,
In all the Thunder that quite riv'd my Hopes;
I lov'd you moſt, ev'n when you did deſtroy me.
Madam, I've ſpoke my Heart, and cou'd ſay more,
But that I ſee it grieves you; your high Blood
Frets at the Arrogance and ſaucy Pride
Of this bold Vagabond: may the Gods forgive me!
Farewel; a worthier General may ſucceed me,
But none more faithful to the Emperor's Intereſt,
Than him you are pleas'd to call the Traytor *Marcian.*

Pulch. Come back, you have ſubtilly play'd your Part in-deed;
For firſt th' Emperor, whom you lately ſchool'd,
Reſtores you your Commiſſion; next commands you,
As you're a Subject, not to leave the Court
Next, but Oh Heaven! which way ſhall I expreſs
His cruel Pleaſure? he that is ſo mild

In

In all things elſe, yet obſtinate in this,
Spite of my Tears, my Birth, and my Diſdain,
Commands me, as I dread his high Diſpleaſure,
O *Marcian*! to receive you as my Husband.
Ha, *Lucius!* What, what does my Fate intend?
Luc. Purſue her, Sir, 'tis as I ſaid, ſhe yields,
And rages that you follow her no faſter!
Pulch. Is then at laſt my great Authority,
And my intruſted Pow'r declin'd to this?
Yet, oh my Fate, what way can I avoid it?
He charg'd me ſtreight to wait him to the Temple;
And there reſolve, O *Marcian!* on this Marriage.
Now generous Soldier, as you're truly noble,
Oh help me forth, loſt in this Labyrinth;
Help me to looſe this more than Gordian Knot,
And make me and yourſelf for ever happy.
Marc. Madam, I'll ſpeak as briefly as I can,
And as a Soldier ought; the only way
To help this Knot is yet to tie it faſter.
Since then the Emperor has reſolv'd you mine,
For which I will for ever thank the Gods,
And make this Holiday throughout my Life,
I take him at his Word, and claim his Promiſe;
The Empire of the World ſhall not redeem you.
Nay, weep not, Madam, tho my Outſide's rough,
Yet, by thoſe Eyes, your Soldier has a Heart
Compaſſionate and tender as a Virgin's:
E'n now it bleeds to ſee thoſe falling Sorrows;
Perhaps this Grief may move the Emperor
To a Repentance! Come then to the Trial;
For by my Arms, my Life, and dearer Honour,
If you go back when given me by his Hand,
In diſtant Wars my Fate I will deplore,
And *Marcian*'s Name ſhall ne'er be heard of more.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Temple.*

Theodoſius, Athenais, Atticus *joining their Hands* —— Marcian, Pulcheria, Lucius, Julia, Delia, *&c.* Attendance.

Attic. *The more than Gordian Knot is ty'd,*
Which Death's ſtrong Arm ſhall ne'er divide;
For when to Bliſs ye waſted are,
Your Spirits ſhall be wedded there.
Waters are loſt, and Fires will die;
But Love alone can Fate defy.

Enter Aranthes *with the Body of* Varanes.

Aran. Where is the Empreſs? Where ſhall I find *Eudoſia?*
By Fate I am ſent to tell that cruel Beauty,
She has robb'd the World of Fame, her Eyes have giv'n
A Blaſt to the big Bloſſom of the War;
Behold him there nipt in his flow'ry Morn,
Compell'd to break his Promiſe of a Day;
A Day that Conqueſt would have made her boaſt;
Behold her Laurel wither'd to the Root,
Canker'd and kill'd by *Athenais'* Scorn.
Athen. Dead, dead, *Varanes!*
Theo. Oh ye eternal Pow'rs
That guide the World! Why do you ſhock our Reaſon
With Acts like theſe that lay our Thoughts in duſt?
Forgive me Heav'n this ſtart, or elevate
Imagination more, and make it nothing.
Alas! alas, *Varanes!* but ſpeak, *Aranthes*,
The manner of his Fate: Groans choak my Words;
But ſpeak, and we will anſwer thee with Tears.
Aran. His Fever would, no doubt, by this have done
What ſome few Minutes paſt his Sword perform'd;
He heard from me your Progreſs to the Temple,
How you deſign'd at Midnight to deceive him
By a clandeſtine Marriage: But, my Lord,
Had you beheld his Racks at my Relation;
Or, had your Empreſs ſeen him in theſe Torments,
When

When from his dying Eyes, ſwoln to the Brim,
The big round Drops rowl'd down his manly Face;
When from his hallowed Breaſt a murmuring Croud
Of Groans ruſh'd forth, and eccho'd, All is well:
Then had you ſeen him, Oh ye cruel Gods!
Ruſh on the Sword I held againſt his Breaſt,
And dye it to the Hilt, with theſe laſt Words——
Bear me to *Athenais*——

Athen. Give me way, my Lord,
I have moſt ſtrictly kept my Promiſe with you;
I am your Bride, and you can ask no more,
Or if you did, I am paſt the Power to give:
But here! Oh here! on his cold bloody Breaſt,
Thus let me breathe my laſt.

Theo. Oh Empreſs, what, what can this Tranſport mean?
Are theſe our Nuptials? theſe my promis'd Joys?

Athen. Forgive me, Sir, this laſt reſpect I pay
Theſe ſad Remains——And, Oh thou mighty Spirit,
If yet thou art not mingled with the Stars,
Look down and hear the wretched *Athenais*,
When thou ſhalt know, before I gave conſent
To this indecent Marriage, I had taken
Into my Veins a cold and deadly Draught,
Which ſoon would render me, alas, unfit
For the warm Joys of an Imperial Lover,
And make me ever thine, yet keep my Word
With *Theodoſius*. Wilt not thou forgive me?

Theo. Poiſon'd to free thee from the Emperor!
Oh *Athenais!* thou haſt done a Deed
That tears my Heart: what have I done againſt thee,
That thou ſhould'ſt brand me thus with Infamy
And everlaſting Shame! thou might'ſt have made
Thy Choice without this cruel Act of Death;
I left thee to thy Will: And, in requital,
Thou haſt murder'd all my Fame——

Athen. Oh pardon me!
I lay my dying Body at your Feet,
And beg, my Lord, with my laſt Sighs intreat you
To impute the Fault, if 'tis a Fault, to Love;
And the Ingratitude of *Athenais*

To her too cruel Stars: Remember too,
I begg'd you would not let me ſee the Prince,
Preſaging what has happen'd; yet my Word,
As to our Nuptials, was inviolable.
Theo. Ha! ſhe is going! ſee her languiſhing Eyes
Draw in their Beams; the Sleep of Death is on her.
Athen. Farewel, my Lord! alas! alas, *Varanes*,
To embrace thee now is not immodeſty;
Or if it were, I think my bleeding Heart
Would make me criminal in Death to claſp thee,
Break all the tender Niceties of Honour
To fold thee thus, and warm thee into Life;
For oh what Man, like him, cou'd Woman move!
Oh Prince belov'd! Oh Spirit moſt divine!
Thus by my Death, I give thee all my Love,
And ſeal my Soul and Body ever thine. [*Dies.*
Theo. Oh *Marcian!* Oh *Pulcheria!* did not the Power,
Whom we adore, plant all his Thunderbolts
Againſt Self-murderers, I would periſh too:
But as I am, I ſwear to leave the Empire:
To thee, my Siſter, I bequeath the World;
And yet a Gift more great, the gallant *Marcian*.
On then, my Friend, now ſhew thy *Roman* Spirit:
As to her Sex fair *Athenais* was,
Be thou to thine a Pattern of true Honour:
Thus we'll atone for all the preſent Crimes,
That yet it may be ſaid in after-times,
No Age with ſuch Examples cou'd compare,
So great, ſo good, ſo virtuous, and ſo fair!
[*Ex. Omnes.*

THE

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVE,

As it was Acted

At the Queen's Theatre in *Dorset-Garden.*

By *NAT. LEE*, Gent.

Tuque dum procedis, Io Triumphe,
Non semel dicemus, Io Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusque divis
——Thura benigni. Horat.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſty's Houſhold, and One of His Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy-Council, *&c.*

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

THIS Play, when it was acted in the Character of the Princeſs of *Jainville*, had a reſemblance of *Marguerite* in the Maſſacre of *Paris*, Siſter to *Charles* the Ninth, and Wife to *Henry* the Fourth King of *Navarre*: That fatal Marriage which coſt the Blood of ſo many thouſand Men, and the Lives of the beſt Commanders. What was borrowed in the Action is left out in the Print, and quite obliterated in the Minds of Men. But the Duke of *Guiſe*, who was notorious for a bolder Fault, has wreſted two whole Scenes from the Original, which after the Vacation he will be forc'd to pay. I was, I confeſs, thro Indignation, forc'd to limb my own Child; which Time, the true Cure for all Maladies, and Injuſtice

juſtice have ſet together again. The Play coſt me much Pains, the Story is true, and I hope the Object will diſplay Treachery in its own Colours. But this Farce, Comedy, Tragedy, or mere Play, was a Revenge for the refuſal of the other: For when they expected the moſt poliſh'd Hero in *Nemours*, I gave 'em a Ruffian reeking from *Whetſtone's-Park*. The Fourth and Fifth Acts of the *Chances*, where *Don John* is pulling down; *Marriage Alamode*, where they are bare to the Waſte; the *Libertine*, and *Epſom-Wells*, are but Copies of his Villany. He lays about him like the *Gladiator* in the Park; they may walk by, and take no notice. I beg your Lordſhip to excuſe this Account, for indeed 'tis all to introduce the Maſſacre of *Paris* to your Favour, and approve it to be play'd in its firſt Figure. I am

Your Lordſhip's

Humble and Obedient Servant,

NAT. LEE.

PROLOGUE.

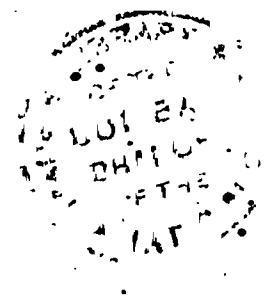
TRuſt was the Glory of the foremoſt Age,
When Truth and Love with Friendſhip did engage;
When Man to Man cou'd walk with Arms entwin'd,
And vent their Griefs in ſpaces of the Wind;
Expreſs their Minds, and ſpeak their Thoughts as clear,
As Eaſtern Mornings op'ning to the Year.
But ſince that Law and Treachery came in,
And open Honeſty was made a Sin,
Men wait for Men, as Dogs for Foxes prey,
And Women wait the cloſing of the Day.
There's ſcarce a Man that ventures to be good;
For Truth by Knaves was never underſtood:
For there's the Curſe, when Vice o'er Virtue rules,
That all the World are Knaves or downright Fools.
So they may make advantage of th' Allay,
They'll take the Droſs and throw the Gold away.
Women turn Uſurers with their own affright,
And Want's the Hag that rides 'em all the Night.
The little Mob, the City Waſtcoateer,
Will pinch the Back to make the Buttock bare;
And drain the laſt poor Guinea from her Dear.
Thus Times are turn'd upon a private End,
There's ſcarce a Man that's generous to his Friend.
But there's a Monarch on a Throne ſublime,
That makes Truth Law, and gives the Poets Rhime;
Be his the Buſineſs of our little Fates,
Our mean Contentions, and their high Debates.
By Sea and Land our moſt Imperial Lord,
With all the Praiſes bleſt that Hearts afford,
With Lawrels crown'd, unconquer'd by the Sword:
William *the Sovereign of our whole Affairs,*
Our Guide in Peace, and Council in the Wars.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WHat is this Wit which Cowley *cou'd not name?*
The rare Inducement to a perfect Name,
The Art of Nature curious in a Frame:
Is it a Whig, *a* Trimmer, *or a* Tory,
Or an old Fop forgotten in the Story?
'Tis Honour veil'd in Honeſty's Diſguiſe,
Or Ceſar *like a Fencer in a Prize;*
'Tis Pindar's *Ramble, Nature in Miſ-rule,*
A Politician acted by a Fool.
'Tis all Variety that Arts can give,
The Danaid's *filling of a leaky Sieve;*
The Valley's Sweets, and the diſtilling Spring,
The brimming Bacchus *that the Muſes bring,*
To drink the Health of England's *glorious King.*
A Stateſman thoughtful for a Clown revil'd,
A Peſtle and a Mortar for a Child.
'Tis a true Principle, but hardly ſhown,
An artificial Sigh, a Virgin's Groan,
When the firſt Night her Lover lays her on.
'Tis like a Laſs that gads to gather May,
'Tis like the Comedy you have to Day;
A Bullying Gallant in a Canton Play.

Dra-



Dramatis Perſonæ.

Prince of *Cleve.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Duke *Nemours.*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Bellamore.	Mr.
Jacques.	Mr.
St. Andre.	Mr. *Lee.*
Vidam of *Chartres.*	Mr. *Gillo.*
Poltrot.	Mr. *Nokes.*

WOMEN.

Princeſs of *Cleve.*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Tournon.	Mrs. *Lee.*
Marguerite.	Lady *Slingsby.*
Elianor.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Celia.	Mrs.
Irene.	Mrs.
La March.	Mrs.

SCENE, *PARIS.*

THE

THE *Princeſs of* CLEVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Nemours, Bellamore. *Fiddles Playing.*

Nem. HOLD there you Monſieur *Devol*; prithee leave off playing fine in Conſort, and ſtick to Time and Tune ——— So. now the Song, call in the Eunuch; come my pretty Stallion, hem, and begin.

SONG.

I.

ALL other Bleſſings are but Toys
To his that in his Sleep enjoys,
Who in his Fancy can poſſeſs
The Object of his Happineſs;
The Pleaſure's purer, for he ſpares
The Pains, Expences, and the Cares.

II.

Thus when Adonis got the Stone,
To Love the Boy ſtill made his moan;

Venus

Venus *the Queen of Fancy came,*
And as he ſlept ſhe cool'd his Flame;
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,
And Fancy brought the Stone away.

Nem. Sirrah, ſtick to clean Pleaſures, deep Sleep, moderate Wine, ſincere Whores, and thou art happy; now by this damask Cheek I love thee; keep but this gracious Form of thine in Health, and I'll put thee in the way of living like a Man——What I have truſted thee with ——My Love to the Princeſs of *Cleve*; Treaſure is as thy Life, nor let the *Vidam* of *Chartres* know it; for however I ſeem to cheriſh him, becauſe he has the Knack of telling a Story maliciouſly, and is a great Pretender to Nature, I caſt him off here——'Tis too much for him: Beſides he is her Uncle, and has a ſort of affected Honour, that would make him grin to ſee me leap her——Hey *Jacques*——When Madam *Tournon* comes, bring her in; and, hark you, Sir, whoever comes to ſpeak with me while ſhe is with me——

Jacq. What if the Dauphin comes?

Nem. What if his Father comes, Dog——Slave——Fool! What if *Paris* were a fire, the Preſident and Council of Sixteen at the Door! I'm ſick, I'm not within——I'm a hundred Miles off——My Boſom Dear——So young, and yet I truſt thee too——But away to the Princeſs of *Cleve*, thou art acquainted with her Woman, watch her Motions, my ſweet-fac'd Pimp, and bring me word of her riſing.

Bell. She is a Prize, my Lord, and Oh what a Night of Pleaſure has *Cleve* had with her——the firſt too!

Nem. Any thing but what makes ſuch a Pleaſure, wou'd I give for ſuch another——But be gone, and no more of this provoking Diſcourſe, leſt raviſhing ſhou'd follow thee at the Heels, and ſpoil my ſober Deſign. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Tournon, La March.

Jacq. Madam, my Lord was juſt now asking for you.

Tour. Go tell him I'm coming——Is he dreſs'd?

Jacq.

Jacq. Yes—but your Ladyſhip knows that's all one to him.——

Tour. Honeſt *Jacques*, 'tis pity ſuch Honeſty ſhould not be encourag'd ——

Jacq. This comes of Pimping, which ſhe calls Honeſty. [*Ex.* Jacq.

Tour. Thus thou may'ſt ſee the method of the Queen— We are the lucky Sieves, where fond Men truſt their Hearts, and ſo ſhe ſifts 'em through us——

La M. What of *Nemours*, whom you thus early viſit?

Tour. The Queen deſigns to rob him of a Miſtreſs, *Marguerite* the Princeſs of *Jainville*, whom he keeps from the knowledge of the Court; and if the Queen be Judge, is contracted to her ——

The Dauphin loves her too; whereon the Queen,
Who works the Court quite round by Womankind,
And thinks this way to mould his ſupple Soul,
Reſolves, if poſſible, to gain her for him.

La M. But how is't poſſible to work the Princeſs from the Duke of *Nemours*, who loves him as the Queen affects Ambition?

Tour. Why thus; ſhe knows *Nemours* his Soul is bent
Upon Variety; therefore to gain her ends,
She has made me ſacrifice my Honour, nay,
I'm become his Bawd, and ply him every Day
With ſome new Face, to wean his Heart
From *Marguerite's* Form; nor muſt you longer be
Without your Part.

La M. Employ me; for you know the Queen commands me.

Tour. There was a Letter dropt in the Tennis-Court
Out of *Nemours* his Pocket, as I am told,
And read laſt Night in the Preſence—'Tis your Task
Slily to inſinuate with *Marguerite*.
This Note which came from ſome abandon'd Miſtreſs,
Is certainly the Duke's.——

La M. Then Jealouſy's the ground on which you build.

Tour. Right, we muſt make 'em jealous of each other; Jealouſy breeds diſdain in haughty Minds, and ſo from the extreams of violent Love, proceeds to fierceſt Hate.

Enter

Enter St. Andre.

But ſee the gay, the Brisk, the topping Gallant St. *Andre* here, Couſin to *Poltrot*, who arrived from *England* with a pretty Wife laſt Week, and lodges in the Palace of this his related Fool——St. *Andre* has a Wife too of my acquaintance—Both for the Duke, my Dear; but haſte I'm call'd— [*Exit* La M.

Jacq. Madam—— *Tour.* I go. [*Exit* Tournon.

St. A. Monſieur *Jacques*, your moſt obliged, faithful, humble Servant. What, his Grace continues the old Trade, I ſee, by the Flux of Bawds and Whores that choak up his Avenues; and I muſt confeſs, excepting my ſelf, there's no Man ſo built for Whoring as his Grace, black, ſanguine, brawny—a Roman Noſe——long Foot, and a ſtiff——calf of a Leg.

Jacq. Your Lordſhip has all theſe in Perfection.

St. A. Sir, your moſt faithful, obliged, humble Servant. Boy——

Boy. My Lord——

St. A. How many Bottles laſt Night?

Boy. Five, my Lord.

St. A. Boy.

Boy. My Lord.

St. A. How many Whores?

Boy. Six, my Lord.

St. A. Boy——

Boy. My Lord.

St. A. What Quarrels, how many did I kill?

Boy. Not one my Lord——But the Night before you ham-ſtrung a Beadle, and run a Linkman in the Back——

St. A. What, and no Blood nor Blows laſt Night?

Boy. O! yes, my Lord, now I remember me, you drew upon a Gentleman that knock'd you down with a Bottle.

St. A. Not ſo loud, you Urchin, leſt I twiſt your Neck round—Monſieur *Jacques*, is his Grace ſtirring?

Jacq. My Lord, he's at Council——

St. A.

St. A. Od, I beg his pardon; pray give my Duty to him, and tell him, if he pleaſes to hear a languiſhing Air or two, I am at the Princeſs of *Cleve's* with a Serenade—Go, Raskal, go to Monſieur *Poltrot*—tell him he'll be too late——Black airy ſhape—but then Madam *Cleve* is vertuous, chaſte, cold——Gad I'll write to her, and then ſhe's mine directly; 'tis but reaſon of courſe, that he that has been yoak'd to ſo many Dutcheſſes, ſhould at laſt back a Princeſs: Sir, your moſt oblig'd, faithful, and very humble Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Nemours, Tournon.

Tour. Undone, undone! will your ſinful Grace never give over, will you never leave ruining of Bodies and damning of Souls?——Could you imagine that I came for this? What have you done?

Nem. No harm, pretty Rogue, no harm; nay, prithee leave blubbering

Tour. 'Tis blubbering now, plain blubbering; but before you had your Will, 'twas another Tone: Why, Madam, do you waſte thoſe precious Tears? each falling Drop ſhines like an Orient Pearl, and ſets a Gaiety on a Face of Sorrow.

Nem. Thou art certainly the pleaſanteſt of Women-kind, and I the happieſt of Men; dear delightful Rogue, let's have another Main; like a winning Gameſter, I long to make it t'other hundred Pound.

Tour. Inconſiderate horrid Peer, will you damn your Soul deeper and deeper? Can you be thus inſenſible of your Crime?

Nem. Why there's it: I was as a Man may be, very dry, and thou kind Soul, gav'ſt me a good Draught of Drink; now 'tis ſtrange to me, if a Man muſt be damn'd for quenching his Thirſt.

Tour. Ha, Ha—Well, I'll ſwear you are ſuch another Man—who would have thought you cou'd delude a Woman thus, and a Woman of Honour too, that reſolv'd ſo much

much againſt it? Ah, my Lord! your Grace has a cunning Tongue.

Nem. No cunning, *Tournon*, my way is downright, leaving Body, State and Spirit, all for a pretty Woman; and when gray Hairs, Gout and Impotence come, no more but this, drink away Pain, and be gathered to my Fathers.

Tour. Oh thou Diſſembler, give me your Hand, this ſoft, this faithleſs violating Hand; Heaven knows what this Hand has to anſwer for.

Nem. And for this Hand, with theſe long, white, round, pretty Bobbins, 't has the kindeſt Gripe, and I ſo love it; now Gad's Bleſſing on't, that's all I ſay——But come, kill me, what! no new Game? for thou knowe'ſt I die directly without Variety.

Tour. Certainly, never Woman lov'd like me; who am not ſatisfied with ſacrificing my own Honour, unleſs I rob my Delights by undoing others——

Nem. Come, come, out with it, I ſee thou art big with ſome new Intrigue, and it labours for a Vent.

Tour. What think you of St. *Andre*'s Lady?

Nem. That I'm in Bed with her; becauſe thou dareſt befriend me.

Tour. Nay, there's more——Monſieur *Poltrot* lodges in his Houſe, with a young *Engliſh* Wife of the true Breed, and the prettier of the two.

Nem. Excellent Creature; but command me ſomething extravagant, as thy Kindneſs, State, Life and Honour.

Tour. Yet all this will be loſt when you are married to *Marguerite*.

Nem. Never, by Heav'n I'm thine, with all the Heat and vigorous Inſpiration of an unfleſh'd Lover, and ſo will be while young Limbs and Leachery hold together; and that's a Bond methinks ſhou'd laſt till Doomſday.

Tour. But do you believe if *Marguerite* ſhou'd know?——

Nem. The Queſtion's too grave——When and where ſhall I ſee the Gems thou haſt in ſtore?

Tour. By Noon, or thereabouts; take a turn in *Luxemburgh* Garden, and one, if not both, ſhall meet you.

Nem. And thou'lt appear in Perſon?

Tour.

Tour. With Colours flying, a Handkerchief held out; And yet methinks it goes againſt my Conſcience.

Nem. Away, that ſerious Look has made thee old: Conſcience and Conſideration in a young Woman too! It makes a Baud of thee before thy time. Nay, now thou put'ſt me in Poetick Rapture, And I muſt quote *Ronſard* to puniſh thee: Call all your Wives to Council, and prepare To tempt, diſſemble, flatter, lye and ſwear; To make her mine, uſe all your utmoſt Skill, Virtue, an ill-bred Croſſneſs in the Will; Honour, a Notion; Piety, a Cheat: Prove but ſucceſsful Bauds, and you are great. Come, thou wilt meet me.

Tour. 'Tis reſolv'd, I will; till which time, thou dear Man——

Nem. Thou pretty Woman.

Tour. Thou very dear Man.

Nem. Thou very pretty Woman, one Kiſs.

Tour. Hey Ho——

Nem. Now all the Gods go with thee——

Tour. A word from my Lord; you are acquainted with theſe Fops; ſet 'em in the modiſh way of abuſing their Wives, they are turning already, and that will certainly bring 'em about.

Nem. Bellamore ſhall do't with leſs Suſpicion: Farewel—Hey *Jacques*—— [*Exit* Tour.

Jacq. Ha! my grave Lord of *Chartres*, welcome as Health, as Wine, and taking Whores—— and tell me now the buſineſs of the Court.

Vid. Hold it, *Nemours*, for ever at defiance; Fogs of ill Humour, Damps of Melancholy, Old Maids of Fifty, choak'd with eternal Vapours, Stuff it with fulſome Honour——dozing Virtue, And everlaſting Dulneſs husk it round, Since he that was the Life, the Soul of Pleaſure, Count *Roſidore*, is dead.

Nem. Then we may ſay Wit was, and Satire is a Carcaſe now. I thought his laſt Debauch would be his Death——

But is it certain?

Vid. Yes, I ſaw him Duſt.
I ſaw the mighty Thing a nothing made,
Huddled with Worms, and ſwept to that cold Den,
Where Kings lie crumbl'd juſt like other Men.

Nem. Nay then let's rave and elegize together,
Where *Roſidore* is now but common Clay,
Whom every wiſer Emmet bears away,
And lays him up againſt a Winter's Day.
He was the Spirit of Wit —— and had ſuch an Art in guilding his Failures, that it was hard not to love his Faults: He never ſpoke a witty thing twice, tho to different Perſons; his Imperfections were catching, and his Genius was ſo luxuriant, that he was forc'd to tame it with a Heſitation in his Speech to keep it in view —— But, Oh! how awkard, how inſipid, how poor and wretchedly dull is the Imitation of thoſe that have all the Affectation of his Verſe, and none of his Wit.

Enter Jacques.

Jacq. My Lord, Monſieur *Poltrot* deſires to kiſs your Grace's Hand.

Nem. Let's have him to drive away our Melancholy ——

Vid. I wonder what Pleaſure you can take in ſuch dull Dogs, Aſſes, and Fools.

Nem. But this is a particular Fool, Man, Fate's own Fool, and perhaps it will never hit the like again; he's ever the ſame thing, yet always pleaſing; in ſhort, he's a finiſh'd Fool, and has a fine Wife; add to this, his late leaving the Court of *France*, and going to *England* to learn Breeding.

Enter Poltrot.

Pol. My Lord Duke, your Grace's moſt obedient humble Servant; My Lord of *Chartres* and Monſieur *Jacques*, yours Monſieur; *St. Andre* deſires your Grace's Preſence at a Serenade of mine and his together —— And I muſt tell your Grace by the way, he is a great Maſter, and the fondeſt

fondeſt Thing of my Labours ——

Nem. And the greateſt Oaf in the World.

Pol. How, my Lord ——

Vid. The whole Court wonders you will keep him Company.

Nem. Such a paſſive Raſcal, he had his Shins broke laſt Night in the Preſence; and were it not fear'd you wou'd ſecond him, he wou'd be kick'd out of all Society.

Pol. I ſecond him! my Lord, I'll ſee him damn'd e'er I'll be Second to any Fool in Chriſtendom— For to tell your Grace the Truth, I keep him Company, and lie at his Houſe, becauſe I intend to lie with his Wife; a Trick I learnt ſince I went into *England*, where, o' my Conſcience, Cuckoldom is the Deſtiny of above half the Nation.

Nem. Indeed!

Pol. O there's not ſuch another drinking, ſcowring, roaring, whoring Nation in the World—— And for little *London*, to my knowledge, if a Bill were taken of the weekly Cuckolds, it wou'd amount to more than the Number of Chriſtnings and Burials together.

Vid. What, and were you acquainted with the Wits?

Pol. O Lord, Sir, I liv'd in the City a whole Year together; my Lord Mayor and I, and the Common-Council were ſworn Brothers — I cou'd ſing you twenty Catches and Drolls that I made for their Feaſt-days; but at preſent I'll only hint you one or two ——

Nem. Pray do us the Favour, Sir.

Pol. Why look you Sir, this is one of my chief ones, and I'll aſſure your Grace, 'twas much ſung at Court too;

O, to Bed to me, to Bed to me, — &c.

Nem. Excellent, incomparable!

Pol. Why is it not, my Lord? This is no Kickſhaw, there's Subſtance in the Air, and Weight in the Words; nay, I'll give your Grace a Taſte of another, the Tune is, let me ſee — Ay, ay ——

Give me the Laſs that's true Country bred ——

I'll preſent your Grace with ſome Words of my own, that I made on my Wife before I married her, as ſhe ſat ſinging one Day in a low Parlour, and playing on the Virginals.

Nem. For Heaven's ſake oblige us, dear pleaſant Creature ——

Pol. I'll ſwear I'm ſo tickliſh you'll put me out, my Lord; for I am as wanton as any little *Bartholomew Vid.* Dear, ſoft, delicate Rogue, ſing. (Boar-Pig —

Pol. Nay, I proteſt, my Lord, I vow and ſwear, but you'll make me run to a Whore — Lord, Sir, what do you mean?

Nem. Come then begin —— [*Poltrot* ſings.

I.

PHillis *is ſoft*, Phillis *is plump*,
And Beauty made up this delicate Lump:
Like a Roſe-bud ſhe looks, like a Lilly ſhe ſmells,
And her Voice is a Note above ſweet Philomel's.

Now a little Smutty, my Lord, is the Faſhion ——

II.

Her Breaſt are two Hillocks where Hearts lie and pant,
In the Herbage ſo ſoft, for a Thing that they want;
But mum, Sir, for that, tho a notable Jeſt;
For if I ſhou'd name it, you'd call me a Beaſt.

Enter St. Andre *without his Hat and Wig.*

St. And. My Lord, the Serenade is juſt begun, and if you don't come juſt in the nick —— I beg your Grace's Pardon for interrupting you —— But if you have a Mind to hear the ſweeteſt Airs in the World ——

Nem. With all my Heart, Sir ——

Pol. Nay, ſince your Grace has put my Hand in, I'll ſing you, my Lord, before you go, the ſofteſt thing — compos'd in the Nonage of my Muſe; yet ſuch a one as our beſt Authors borrow from. Nay, I'll be judg'd by your

your Grace, if they do not ſteal their dying from my killing ——

St. A. Nay, prithee, *Poltrot*, thou art ſo impertinent.

Pol. No more impertinent than your ſelf, Sir; nor do I doubt, Sir, but my Character ſhall be drawn by the Poets for a Man of Wit and Senſe, Sir, as well as your ſelf, Sir.

Vid. Ay, I'll be ſworn, ſhall it ——

Pol. For I know how to repartee with the beſt; to rally my Wife; to kick her too if I pleaſe, Sir; to make Smiles as faſt as Hops, Sir; tho I lay a dying, flap daſh, Sir; quickly off and quickly on, Sir, and as round as a Hoop, Sir ——

St. A. I grant you, dear Bully, all this; but let's have your Song another time, becauſe mine are begun.

Pol. Nay, look you, dear Rogue, mine is but a Prologue to your Play; and by your leave his Grace has a Mind to hear it, and he ſhall hear it, Sir ——

Nem. Ay, and will hear it, Sir, tho the Great Turk were at *St. Dennis*'s Gate; come along my *Orpheus*, and then, Sir, we'll follow you to the Prince of *Cleve*'s —— Ballad — *When* Phebus *had fetch'd*, &c. [*Exeunt ſinging*

SCENE III.

The Prince of Cleve's *Palace.* Muſick.

SONG.

I.

IN a Room for Delight, the Landskip of Love,
Like a ſhady old Lawn,
With the Curtains half drawn,
My Love and I lay, in the cool of the Day,
Till our Joys did remove.

A 6642

II.

So fierce was our Fight, and ſo ſmart e'ry Streak,
That Love, the little Scout,
Was put to the Rout;
His Bow was unbent, e'ry Arrow was ſpent,
And his Quiver all broke.

Enter Vidam, Nemours.

Nem. I have loſt my Letter, and by your Deſcription
It muſt be that which the Queen read at Court.
But are you ſure the Princeſs of *Cleve* has ſeen it?

Vid. Why are you ſo concern'd? Does your wild Love
Turn that way too?——She is too grave.

Nem. Too grave! as if I cou'd not laugh with this,
and try with that, and veer with every guſt of Paſſion——
But has ſhe ſeen it?

Vid. She has the Letter; the Queen-Dauphin ſent it her.

Nem. Then you muſt own it on occaſion, and whatever elſe I ſhall put upon your Perſon——

Vid. Why?

Nem. Leſt it ſhou'd reach the Ears of *Marguerite:*
For, O my *Vidam!* 'tis ſuch a ranting Devil,
If ſhe believes this Letter mine, when next
We meet, beware my Locks and Eyes——No more:
But this remember, that you own it. [*Exit.*

Enter St. Andre, Poltrot.

St. A. His Bow was unbent, &c. [*Singing with* Poltrot.
Come, my Lord, we'll have all over again.

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Vid. See, we have rais'd the Prince of *Cleve:*
My Lord, good morrow——

P. C. Good morrow, my good Lord——Save you, my dear *Nemours!*

Pol. Give you Joy, my Lord: What, a little blue under the Eyes, Ha, Ha, ——

St. A. Give you Joy, my Lord, Ha, my Lord, Ha, [*Holds up three Fingers.*

Pol. Ha, my Lord, Ha, —— [*Holding up five Fingers.*

P. C. You are merry, Gentlemen — I'm not in the vein: Therefore, Dear *Chartres*, take theſe Fingers hence.

St. A. My Lord, you look a little heavy, ſhall we dance, ſing, fence, take the Air, ride? ——

Vid. Come away, Sir, the Prince is indiſpos'd.

St. A. Gad, I remember now I talk of riding, at the Tournament of *Metz*, as I was riding the great Horſe ——

Vid. Leave off your lying and come along.

St. A. With three puſhes of Pike, and ſix hits of Sword, I wounded the Duke of *Ferrara*, Duke of *Millan*, Duke of *Parma*, Prince of *Cleve* ——

P. C. My Lord, I was not there ——

St. A. My Lord —— I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon, I meant the *Vidam* of *Chartres*.

Vid. You lye; I was then at *Rome*.

St. A. My Lord ——

Pol. Ha, Ha, — Lord, Lord, how this World is given to lying! Ha —— Come, come, you're damnably out, come away.

St. A. My Lord, I beg your Pardon, I ſee you are indiſpos'd; beſides, the Queen oblig'd me this Morning to let 'em chuſe Colours for my Complexion ——

Vid. Hark you, will you go, or ſhall I ——

[*Pulling him off by the Noſe.*

St. A. My Friend, my Lord, you ſee, is a little familiar, but I am ever your Highneſs's moſt humble, faithful, obedient Servant. [*Exeunt.*

Manet P. Cleve.

Full of himſelf, the happy Man is gone;
Why was not I, too caſt in ſuch a Mould?
To think like him, or not to think at all.

Enter the Princeſs of Cleve.

Had he a Bride like me, Earth would not bear him:
But, Oh, I wiſh that it might cover me!

Since *Chartres* cannot love me: Oh I found it!
Laſt Night I found it in her cold Embraces;
Her Lips too cold —— Cold as the Dew of Death:
And ſtill whene'er I preſt her in my Arms,
I found my Boſom all afloat with Tears.

Princeſs C. He weeps, O Heav'n! my Lord —— the Prince of *Cleve.*

P. C. My Life, my deareſt Part!

Princeſs C. Why ſighs my Lord?
What have I done, Sir, thus to diſcompoſe you?

P. C. Nothing.

Princeſs C. Ah, Sir, there is a Grief within,
And you wou'd hide it from me.

P. C. Nothing, my *Chartres*, nothing here [illegible]

Princeſs C. Alas, my Lord, you hide that Secret from
Which I muſt know, or think you never lov'd me. (me,

P. C. Ah Princeſs! that you lov'd but half ſo well.

Princeſs C. I have it then, you think me Criminal,
And tax my Honour ——————

P. C. O forbid it, Heaven ——
But ſince you preſs me, Madam, let me ask you,
Why when the Princeſs led you to the Altar,
Why cak'd the Tears upon your bloodleſs Face?
Why ſigh'd you when your Hand was claſp'd with mine
As if your Heart, your Heart refus'd to join.

Princeſs C. Ah, Sir ——

P. C. Behold you're daſh'd with the remembrance;
Why when my Hopes were fierce and Joys grew ſtrong,
Why were you carry'd like a Coarſe along?
When, like a Victim, by my ſide you lay,
Why did you gaſp, why did you ſwoon away? Oh
You have a Soul ſo open and ſo clear, (ſpeak ——
That if there be a Fault it muſt appear.

Princeſs C. Alas, you are not ſkill'd in Beauty's Cares;
For Oh! when once the God his Wrath declares,
And Stygian Oaths have wing'd the bloody Dart,
To make its Paſſage thro the Virgin's Heart;
She hides her Wound, and haſting to the Grove,
Scarce whiſpering to the Winds her conſcious Love,
The Touch of him ſhe loves ſhe'll not endure,

But

But weeps and bleeds, and ſtrives againſt the Cure:
So judge of me when any Grief appears,
Believe my Sighs are kind, and truſt my Tears.
P. C. Vaniſh my Doubts, and Jealouſies be gone——
On thy lov'd Boſom let me break my Joy,
Oh only Sweets that fill, but never cloy:
And was it, was it only Virgin's Fear?
But ſpeak for ever, and I'll ever hear.
Repeat, and let the Ecchoes deal it round,
While liſt'ning Angels bend to catch the Sound;
Nay, ſigh and weep, drain all thy precious Store,
Be kind, as now, and I'll complain no more. [*Exit.*
Princeſs C. Was ever Man ſo worthy to be lov'd,
So good, ſo gentle, ſoft a Diſpoſition!
As if no Gaul had mix'd with his Creation:
So tender, and ſo fearful to diſpleaſe,
No barbarous Heart but thine wou'd ſtop his Entrance;
But thou, Inhuman, baniſh'd him from his own.
And while the Lordly Maſter lies without,
Thou Traitereſs, riot'ſt with a Thief within.

Enter Irene.

Irene. Ah, Madam, what new Grief!
Princeſs C. Alas, *Iren.*
Thou Treaſurer of my Thoughts ——
What ſhall I do? how ſhall I chaſe *Nemours*,
That Robber, Raviſher of my Repoſe?
Irene. For the great Care you wiſh, may I enquire
Whether you think the Duke inſenſible,
Indifferent to the reſt of Woman-kind?
Princeſs C. I muſt confeſs I did not think him ſo,
Tho now I do — But wou'd give half my Blood
To think him otherwiſe.
Irene. Without the Expence,
There take your Wiſh — a Letter which he dropt
In the Tennis-court, given the Queen Dauphin
By her Page, and ſent to you to read for your Diverſion.
Princeſs C. Alas! *Iren* ——
Why trembles thus my Hand, why beats my Heart?

But let us read ——— *Reads* ———
Your Affection has been divided betwixt me and another, you are falſe —— a Traytor to the trueſt Lover — never ſee me more ———

Princeſs C. Ah! 'tis too plain, I thought as much before; but Oh! we are too apt to excuſe the Faults of thoſe we love, and fond of our own undoing.
Support me, Oh! to bear this dreadful Pang,
This Stab to all my gather'd Reſolution.
Irene. Read it again, and call Revenge to aid you.
Princeſs C. Perhaps he makes his boaſt too of the Conqueſt;
For Oh! my Heart, he knows too well my Paſſion ——
But as thou haſt inſpir'd me, I'll revenge
The Affront, and caſt him from my poiſon'd Breaſt,
To make him room that merits all my Thoughts.

Enter the Prince of Cleve *with* Nemours.

P. C. Madam, there is a Letter fall'n by Accident into your Hands ——— my Friend comes in behalf of the *Vidam* of *Chartres*, to retrieve it; when I am diſmiſs'd from the King my Lord, I'll wait you here again.
Nem. My Lord ———
P. C. Not a Step further. [*Exit* P. C.
Nem. Madam, I come moſt humbly to enquire, whether the Dauphin Queen ſent you a Letter which the *Vidam* loſt?
Princeſs C. Sir, you had better
Find the Queen Dauphin out, tell her the Truth:
For ſhe's inform'd the Letter is your own.
Nem. Ah, Madam! I have nothing to confeſs
In this Affair — or if I had, believe me,
Believe me theſe Sighs that will not be kept in,
I ſhould not tell it to the Dauphin Queen,
But to the purpoſe; Know, my Lord of *Chartres*
Receiv'd the Note you ſaw from Madam *Tournon*,
A former Miſtreſs ——— But the Secret's this ———
The Siſter of our *Henry* long has lov'd him.
Princeſs C. I thought the King intended her for *Savoy*.

Nem.

Nem. True, Madam, but the *Vidam* is belov'd;
In ſhort he dropt the Letter, and deſir'd,
For fear of her he loves, that I wou'd own it;
I promis'd too to trace the Buſineſs for him,
And if 'twere poſſible, regain the Letter.

Princeſs C. The *Vidam* then has ſhewn but ſmall Diſcretion,
Being engag'd ſo high ——— (cretion,
Why did he not burn the Letter?

Nem. But, Madam, ſhall I dare preſume to ſay,
'Tis hard to be in Love and to be wiſe?
O did you know like him — like him! like me,
What 'tis to languiſh in thoſe reſtleſs Fires.

Princeſs C. Irene, Irene, reſtore the Duke his Letter.

Enter Irene.

Nem. Madam, You've bound me ever to your Service,
But I'll retire and ſtudy to repay,
If ought but Death can quit the Obligation. [*Exit.*

Princeſs C. O 'tis too much, I'm loſt, I'm loſt again —
The Duke has clear'd himſelf, to the confuſion
Of all my ſettl'd Rage, and vow'd Revenge;
And now he ſhews more lovely than before:
He comes again to wake my ſleeping Paſſion,
To rouze me into Torture; O the Racks
Of hopeleſs Love! it ſhoots, it glows, it burns,
And thou, alas! ſhalt ſhortly cloſe my Eyes.

Irene. Alas! you're pale already.

Princeſs C. Oh *Irene*,
Methinks I ſee Fate ſet two Bowls before me,
Poiſon and Health, a [illegible]od and *Nemours*;
But ſee with what a [illegible]aſſions move;
I loath the Cord[illegible] husband's Love:
But when *Nemou*[illegible] fancy does recall,
The Bane's ſo ſweet that I cou'd drink it all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Tournon, La March.

Tour. IT works, my Dear, it works beyond belief;
The Letter which he loſt has ſprung a Mine
That ſhatters all the Court, each jealous Dutcheſs
Concludes her Man concern'd, and ſtrait employs
A Confident to find the Myſtery out.
But that which takes the Queen, and makes me die
With Pleaſure, is, that *Marguerite* thinks,
Spite of the Imprecations of *Nemours*,
The Letter ſent to him.

La M. I ſee 'em move this way.

Tour. Haſte to St. *Andre*'s Palace, watch their Wives, till I appear. —— I have promis'd *Nemours* an Afternoon-Aſſignation with them in *Luxemburg* Garden, but I will antedate the Buſ'neſs as he is waiting, and ſet *Marguerite* upon him juſt as he meets 'em, which will heighten the Deſign; be gone while I attend the Buſ'neſs here ——

[*Exit* La March.

Enter Marguerite, Nemours.

Marg. Away, you have combin'd to ruin me, [*The* Vid.
You have conſpir'd the Death of her you hate;
But tell me, Oh! confeſs and I'll forgive thee;
Say it was thine, nay, look not on the *Vidam*,
There is Diſcourſe in Eyes, Conſent, Denial,
All underſtood by Looks; ſay it was thine,
Confeſs and lay this Tempeſt with a Word.
Not yet? why then I'll have it in deſpite
Of thee and him, I'll ſell my Soul to Hell,
If Woman can be worth the Devil's purchaſe,

After

After ſhe has been blown upon by Man;
That I may tell thee, as I ſink for ever,
Thou haſt been falſe.

Nem. You have heard me more than once
Affirm, the *Vidam* (if you'll give him leave)
Will own it to your Face.

Marg. Furies and Hell!

Tour. Have Patience for an Hour, I'll bring you to the Place, where if you pleaſe, you may fleſh your Fingers in the Blood of thoſe young Women, whom he meets to enjoy.

Marg. No, no, I have a better Caſt, if I can conquer this riſing Spleen —— How long will it be e'er you call me?

Tour. An Hour, or thereabouts ——

Marg. And by that time I'll put on a Diſguiſe; fail not ——

Tour. But what do you intend?

Marg. I know not yet my ſelf; Revenge ——

Tour. You had a Lover once, *Francis* the Dauphin —

Marg. Be that then the laſt Card —— I know not what;
The Dauphin ſhall —— I'll do't, and openly affront him —
And as the little Worſhippers adore me,
Spy the Duke out, and leaning on the Prince,
Enquire who's that: It ſhall be ſo, I will ——
Revenge, Revenge, and ſhew thy ſelf true Woman.
Down then, proud Heart, down Woman, down, I'll try,
I'll do't, I've ſworn to curb my Will or die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter St. Andre, Poltrot, Bellamore.

Bell. Well, Gentlemen, good morrow, and remember my Counſel.

Pol. What, to bear our ſelves like Men of Wit and Senſe, ſnub our Wives, rally 'em, and be as witty as the Devil?

St. A.

St. A. With all my heart; 'tis not my time of Aſſignation yet with my Dutcheſſes, and this is very faſhionable.

Bell. I've put you in the way ——— And ſo good morrow. [*Exit.*

Pol. They come, they come: [*Enter* Elianor *and* Celia. Walk by 'em, take no notice, and repeat Verſes.

Phillis did in ſo ſtrange a Poſture lie, ———
Panting and breathleſs, languiſhing her Eye;
She ſeem'd to live, and yet ſhe ſeem'd to die.

St. A. I grow ſick of the Wife —— Prithee, *Poltrot*, let's go.

Pol. Whither thou wilt, ſo we get rid of 'em ——— Z'life, I am as weary of mine, as a modiſh Lady of her old Clothes ———

Cel. What, does the Maggot bite, you muſt be jogging from this place of little Eaſe? yet I am reſolved to know ſome Reaſon, why a Wife may not be as good Company as a Wench.

Pol. Prithee, Spouſe ——— do not provoke me; for I'm in the witty Vein, and ſhall repartee thee to the Devil.

El. Pray, *St. Andre*, leave trying your Curls, your affected Nods, Grimaces, taking of Snuff, and anſwer me ——— Why are we not as pleaſing as formerly?

St. A. Why, *Nell* ——— Gad 'tis ſpecial ——— This *Amarum* is very pugnant ——— Why, *Nell*, I can give no more Reaſon for my Change of Humour, than for the turning of a Weather-cock; only this, I love Whoring, becauſe I love Whoring.

Pol. Nay, ſince you provoke us, know I can give a Reaſon; we run after Whores, becauſe you bar us from 'em ——— As ſome take Pleaſure to go a Deer-ſtealing that have fine Parks of their own ——— Gad, and there I was with her —— This itch of the Blood, Spouſe, is nothing but a Spice of the firſt great Jilt your Grand-mother *Eve*; we long for the Fruit, becauſe it is forbidden.

St. A. Nay, that's not all, for Miſſes are really more pleaſant than a Wife can be. *Probatum eſt.* A Wife

does

dares not aſſume the Liberty of Pleaſing like a Miſs, for fear of being thought one. A Wife may pretend to dutiful Affection, and buſtle below, but muſt be ſtill at Night. 'Tis Miſs alone may be allow'd Flame and Rapture, and all that? ——

Cel. Yet how do you know, but a Wife may have Flame and Rapture, and all that? ——

Pol. 'Tis impoſſible; 'tis the nature of a Wife to be as cold as Stone —— There's a Slap-daſh for you.

Cel. Yet out of a Stone a Man of Senſe would ſtrike Fire: There's Slap-daſh for you ——

El. Will you be conſtant to us, if we make it appear by your own Confeſſion, that we can pleaſe as well as the ſubtleſt She that ever charm'd you?

St. A. Till which Miracle come to paſs, ſince 'twas your own Propoſition, I *St. Andre* and thou *Eleanor* come not between a Pair of Sheets ——

El. How ſhou'd they know then?

Pol. Nor I *Anthony* with thee *Celia.*

El. But we hope you are not in earneſt, you cannot be ſo inhumane.

Cel. 'Tis a Curſe beyond all Curſes, to have a Man that can, and will not; 'tis worſe than teaching a Fool, or leading the Blind.

El. To marry and live thus, is to be like Fiſh in froſty Weather, have Water, but pine for want of Air.

Cel. Yet, who knows but Heaven may ſend ſome kind good Man, that in mere Pity may break the Ice, and give us a Breathing?

El. Can you be ſo hard-hearted?

Pol. Come, Bully, let's away, for fear we ſhould melt: Look ye, Spouſes of ours, if our Wenches prove ill-humour'd, we'll come back to you.

St. A. Agreed, rather than grow ruſty, let our Wives file us —— But, I thank Heaven, 'tis not come to that yet —— There's no ſuch Want, I'll have you to know, *Nell*, there's no Woman can reſiſt me if ſhe wou'd; no Dutcheſs 'ſcapes me, if I make it my Buſineſs to compaſs her.

Pol.

Pol. Any Man of Wit and Senſe, like us, charms all Women, as one Key unlocks all Doors at Court —— Nay, I'll ſay a bold Word for my ſelf; Turn me to the ſharpeſt Shrew that ever bit or ſcratch'd, if I do not make her feed out of my Hand like a tame Pigeon, may I be condemned to lie with my Wife.

El. Fleſh and Blood can endure no longer, you are the vaineſt lying Fellows that ever liv'd: You compaſs a Dutcheſs! —— There's not a Footman but wou'd ſhame you.

St. A. Z'death and Fury, if they ſhould try ——

Cel. You pitiful, ſneaking, raſcally Cuckolds, countenanc'd Scoundrels, that dare beſpatter Ladies of Honour thus —— For Heaven ſake, what are you? how do you live? and where do you ſpend your Time; in Tennis-Courts, Taverns, Eating-houſes, Bawdy-houſes, where you quarrel in Drink for your Trulls, who while you manfully fight their Cauſe, they run away with your Hats and Belts ——

El. Then you come home, and then ſwear you'll be reveng'd on this Lord, or that Duke, that aſſaulted you ſingle, with all his Footmen.

Cel. And, ſays my Gentleman, if I had not been the moſt skilful Perſon alive, my Body had been by this time like an old-faſhion'd Suit, pink'd all over, and full of Ilet-holes.

El. But did he not diſarm my Lord at laſt?

Cel. By all means, and made him beg his Life.

El. When indeed he compounded with the Conſtable for his own Liberty.

Cel. You Perſons of Quality! —— What Perſon of Honour wou'd keep Company with ſuch Debauchees? Z'life, Madam, an Orange-Wench is above their Ambition.

El. An Orange-Wench! If they can but run in her Debt, and the poor Creature come dunning 'em to their Lodgings, they'll ſwear they lay with her, when they dare not be known that they are within.

Cel. Sometimes lie lolling upon a long Scarf in the Play-houſe, talking loud and affectedly, and ſwear at Night,

ght, they had the prettieſt thing juſt come out of the untry.

El. And wiſh themſelves damn'd, if ſhe did not ſmell of the Graſs.

Cel. When in truth 'twas ſome diſguis'd Bawd, that met them there according to Aſſignation.

Pol. Hark you, *Potiphar*'s Wife of mine, by *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine thou ſhalt ſtarve for this.

St. A. And for thee, *Nell*, ——— Mark me; thou ſhalt dream and be tormented with Imagination, like one that having drunk hard is thirſty in the Night, dreams of Veſſels brimfull, and drinks, and drinks, yet never is ſatisfied.

Pol. For my part, I'll ſerve my damn'd Wife as *Tantalus* was puniſh'd; the Fruit ſhall bob at her Lips, which ſhe ſhall never enjoy. [*Exeunt* St. A. Pol.

El. Very well, the World's come to a fine Paſs; if this be marrying, wou'd I were a Maid agen. Men take Wives now as they ſnatch up a *Gazette*, look it over, and then fling it by.

Cel. They forget us in a Day or two; or if they read us over agen, 'tis only to rub up Remembrance, and commonly they fall aſleep ſo.

El. What's to be done, Child? for rather than live thus ——

Cel. Rather than live thus, let's do any thing.

El. Any thing, Rogue; why Cuckolds are Things.

Cel. Perhaps they think we have no ſuch things as Fleſh and Blood about us; but we'll make 'em know, a young Woman, in the Flower of her Age, is not like painted Fruit in a Glaſs, only to be looked on ——— Perhaps you are a more contemplative Perſon, and will go further about.

El. What, dear Rogue, doſt think I will leave thee? By this Kiſs not I.

Cel. Thus then we'll ſlip on long Scarfs, and black Gowns, put on Masks, and ramble about.

El. Rare Rogue, let me kiſs thee agen ——— Certainly Intriguing is the pleaſanteſt part of Life; to meet a Gallant abroad in a Summer's Evening, and laugh away an

an Hour or two in a Garden-Bower, where no body ſees nor no body knows, methinks, 'tis ſo pretty an harmleſs; Lord! how it works in my Fancy ———

Cel. We muſt tell Madam *Tournon* by all means ——

El. I believe her Secret, and know her very good-natur'd; but for all that, methinks ſhe has the Cant of a refin'd *Florence* Bawd ———

Enter Tournon.

Cel. The better for our Purpoſe; ſhe comes as wiſh'd.

Tour. Dear precious Roſebuds, your Servant, now for all the World you look as you were new blown: And how do ye my pretty Primroſes? 'tis a whole Day ſince I ſaw ye.

Cel. Oh, Madam! we have a Suit to your Ladyſhip.

Tour. I grant it whate'er it be, ſpeak my Hyacinth.

El. Our Husbands are worſe than ever.

Cel. They uſe us as if we had neither Beauty nor Portion.

Tour. What's this I hear? O ingrate and ignoble! Revenge your ſelves, Sweetings —— 'Tis time to pule and put Finger in Eye when you are paſt Propagation. But, my Ladybirds, you are in your prime; let me touch your delicate Hands —— Well, and do not theſe humid Palms claim a Man —— Nay, and your Breaſts, Lord! Lord! how ſwoln and hard they are! how they heave and pant now, by *Cynthia*, as if they were ready to burſt! Look to't, have a care of a Cancer; draw 'em down, draw 'em down; for let me tell you, Jewels, it may be dangerous for you to go thus long without Cultivation.

El. What wou'd you have us do, Madam?

Tour. Do, Violet, why do as all the World does beſide, loſe no Time, catch him by the Forelock; get a Man to your Mind ——— I'll acquaint you with one that's as true as the Day, that will fight like a Lion, and love like a Sparrow —— He has Eyes as black as Sloes, you can hardly look on 'em; and a Skin ſo white

white — and ſoft, as Sattin with the Grain: And for thee, Tulip ———

Cel. For me, Madam!

Tour. For thee, Honey-Suckle; ſuch a Man, well, I ſhall never forget him, ſuch a ſtrait Bole of a Body, ſuch a Trunk, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a quick Strength; he will over any thing he can lay his Hand on, and vaults to Admiration.

El. But, Madam, will you provide us Lodgings on occaſion? ———

Tour. The richeſt in the Town, the coſtlieſt Hangings, great Glaſſes, *China* Diſhes, Silver Tables, Silver Stands, and Silver Urinals —— And then theſe Gallants are the cloſeſt Lovers, ſo good at keeping a Secret —— Well, give me your Man that ſays nothing, but minds the Buſ'neſs in hand ——— For a ſecret Lover's like a Gun charged with white Powder, does Execution but makes no Noiſe.

Cel. Well, and let me tell you, that's the Point, Madam ———

Tour. Ay, and 'tis a precious Point, a feeling Point, and a pleaſing Point; you ſhall know him, you muſt know him, I ſhall die if you don't know him ——— He has the Fling of a Gentleman.

El. Pray, Madam, how's that?

Tour. Why thus, Apricock ——— Into your Arms, then ſtops your Mouth with a double-tongu'd *Engliſh* Kiſs, that you can't be angry with him for your Blood.

Cel. I know 'tis my filthy Country way —— But I'll aſſure you if he ſhould ſerve me ſo, my Blood would riſe at him.

Tour. But then you'd repent and fall before him; for he has the moſt particular obliging way, and the whom he particularly loves, is ſo obliged with his Particular — Well, for my part, my Twins of Beauty, I ſet an infinite Value on their Careſſes, Diſtreſſes, and Addreſſes; nay, I cou'd refuſe a Quilt Imperial to be obliged by them, tho on the bare Boards, or the cold Stones.

El. But, Madam, are they in being ———

Tour.

Tour. They are, my Bloſſoms — Then they kiſs beyond Imagination, juſt for all the World as when you cut a pure juicy *China* Orange, the Goodneſs runs over — Lord! now it comes in my Cogitation, I'm juſt now going to take a view of 'em in *Luxemburg* Garden, where, if you pleaſe to walk, they ſhall ſun themſelves in your Smiles —— Come, my Carnations; nay, I proteſt, I will not go before ye.

Cel. But, Madam, we're at home.

Tour. O Lord, Beauties, I know not the Way.

El. Indeed, Madam, you muſt —— or we ſhall uſe Violence ——

Tour. Well, Ladies, ſince 'tis your Command, I dare not but obey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nemours, Bellamore.

Nem. Thou dear ſoft Rogue, my Spouſe, my *Hepheſtion*, my *Ganymede*, nay, if I die to Night the Dukedom's thine —— But art thou ſure the Princeſs of *Cleve* withdraws here after Dinner?——

Bell. One of her Women, whom I have debauch'd, tells me 'tis her Cuſtom: you may ſlip into the Cloſet and over-hear all; and yet, methinks, 'tis hard, becauſe the Prince of *Cleve* loves you as his Life.

Nem. I ſav'd his Life, Sweet-heart, when he was aſſaulted, by a Miſtake, in the Dark; and ſhall he grudge me a little fooling with his Wife for ſo ſerious an Obligation?

Enter the Vidam.

A Pox upon him, here comes the *Vidam* with his four Morals ——

Vid. 'Tis certain I like her —— She's very pretty, and *Tournon* ſhall help me to her ——

Nem.

Nem. In Love, by my Lechery —— Ay, and ſhe ſhall help thee to her —— But who, but who is't, my Son of Principles ——

Vid. To tell your Grace, I am ſure were to be a Man of none for my ſelf —— You that are the Whores Ingroſſer —— Let me ſee —— There's *Tournon* your Ubiquitary Whore, your Bawd, your Biwd Barber, or Bawd Surgeon, for you are ever under her Hands, and ſhe plaiſters you every Day with new Wenches —— Then there's your Domeſtick Termagants —— *Eliazor* and *Celia*, with ſomething new in Chaſe —— Why you out-do *Ceſar* himſelf in your way, and dictate to more Whores at once than he did to Knaves — Believe me, Sir, in a little time you'll be nicknam'd the *Town-Bull.*

Nem. Why there's the difference betwixt my Senſe and your's; wou'd I were, and your darklin Miſtreſs the firſt ſhould come in my way, *Jove* and *Europa*, I'd leap her in thy Face —— Why, how now, *Vidam*, what Devil has turn'd thee grave, the Devil of Love, or the Devil of Envy?

Vid. Friendſhip, mere Friendſhip and Care of your Soul; I thought it but juſt to tell you, the whole Town takes notice of your way.

Nem. Why then the whole Town does me wrong, becauſe I take no notice of theirs: thus t'other Night I was in Company of two or three well-bred Fops that found fault with my Obſcenity, and proteſted, 'twas ſuch a way —— Why, 'tis the way of ye all, only you ſneak with it under Cloaks like Taylors and Barbers; and I, as a Gentleman ſhou'd do, walk with it in my Hand. For prithee obſerve, does not your Prieſt the ſame thing? Did not I ſee Father *Patrick* declaiming againſt Fleſh in *Lent*, ſtrip up to the Elbow; and telling the Congregation he had eat nothing but Fiſh theſe twenty Years, yet proteſt to the Ladies, that fat Arm of his, which was a chopping one, was the leaſt Member about him?

Bell. Faith, and it may be ſo too.

Nem. Does not your Politician, your little great Man of Bus'neſs, that ſets the World together by the Ears, after

after all his plotting, drudging, and ſweating and lying, retire to ſome little Punk, and untap at Night.

Vid. I ſubmit to the Weight of your Reaſons, and confeſs the whole World does you Juſtice; wherefore, I judge it fit, that they bring your Grace their Wives and Daughters to make you amends.

Nem. Why now thou talk'ſt like an honeſt Fellow; for never let Buſineſs flatter thee, *Frank*, into Nonſenſe: Women are the ſole Pleaſure of the World; nay, I had rather part with my whole Eſtate, Health, and Senſe, than loſe an Inch of my Love ——— I was t'other Day at a pretty Entertainment, where two or three grave politick Rogues were wondring, why Women ſhou'd be brought into Plays: I as gravely replied, The World was not made without 'em. He full pop upon me ——— But, Sir, it had been better if it had ———

Vid. And then, no doubt, a gloomy Smile aroſe ———

Nem. Theſe are your Rogues, *Frank*, that would be thought Criticks, that are never pleas'd but with ſomething new, as they call it, juſt, proper, and never as Men ſpeak: you're out of the way Men, that hate us Rogues with a way ———

Bell. But after all, they'll thus run you down, and ſay your Grace is no Scholar ———

Nem. Why, faith, nor wou'd be, if Learning muſt wrench a Man's Head quite round. I underſtand my Mother-tongue well enough, and ſome others, juſt as I do Women, not to be marry'd to them, but to ſerve my turn; what's good in them never 'ſcapes me; but as for Points and Tags, for which thoſe ſolemn Fops are to be valued, I ſlight 'em, nor wou'd remember 'em if I cou'd; for he that once liſtens to jingling, ten to one if ever he gets it out of his Head while he lives ——— But prithee be gone, and leave me to my muſing, find *Tournon* out, my *Vidam*, and bid her remember the Handkerchief ——— Away, thou art concern'd in the Buſineſs, therefore away. [*Ex.* Vid. Bell.

Enter

Enter the Princeſs of Cleve, Irene.

Nem. She comes, ye Gods, with what a pompous State;
The Stars and all Heav'n's Glories on her wait.
That's out of the way too —— But now for my Cloſet.
[*Exit.*

Princeſs C. No, no, I charge thee pity me no longer;
But on the Earth let us conſult our Woes:
For Earth I ſhall be ſhortly; ſit and hear me,
While on thy faithful Boſom thus I lean
My aking Head, and breathe my cruel Sorrows.

Iren. Speak, Madam, ſpeak, they'll ſtrangle if contain'd—

Princeſs C. As late I lay upon a flow'ry Bank,
My Head a little heav'd beyond the Verge,
To look my Troubles in the rockleſs Stream,
I ſlept, and dreamt I ſaw
The Boſom of the Flood unfold;
I ſaw the naked Nymphs ten Fathom down,
With all the Chryſtal Thrones in their green Courts below,
Where in their buſy Arms *Nemours* appear'd:
His Head reclin'd, and ſwoln as he were drown'd,
While each kind Goddeſs dew'd his ſenſeleſs Face
With Nectar's Drops to bring back Life in vain:
When on a ſudden the whole Synod roſe,
And laid him to my Lips —— O my *Irene!*
Forgive me Honour, Duty —— Love forgive me;
I found a Pleaſure I ne'er felt before,
Diſſolving Pains, and ſwimming ſhuddering Joys,
To which my Bridal Night with *Cleve* was dull ——

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Iren. Behold him, Madam.

P. C. Ha! my *Chartres* —— How ——
Why on the Earth?

Princeſs C. Becauſe, my Lord, it ſuits
The humble Poſture of my ſad Condition.

P. C. Theſe Starts agen; but why thy ſad Condition?
riſe and tell me why this Melancholy?

Why

Why fall thoſe Tears? Why heaves this Boſom thus?
Nay, I then muſt conſtrain thee with my Arms.
Is't poſſible? Does then thy load of Grief
Oppreſs thee ſo, thou canſt not ſpeak for ſighing?
Ah, *Chartres*, *Chartres!* then thou didſt but ſooth me,
There is ſome Cauſe too frightful to be told,
And thou haſt learnt the Art too to diſſemble.

Princeſs C. O Heavens! diſſemble when I ſtrip my Soul,
Shew it all bare, and trembling to your View;
Can you ſuſpect me, Sir, for a Diſſembler?

P. C. By all my Hopes, Doubts, Jealouſies, and Fears,
I know not what to think; I think, thou ſhow'ſt
Thy inmoſt Thought, and now I think thou doſt not,
I think there is a Boſom Secret ſtill,
And have a Dawn of it through all thy Folds
That hide it from my View? O truſt me *Cleve!*
Truſt me whate'er it be; I love thee more
Than thou lov'ſt help for that which thus enthrals thee.
Truſt thy dear Husband, O let looſe the Pain
That makes thee droop, tho it ſhou'd be my Death!
By thy dear ſelf I'll welcome it to eaſe thee.

Princeſs C. Thou beſt of all thy Kind, why ſhou'd you rack me,
Who dare not, cannot ſpeak? —— No more but this,
Take me from *Paris*, from the Court.

P. C. Ha, *Chartres*, how!
What, from the Court of *Paris*, why?

Princeſs C. Becauſe — my Mother's Death-Bed Counſel ſo adviſed me,
Becauſe the Court has Charms, becauſe I love
A Grotto beſt, becauſe 'tis beſt for you,
And me, and all the World.

P. C. Becauſe, Oh Heaven!
Becauſe there is ſome curſed Charm at Court,
Which you love better than me and all the World.
The Reaſon's plain, for which you wou'd remove,
To loſe the Mem'ry of ſome lawleſs Love.

Princ. C. Why then am I detain'd, if that's your Fear?

P. C. It is, it ought, and ſhall, and Oh! you muſt
Confeſs this horrid Falſhood to my Face.

Princeſs

Princeſs C. Never, my Lord, never confeſs a Lye;
Heavens, I love your Life above my own.
P. C. Not that, not that, ſpeak home and fly not wide,
Swear by thy ſelf, thou dearly purchas'd Pleaſure,
Swear by thoſe chaſter Sweets thy Mother left thee;
Swear that thy Soul, which cannot hide a Treaſon,
Prefers me even to all the World; hold, precious,
Swear that thou lov'ſt him more—— And only lov'ſt him,
And in ſuch Senſe as not to love another.
Princeſs C. Ah, Sir! Why will you ſink me to your Feet,
Where I muſt lie and groan my Life away?
P. C. Speak, *Chartres*, ſpeak, nor let the Name of Huſband
Sound Terror to thy Soul; for by my Hopes
Of Paradice, howe'er thou uſeſt me,
I am thy Creature, ſtill to make and mould me
Thy cringing crawling Slave, and will adore
The Hand that kills me——
Princeſs C. Oh, you are too good!
And I muſt never hope for Pardon—— Yet
I cou'd excuſe it; but, my Lord, I will not.
Know then—— cannot I ſpeak.
P. C. Nor I by Heaven.
Princeſs C. I love.
P. C. Go on.
Princeſs C. I love you as my Soul.
P. C. Ha!——But the reſt.
Princeſs C. Alas, alas, I dare not——
P. C. Why then, farewel for ever——
Princeſs C. Stay and take it——
Take the extreameſt Pang of tortur'd Virtue,
Take all, I love, I love thee *Cleve* as Life:
But Oh! I love, I love another more——
P. C. Oh *Chartres!* Oh——
Princeſs C. Why did you wrack me then?
You were reſolved, and now you have it all.
P. C. All *Chartres!* All! Why, can there then be more?
But riſe, and know I by this Kiſs forgive thee.
Thou haſt made me wretched by the cleareſt Proof
Of perfect Honour that ever flow'd from Woman.
crown the Misery which you have begun,

And let me know who 'tis you wou'd avoid;
Who is the happy Man thet had the Power
To burn that Heart which I cou'd never warm.

Princeſs C. Forgive me, Sir; in this, Prudence commands
Eternal Silence———

P. C. Ha! if ſilent now,
Why didſt thou ſpeak at all? if here thou ſtopp'ſt,
I ſhall conclude that which I thought thy Virtue,
A Start of Paſſion which thou cou'dſt not hide,
And now Vexation gnaws thy guilty Soul
With a too late Repentance for confeſſing
His Name———

Princeſs C. You ſhall not know it——Yes, my Lord,
Now a too late Repentance tears my Soul,
And tells me I have done amiſs to truſt you:
Yet by my Hopes of Eaſe at laſt by Death,
I ſwear, my Love has never yet appear'd
To any Man but you———

P. C. Weep not, my *Chartres*, for howe'er my Tongue
Upbraid thy Fame, my Heart ſtill worſhips thee:
And by the Blood that chills me round——I ſwear
From this ſad Moment, I'll ne'er urge thee more;
All that I beg of thee, is not to hate me.

Princeſs C. The Study of my Life ſhall be to love you.

P. C. Never, Oh never! I were mad to hope it,
Yet thou ſhalt give me leave to fold thy Hand,
To preſs it with my Lips, to ſigh upon it,
And waſh it with my Tears———

Princeſs C. I cannot bear this Kindneſs without dying.

P. C. Nay, we will walk and talk ſometimes together,
Like Age we'll call to mind the Pleaſures paſt;
Pleaſures like theirs, which never ſhall return,
For Oh! my *Chartres*, ſince thy Heart's eſtrang'd,
The Pleaſure of thy Beauty is no more,
Yet I each Night will ſee thee ſoftly laid,
Kneel by thy Side; and when thy Vows are paid,
Take one laſt Kiſs, e'er I to Death retire,
Wiſh that the Heavens had giv'n us equal Fire;
Then ſigh, It cannot be, and ſo expire.

Enter Nemours.

She loves, ſhe loves, and I'm the happy Man,
She has avow'd it, paſt all precedent,
Before her Husband's Face———
Ha! but from Love like hers ſuch daring Virtue,
That like a bleeding Quarry lately chas'd,
Plunges among the Waves, or turns at Bay,
What is there to expect?———But———let it come
The worſt can happ'n, yet 'tis glorious ſtill:
To bring to ſuch Extreams ſo chaſte a Mind,
And charm to love the wiſeſt of her Kind.

Enter Vidam.

Ah, *Vidam!* I could tell thee ſuch a Story, of ſuch a Friend of mine, the oddeſt, prettieſt, out-of-the-way of Bus'neſs; but thou art ſo flippant there's no truſting thee.

Vid. Tournon ſays the Flag's held out———

Nem. Tournon be damn'd———Know then, but be ſecret, there is a Friend of mine belov'd———but by a Soul ſo vertuous———

Vid. That was too much———

Nem. That quite from the Method of all Womankind, ſhe told it to her Husband.

Vid. That's ſtrange indeed: and how *did* her Husband like *it?*

Nem. Why, after a tedious paſſionate Diſcourſe, approved her Carriage, and ſwore he lov'd her more than ever; ſo they cry'd and kiſs'd, and went away moſt lovingly together.

Vid. Why then ſhe cuckolds him to rights, nor can he take the Law of her; and I'll be judge by any Bawd in *Chriſtendom*———And ſo, my Lord, farewel, I have Buſineſs of my own, and *Tournon* waits you———

Nem. But hark you, *Frank*, I have occaſion for you, and muſt preſs thee, I hope, to no unwelcome Office——— only a Second———

Vid. With all my Heart, my Lord; the Time and Place;

Nem. Juſt now in *Luxemburgh* Garden, between One and Two, a Challenge from a Couple, the ſmarteſt, briſkeſt, prettieſt Tilting Ladies——

Vid. Your Servant, Sir, and as you thrive, let me hear from your Grace, and ſo Fate ſpeed your Plough. [*Exit.*

Enter Tournon *with* Marguerite.

Nem. And ſo Fate ſpeed your Plough, and you go that way; and I ſhall tell you, Sir, 'twas not handſomely done, to leave me thus to the Mercy of two unreaſonable Women at once.

Tour. You have him now in view, and ſo I leave you.

Marg. Stand, Sir. [*Exit* Tour.

Nem. To a Lady, while I have Breath.

Marg. Would you not fall to a Lady too, if ſhe ſhou'd ask the Favour?

Nem. Ay, Gad, any pretty Woman may bring me upon my Knees at her Pleaſure.

Marg. O Devil——

Nem. Prithee, my dear ſoft warm Rogue, let thee and I be kind——

Marg. And kiſs, you were going to ſay.

Nem. Z'life, how pat ſhe hits me, why thou and I were made for one another——Let's try how our Lips fit.

Marg. Is that your fitting?

Nem. 'Fore Heaven ſhe's wond'rous quick; nay, my Dear, and you go to that, I can fit you every way——

Marg. You are a notorious Talker.

Nem. And a better Doer; prithee try.

Marg. As if that were to do now.

Nem. Nay, then I'm ſure of thee; for never was a Woman mine once, but was mine always.

Marg. Know then you are a heavy ſluggiſh Fellow; but I ſee there is no more Faith in Man than Woman: Cork and Feathers.

Nem. Make a Shittlecock, that's Woman; let me, if you pleaſe, be Battledour; and, by Gad, for a Day and a Night, I'll keep up with any Fellow in *Chriſtendom*.

Marg. Come away then, and I'll keep count, I warrant you.

Nem. ——Monſter——Villain——

Nem. Now is the Devil and I as great as ever——I come, my Dear——But then what becomes of my other Dears——For whom I was prim'd and charg'd——

Marg. Why don't you come, my Dear?

Nem. There with that ſweet Word ſhe cock'd me——

Marg. Lord! how you tremble——

Nem. There the Pan flaſh'd——

Marg. I'll ſet my Teeth in you.

Nem. Now I go off——O Man! O Woman! O Flesh! O Devil! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Vidam, Tournon.

Tour. A Woman in love with another, and confeſs it to her Husband——What wou'd I give to know her——Without all queſtion *Nemours* is the Perſon belov'd.

Vid. That's plain by his Eagerneſs in the Diſcovery, he forc'd me to hear him whether I wou'd or no; yet what I do admire in his Temper, is, that for all the former Heat, I no ſooner mentioned you, but he flew from it, and run upon another Scent, as if the firſt had never been.

Tour. Where did you find him?

Vid. At the Princeſs of *Cleve*'s; and my Heart tells me that's the Lady that acquainted her Husband how ſhe was determin'd to make him a Cuckold——if he pleas'd to give his Conſent——

Tour. My Judgment, which is moſt ſagacious in theſe Matters, is moſt poſitive in your Opinion; for by his ſhitely Caſt, the Prince of *Cleve* muſt be the Man fork'd in the Book of Fate——

Vid. And yet 'tis odd, that *Nemours*, of all Men, ſhou'd have ſuch Luck at this Lottery.

Tour. O, to chuſe, my Lord! becauſe ſhe's nice and preciſe; your demure Ladies that are ſo ſquob in Company, are Devils in a Corner; they are a ſort of melancholy Birds that ne'er peep abroad by Day, but they to whit, to whou it at Night: nay, to my particular Knowledge, all grave Women love wild Men, and if they can but appear civil at firſt, they certainly ſnap 'em; for mark their Language: The Man is a handſom Man, if he had but Grace; the Man has Wit, Parts, and excellent Arts, if he wou'd but make a right uſe of 'em. Why all theſe If's are but civil Pimps to a moſt bawdy Concluſion——But ſee, I deſcry him with a Mask yonder——

Vid. You'll remember St. *Andre's* Lady for this Diſcovery.

Tour. If ſhe be not yours to Night, never acquaint me with a Myſtery agen ——

Vid. Not a word to the Duke——My Gravity gets me a hanker over him——Therefore, if you tell him of any Love-Matters of mine, you muſt never hope for more Secrets——

Tour. Trouble not your Head, but away. [*Exit* Vid. So, this gets me a Diamond from the Queen, an Ambaſſador's Merit at laſt. Confeſs to her Husband! alas, poor Princeſs!——See, they come; but that which ſtartles me, is how a Woman of *Marguerite's* Sex can contain all this while as ſhe ſeems to do; but perhaps ſhe deſigns to pump him——or has ſome further End, which I muſt learn.

Enter Nemours *and* Marguerite.

Marg. But did you never promiſe thus before?

Nem. Never——But why theſe Doubts?——Thou haſt all the Wit in the World——Thou know'ſt I love thee without Proteſtations, why then this Delay?

Marg. I have not convers'd with you an Hour, and you are for running over me: No, Sir; but if you can have patience till the Ball——Oh I ſhall burſt——

Nem.

Nem. Patience, I muſt; but if it were not for the Clog of thy Modeſty, we might have been in the third Heaven this, and have danc'd at the Ball beſide——Ha! you t——Take off your Mask——

Marg. Unhand me, or ——But pray, e'er we part, me ask you a ſerious Queſtion; What if you ſhou'd ve pick'd up a Devil incarnate?

Nem. Why, by your loving to go in the dark thus, makes me begin to ſuſpect you ——But be a Devil and thou wilt, if we muſt be damn'd together, who can it? ——

Marg. I ſhall not hold ——

Nem. Yet, now I think on't, thou canſt be no Devil, thou art ſo afraid of a Sinner; for you refuſed me juſt now, when I profer'd to ſell my ſelf, and ſeal the Bargain with the beſt of my Blood.

Marg. But if I ſhould permit you, cou'd you find in your Heart to ingender with a damn'd Spirit?

Nem. Yes, marry cou'd I, for all you ask the Queſtion ſo ſeriouſly: For know, thou bewitching Creature, I have long'd any time this ſeven Years to be the Father of a *Succubus*——

Marg. Fiend, and no Man——

Nem. Beſides, Madam, don't you think a feat Devil of yours and my begetting, wou'd be a prettier Sight in a Houſe, than a Monkey or a Squirrel? Gad, I'd hang Bells about his Neck, and make my Valet ſpruce up his Brush Tail ev'ry Morning as duly as he comb'd my Head.

Marg. But is it poſſible (for I know you have a Miſtreſs, a Convenience, as you call her) that you cou'd leave her for me, who may be ugly, diſeas'd, or a Devil indeed for ought you know?

Nem. Why, ſince you tax me with truth, I muſt anſwer like a Man of Honour; I cou'd leave her for thee, or elſe any of your Tribe, ſo they were all like you——

Marg. But in the Name of Reaſon, what is there in Runners at all that a Wife, or a Miſtreſs of that Nature, may not poſſeſs with more advantage?

Nem. Why, the Freedom, Wit and Roguery, and all ſort of Acting, as well as Converſation. In a Domeſtick ſhe, there's no Gaiety, no Chat, no Diſcourſe, but of Cares of this World, and its Inconveniencies; what do, we do, but ſo dully; by Gad, my Thing ask'd me once when my Breeches were down, what the Stuff coſt Yard——Ha! what now, upon the Gog agen? Na then have with you at all Adventures, at leaſt to put you in mind of the Ball—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tournon.

Tour. Ha! yonder ſhe loſt him——ſee, what can ſhe intend by keeping her ſelf ſo cloſe——But ſee, *La March* has ſeiz'd her, and now the Myſtery will open it ſelf.

Re-enter Marguerite *with* La March.

La M. But have you found him falſe?

Tour. Curſes, Damnation,
The Wracks of Woman's Wits, when her Soul
Is balk'd of Vengeance, wait on his Deſires.

La M. Why did you leave him ſo upon the ſudden?

Marg. Becauſe I found my Paſſion move too ſtrongly,
My fooliſh Heart wou'd not obey my Will;
I found my Eyes grow full, my Sighs had choak'd me,
And I was dying in his Arms——

La M. But now
You have got Breath, what is your Purpoſe, Madam?

Marg. To meet him as I promis'd, to enjoy him
With the laſt Pang of a revengeful Pleaſure;
And let him know——
Then make him damn himſelf with thouſand Oaths,
That he'll ne'er ſee forſak'n *Marguerite* more,
The curſt, fond, fooliſh, doting *Marguerite*
For thus with an extorted Gallantry.
I'll force him to revile me to my Face;
Then throw the Mask away, and vent my Rage:

Tell him he is a Fiend, Devil, Devil, Devil,
Or what is worſe, a Man———
And leave him to the Horror of his Soul. [*Exit.*

Tour. I've heard her rave, and muſt applaud thy Conduct;
To the next Task, then when ſhe has ſatisfied
This odd Figary of Revenge and Pleaſure,
Take her in the Height of her Diſdain,
And ply her with the Dauphin; then tell *Nemours*
Of her reſolve to caſt him further off:
Millions to one we carry the Deſign.
But haſte and ſcout, while I attend the Duke,
And harps upon the Loſs of his new Miſtreſs.

Enter Nemours.

Nem. Death and the Devil———We went talking along ſo pleaſantly, when of a ſudden whiſp'ring, ſhe wou'd not fail me at the Ball, ſhe ſprung from me at yon dark Corner, and vaniſh'd. Well, if ſhe be a Devil, Hell by her ſhou'd be a merry Place, or perhaps ſhe has not been there yet, but fell this Morning and took Earth in her way: my Comfort is, I ſhall make a new Diſcovery if ſhe keeps her Word; and ſhe has too much Wit to break it before ſhe try me.

Tour. And where are you to make this new Diſcovery?

Nem. At the Ball in Maſquerade———Thus wou'd I have Time to ſtill all in theſe lovely Extreams, the Corruption of Reaſon being the Generation of Wit; and the Spirit of Wit lying in the Extravagance of Pleaſure: nay, the two neareſt ways, to enter the Cloſet of the Gods, and lie even with the Fates themſelves, are Fury and Sleep———Therefore the Fury of Wine, and Fury of Women poſſeſs me waking and ſleeping; let me dream of nothing but dimpl'd Cheeks, and laughing Lips, and flowing Bowls; *Venus* be my Star, and whoring my Houſe, and Death I defy thee. Thus ſung *Roſidore* in the Urn——— But where and when, with my Fops Wives, be quick, that know'ſt my Appointment with this unknown, and the Minute's precious.

Tour. Why, I have contrived you the ſweeteſt Night in the World, if you dare.

Nem. Dare, and in a Woman's Cauſe! why, I have no Drop of Blood about me, but muſt out in their Service, and what matter is't which way?

Tour. Know, *Poltrot's* Lady has informed me, how St. *Andre* walks in his Sleep, and that her Husband laſt Night attempted to cuckold him; that ſhe watch'd and overheard the whole Matter, but *Poltrot* cou'd not find the Door before St. *Andre* returned; ſhe doubts not but he will try agen to-Night——Now, if you can nick the time when *Poltrot* riſes, and ſteal to her, ten to one ſhe'll be glad to be revenged——

Nem. Or ſhe would not tell thee the Buſ'neſs——there wants but ſpeaking with her, taking her by the Hand, and 'tis a Bargain——

Enter Celia, Elianor *mask'd.* Poltrot, *St.* Andre *following.*

Tour. Step, ſtep aſide, they are upon the hunt for you, and their Husbands have 'em in the Wind; ſtand by a while to obſerve, and I'll turn you looſe upon 'em——

St. A. Ha, *Tournon!* by my Honour a Prize, let's board 'em.

Pol. Be not too deſperate, my little Frigat; for I am, that I am, a furious Man of Honour.

Cel. Now Heaven defend us, what will you give us a Broadſide?

El. Lord! how I dread the Guns of the lower Tire.

St. A. Such notable Marks-Men too, we never miſs hitting between Wind and Water.

Cel. I'll warrant they carry Chain-ſhot: Pray Heaven they do not ſplit us, Siſter!

Pol. Yield then, yield quickly, or no Mercy; we have been ſo ſhattered to day already by two ſhe Pirates, that we are grown deſperate.

El. But what alas have we done, that you ſhou'd turn your Revenge upon us poor harmleſs Innocents, that never wrong'd you, never ſaw you before?

Cel. If you ſhou'd deal unkindly with us, 'twou'd break our Hearts, for we are the gentleſt things.

St. A. And we will uſe you ſo gently, ſo kindly, like little Birds, you ſhall never repent the Loſs of your Liberty.

El. I'll warrant, Siſter, they'll put us in a Cage, or tye us by the Legs.

Pol. No, upon the Word of a Man of Honour, your Legs ſhall be at Liberty.

Cel. What will you pinion our Wings then, and let us hop up and down the Houſe?

St. A. Not in the Houſe where we live, pretty Soul, for there's two ravenous Sow-Cats will eat you.

El. Your Wives, you mean.

Pol. Something like, two melancholy things that ſit purring in the Chimney-Corner, and to exerciſe their Spite, kill Crickets.

Cel. Oh! for God-ſake keep us from your Wives.

St. A. I'll warrant thee, little *Roſamond*, ſafe from my jealous *Elianor* ——.

Pol. And if any Wife in *Europe* dares but touch a Hair of thee, I ſay not much, but that Wife were better be a Widow.

El. But are your Wives handſome and well quality'd? for whatever you ſay to us, when you have had your will, you'll home at Night, and for my part I cry, All or None.

Pol. And All thou ſhalt have, dear Rogue, never fear my Wife's Beauty or good Nature; they are things to her like Saints and Angels, which ſhe believes never were, nor never will be —— She's a Baſon of Water againſt Letchery, and looks ſo ſharp whenever I ſee her, like Vinegar ſhe makes me ſwear.

St. A. And mine's ſo fulſome, that a Goat with the help of Cantharides wou'd not touch her.

Cel. But then for their Qualities ——

St. A. Such Scolds, like Thunder, they turn all the Drink in the Cellar.

Pol. Such Niggards, they eat Kitchen-Stuff and Candles Ends —— Once indeed raving mad my Wife ſeemed prodigal to

prodigal; for a Rat having eat his way thro an old Cheeſe, ſhe baited the Trap for him with a Peice of paring.——But having caught him, by the Lord ſhe eat him up without Mercy, Tail and all.

El. Are they not even with us, Siſter?

S. A. 'Tis hop'd tho the Hangman will take 'em off of our Hands, for they are ſhrewdly ſuſpected for Witches; mine noints her ſelf ev'ry Night, ſets a Broom-Staff in the Chimney, and op'ns the Window, for what purpoſe but to fly?

Pol. Gad, and my Wife has Tets in the wrong Places, ſhe's warted all over like a pumpl'd Orange.

Cel. Yet ſure, Gentlemen, you told theſe Hags another Story once, and made as deep Proteſtations to them as you do to us?

St. A. Never, by this Hand, the Salt Souls fell in Luſt with us, and haul'd us to Matrimony like Bears to the Stake.

Pol. Where they ſet a long black Thing upon us, that cried, *Have and Hold.*

El. Put the Queſtion they had been handſome, brought you great Portions, were pleaſant and airy, and willing to humour you.

Enter Nemours *with the* Vidam.

Nem. Nay, then I can hold no longer: 'Sdeath, there's it, Madam, Willing! That Willingneſs ſpoils all, my Dear, my Honey, my Jewel, it palls the Appetite like Sack at Meals——— Give me the ſmart diſdainful ſhe, that like brisk *Champain* or ſpritely *Burgundy*, makes me ſmack my Lips after ſhe's down, and long for t'other Glaſs.

St. A. Nay, if your Grace come in, there's no dallying, I'll make ſure of one.

Pol. Nay, and for my part I am reſolved to ſecure another; come, Madam, no ſtriving, for I am like a Lyon, where I lay hold, if the Body come not willingly, I pull a whole Limb away.——

Nem. Yes, Madam, he ſpeaks truth, take it on my Word, who am a rational Creature, he is a great furious wild Beaſt.

Cel. Pray Heaven he be not a horned Beaſt: Is the Monſter married?

Vid. Yes, Ladies, they are both married.

El. Married! For Heaven's-ſake, Gentlemen, ſave us from the Cattle.

Pol. Why, what is the Breeze in your Tails? Z'death, Ladies, we'll not eat you.

Cel. Say you ſo? But we'll not truſt you, I am ſure you both look hungrily.

Vid. It may be their Wives uſe 'em unkindly.

El. And the poor good-natur'd things take it to Heart.

Cel. I ſwear 'tis pity, they have both promiſing Looks.

Nem. Proceed, ſweet Souls, we'll defend you to Death, ſpare 'em not.

El. Or it may be we miſtake all this while, and their pitiful Looks are cauſed by loving too much.

Vid. Right, Madam, a little too uxorious; Ha, Ha!

St. A. Now have not I one Word to ſay, but ſtand to endure all Jerks like a School Boy, with my Shirt up.

Pol. I'll have one fling at 'em tho I die for't; why Ladies you'll overſhoot your ſelves at this rate —— Muſt we only be the Butts to bear all your Railery? methinks you might ſpend one Arrow at random, and take off that Daw that chatters ſo near you —— Gad, and I think I paid 'em there ——

Cel. Butts and Daw! let me never laugh agen, if they be not witty too —— Why, you pleaſant Rogues, Z'life I cou'd kiſs them if they did not ſtink of Matrimony.

St. A. Mum, Mum, Mum. Did not I tell you 'twas a Madneſs to ſpeak to them?

El. They envy my Friend too here, this pleaſant Companion.

Cel. This clear agreeable Perſon.

Nem. A — Damn me Madam, the Rogues envy —

El. What a gentle Aſpect —

Cel. How proper and airy?

El.

El. See, here's Blood in this Face.

Vid. Pure Blood, Madam, at your Service.

Cel. Will you walk, dear Sir? give me your Hand——

El. And me yours ——

Nem. Come you dear, raviſhing Rogues —— Your Servant, Mr. *Butts*——

Vid. Gentle Mr. *Butts* ——

El. Adieu, ſweet Mr. *Butts.*

Cel. Witty Mr. *Butts*, Ha, Ha, Ha!

[*Exeunt* Nem. Vid. Cel. El.

St. A. Well, I'll to a Dutcheſs.

Pol. Lord! thou art always ſo high flown —— Ha? thou never a caſt Counteſs for me? ——

St. A. Come along to the Ball and thou ſhalt ſee, the Duke of *Nemours* is the Gallant to Night —— and treats at his Palace, becauſe 'tis the King's Birth-Day —— Let me ſee what new Fancy for the Maſquerade? Oh! I have it —— Becauſe the Town is much taken with Fortune-telling, I'll act the dumb Man, the Highlander that made ſuch a Noiſe, and thou ſhalt be my Interpreter —— Come along, and as we go I'll inſtruct thee in the Signs.

Pol. Dear Rogue, let's practiſe a little before we ſtir —— As what ſign for Letchery, becauſe we may nick our Wives.

St. A. Why thus, that's a glanting ſqueezed Eye —— Or thus —— for a moiſt Hand; or thus, for a Whore in a Corner; or thus, downright Cuckolding.

Pol. Well, I ſwear this will be rare Sport, and ſo my damn'd Spouſe I am reſolved to tickle her with a ſqueez'd Eye, and a moiſt Hand, and a Whore in a Corner, till ſhe confeſs her ſelf guilty of downright Cuckoldom; then in revenge for her laſt Impudence, ſue for a Divorce;

And holding to her Face the flying Label,
Call her in open Court, the Whore of *Babel*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter the Prince and Princeſs of Cleve.

P. C. Madam, the King commands me to attend
His Daughter into *Spain*, and further adds,
Becauſe no Princeſs rivals you in Fame,
You will oblige the Court in going with me.
Princeſs C. My Lord, I am prepar'd, and leave the Court
With ſuch a Joy as wou'd admit no bounds——
P. C. As wou'd admit no bounds! and why? becauſe
It takes you from the Charms which you wou'd ſhun:
This is a Virtue of ſuch height indeed,
As none but you can boaſt, nor I deplore.
But, Madam, Rumour ſays, the King intends
To join another with me.
Princeſs C. Who, my Lord?
P. C. 'Twas thought at firſt the *Chevalier de Guiſe*.
Princeſs C. He is your Friend, nor cou'd the King chuſe better.
P. C. I ſay, at firſt 'twas thought the Duke of *Guiſe*——
But I was ſince inſtructed by the Queen,
That Honour is fix'd upon the Duke *Nemours*.
Princeſs C. Nemours, my Lord?
P. C. Moſt certain.
Princeſs C. For what Reaſon?
P. C. Becauſe I mov'd the Dauphin-Queen to gain him.
Princeſs C. 'Twas raſhly done, againſt your Intereſt mov'd.
P. C. Perhaps 'tis not too late yet to ſupplant him.
Princeſs C. Do'ſt then, be quick, *Nemours* will ſhare
Eclipſe your Glory—— (your Honours,
P. C. Ha! I muſt confeſs
The Soldiers love him, and he bears the Palm
Already from the Marſhals of the Field.
Princeſs C. And in the Court he's call'd, the Riſing-Star:
You ſee each Night at every Entertainment,
Where he moves, what Troops of Beauties follow,
How the Queen praiſe him, and all Eyes admire him——

P. C.

P. C. Ha! *Chartres*——

Princeſs C. Ah! my Lord—— what have I done?

P. C. Nothing, my *Chartres*, but admire *Nemours!*
O Heaven and Earth! and if I had but patience
To hear you out, how had you loſt yourſelf
On that eternal Object of your Love?
No, Madam, no, 'tis falſe, 'tis no *Nemours:*
'Twas my Invention to find out the Truth,
Your Trouble has convinc'd me 'tis *Nemours:*
Which curſt Diſcovery in another Woman,
I ſhou'd have made by her too eager Joy.
Why ſpeak you not? you're ſhock'd with your own Vil-
The Reſolution of your Juſtice awes you, (tue,
Which cannot, dares not give it ſelf the Lye.

Princeſs C. My Lord, my Love, my Life; Alas, my
O pity me! I know not what to anſwer, (*Cleve!*
I'm mortally aſham'd, I'm on the Rack;
But ſpare this humble Paſſion—— Take me with you,
Where I may never ſee a Man again.

P. C. O riſe, my *Chartres!* riſe if poſſible;
I'll force thee to be mine in ſpite of Fate:
My conſtant Martyrdom and deathleſs Kindneſs,
My more than mortal Patience in theſe Sufferings,
Shall poize his nobleſt Qualities; O Heav'n!
No fear, my *Chartres*, tho theſe Sorrows fall,
That I ſuſpect thy Glory; thou haſt ſtrength
To curb this Paſſion in, that elſe may end us:
All that I ask thee, is to bend thy Heart.

Princeſs C. I'll break it.

P. C. Turn it from *Nemours, Nemours*——
But Oh! that Name preſents thy Danger greater;
Look to thy Honour then, and look to mine;
I ask it as thy Lover and thy Husband;
I beg it as a Man whoſe Life depends
Upon thy Breath, that offers thee a Heart
All bleeding with the Wounds of mortal Love,
All hack'd and gaſh'd, and ſtab'd and mangl'd o'er;
And yet a Heart ſo true, in ſpite of Pain,
As ne'er yet lov'd, ſhall again. [*Exit* P. C.

Exit

Enter Irene.

Irene. Ha! Madam, ſpeak, how is it with your Heart?
Princeſs C. As with a timerous Slave, condemn'd to Torments,
That ſtill cries out, he cannot, will not bear it;
And yet bears on.
Irene. Ah, Madam! I would ſpeak,
If you could bear the dreadful News I bring.
Princeſs C. Alas! thou canſt not add to Grief like mine.
Irene. May I demand then, if you have not told
The Secret to your Husband?
Princeſs C. Ha! *Irene* ——
Why doſt thou ask?
Irene. Becauſe but now —— *Tournon*, a Lady of the Queen's,
Told me 'tis blaz'd at Court —— *Nemours* confeſs'd it.
He is belov'd by one of ſuch nice Virtue,
That fearing —— leſt the Paſſion might betray her,
She own'd, confeſs'd, and told it to her Husband.
Princeſs C. Death and Deſpair! —— does *Nemours* but
Irene. He own'd it to the *Vidam*, who agen (avow it?
Told it to Madam *Tournon* —— ſhe to others:
'Tis true, *Nemours* told not the Lady's Name,
Nor wou'd confeſs himſelf to be the Party;
But yet the Court in general does believe it.
Princeſs C. I am undone! —— my Fame is loſt for (ever;
And Death, *Irene*, muſt be my Remedy:
'Tis true, indeed, I laid my Boſom op'n,
I ſhew'd my Heart to that ungrateful *Cleve*,
Who ſince, in dangerous Search of him I love,
To the eternal Ruin of my Honour,
Has truſted a third Perſon —— But away;
I hear his Tread, and am reſolv'd to talk him.

Enter Prince Cleve.

Ah! Sir, what have you done? If you muſt kill me,
Are there not Daggers, Poiſon? —— But the Jealo

Are cruel ſtill, and thoughtful in Revenge;
And ſingle Death's too little: muſt your Will,
Of knowing Names my Duty durſt not tell you,
Oblige you to betray me to another,
So to divulge the Secret of my Soul,
That the whole Court muſt know it?

P. C. Ha! know what?
Know my Diſhonour; have you told it then?

Princeſs C. No, 'tis your ſelf, 'tis you reveal'd it, Sir,
To gain a Confident for more Diſcovery;
A Lady of the Queen's juſt now declar'd it;
To your eternal Shame you have divulg'd it:
She had it from the *Vidam*; Sir, of *Chartres*,
And he from the Duke *Nemours* ——

P. C. Nemours ——
How, Madam, ſaid you — What *Nemours* — *Nemours!*
Does *Nemours* know you love him? Hell and Furies!
And that I know it too, and not revenge it!

Princeſs C. That's yet to ſeek; he will not own him-(ſelf
To be concern'd, he offers not at Names;
But yet 'tis found, 'tis known, believ'd by all,
He cannot hold it, 'twill be ſhortly poſted,
That, *Cleve*, your Wife's that curſt diſhonour'd ſhe
You told him of ——

P. C. Is't poſſible I told him?
Peace, Peace; and if it lies in human Power
To reaſon calmly, tell me Murd'reſs, tell me,
Compoſe that Face of fluſh'd Hypocriſy,
And anſwer to a Truth — Was it my Intereſt
To ſpeak of this? Was I not rather mov'd
To wiſh it buried in the Grave, in Hell!
Whence it might never riſe to blot my Honour ——
But you have ſeen him, by my hopes of Heaven,
You have met and interchang'd your ſecret Souls;
On that complotted: ſince I bore ſo tamely
Your firſt Confeſſion, I ſhou'd bear the latter.

Princeſs C. Believe it if you pleaſe ——

P. C. I muſt believe it ——
This [illegible] ask'd your Soul;
[illegible] ſees you ev'ry Hour, and knows you love him:

My,

Nay, for your greater Freedom, you have join'd
To make this loath'd deteſted *Cleve* your Stale.
Ha —— I believ'd you might o'ercome this Paſſion:
So well you knew to charm me with the ſhow
Of ſeeming Virtue, till I loſt my Reaſon.
Princeſs C. 'Tis likely, Sir, it was but ſeeming Virtue,
And you did ill to judge ſo kindly of me ——
I was miſtaken too in that Confeſſion,
Becauſe I thought that you wou'd do me Juſtice.
P. C. You were miſtaken when you thought I wou'd;
Sure you forgot I was deſperate,
Sentenc'd and doom'd by Fate, or rather damn'd,
To love you to my Grave —— And cou'd I bear
A Rival, what and when I was your Husband,
And when you own'd your Paſſion to my Face,
Confeſs'd you lov'd me much —— But lov'd him more:
Ha —— Is not this enough to make me mad?
Princeſs C. You have the Power to ſet all right agen;
Why do you not end me?
P. C. No, I'll end my ſelf,
My Thoughts are grown too violent for my Reaſon.
By this laſt Uſage, Oh! thou haſt undone me;
I know not what —— This ought not to be thine ——
I have offended and wou'd ſue for Pardon;
But yet I bluſh, the Treaſon is too groſs;
After that moſt unnatural Confeſſion,
I wonder now that I have liv'd ſo long:
Confeſs, and then divulge, make me your Bawd ——
It ſcents too far, the God of Love flies wide,
He gets the Wind, and ſtops the Noiſe at this;
No more --- Farewel --- Falſe *Chartres*, falſe *Nemours*,
Falſe World, falſe All, ſince *Chartres* is not true!
But you your Wiſh with lov'd *Nemours* ſhall have;
And ſhortly ſee your Husband in the Grave. [*Exit.*

Princeſs C. ſola.

Falſe World, falſe *Cleve*, falſe *Chartres*, falſe *Nemours*;
Farewel to all, a long and laſt Farewel.

From

From all Converſe, to Deſarts let me fly,
And in ſome gloomy Cave forgotten lie:
My Bower at Noon the ſhade of ſome old Trees,
With whiſt'ling Winds t' indulge my Pomp of Eaſe,
And lulling Murmurs rowl'd from neighb'ring Seas:
Where I may ſometimes haſten to the Shore,
And to the Rocks and Waves my Loſs deplore;
Where when I feel my Hour of Fate draws on,
Leſt the falſe World ſhould claim a parting Groan,
My Mother's Ghoſt may riſe to fix my Mind,
And leave no Thought of Tenderneſs behind. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Muſick, Songs, Maskers, &c.

Enter Nemours *with Muſick,* Lady Poltrot.

Nem. HE has confeſs'd to me he intends to cuckold *St. Andre* when he walks in his Sleep ——— Therefore, if Love ſhou'd inſpire me to nick the Opportunity, I hope you will not bar the Door which your Husband opens ——

L. P. Ingrateful Monſter! ——

Nem. Ingrateful, that's certain; and it lies in your Power to make him a Monſter.

L. P. I dare not.

Nem. What?

L. P. Truſt you.

Nem. Nay, then I'm ſure thou wilt let me but in to ſhew the Power you have over me.

L. P. As how my Lord?

Nem. Why, when I have thee in my Arms, by Heaven I'll quit my Joys at thy Deſire ——

L. P.

L. P. That will indeed be a perfect Tryal of your Love; come then through the Garden Back-Stairs, and when you ſee the Candle put out, thruſt open the Door.

Nem. By Heaven I'll eat thy Hand——Thou dear ſweet Seducer! how it fires my Fancy to ſteal into a Garden, to ruſtle through the Trees, to ſtumble up a narrow Pair of Back-ſtairs, to whiſper through the Hole of the Door, to kiſs it open, and fall into thy Arms with a Flood of Joy——

L. P. Farewel, the Company comes, I muſt leave you a while to engage with my Husband: You'll fall aſleep before the Hour——

Nem. If I do, the very Tranſport of Imagination ſhall carry me in my Sleep to thy Bed, and I'll wake in the Act. [*Exit L. Pol.*

So there's one in the Fernbrake, and if ſhe ſtir till Morning I have loſt my Aim; but now, why what have we here? a *Hugonot* Whore, by this Light——have I? for the forward brisk, ſhe that promis'd me the Ball-Aſſignation, that ſaid, there was nothing like ſlipping out of the Crowd into a Corner, breathing ſhort an Ejaculation, and returning as if we came from Church——Let me ſee; I'll put on my Mask, fling my Cloak over my Shoulder, and view 'em as they paſs: Not thou, nor thou——

Enter Tournon *in the Habit of a* Hugonot.

Tour. Ah, thou unclean Perſon, have I hunted thee there, like a Hart from the Mountains to the Vallies, and thou would'ſt not be found; verily, thou haſt been amongſt the Daughters of the *Philiſtines*——Nay, if you are innocent, ſtand before me, and reply to the Words of my Mouth——

Nem. I ſhall truly——

Tour. Say then——Haſt thou not defiled thy ſelf with any *Dalilah* ſince laſt you fell upon my Neck, and lov'd much?

Nem. Nay, verily——

Tour. Have you not overheated your Body with adulterate Wines? Have you not been at a Play, nor touched Fruit after the lewd Orange-Woman?

Nem.

Nem. I am unpolluted.

Tour. And yet, methinks, there is not the ſame Colour in your Cheeks, nor does the Spirit dance in your Eye as formerly; why do you not approach me? [*Unmasking.*

Nem. Tournon turn'd Heretick! why thou dear Raſcal this is ſuch a new Frolick, that tho I am engag'd as deep as Damnation to another, thou ſhalt not 'ſcape me.

[Marg. *claps him on the Shoulder.*

Marg. I love a Man that keeps the Commandment of his Word.

Nem. And I a Woman that breaks her's with her Huſband, yet loves her Neighbour as her ſelf——I wou'd fain be in private with you.

Cel. And I with you; becauſe I am reſolv'd never to ſee you more.

Nem. Never to ſee me more? the Reaſon?

Cel. Becauſe I hate you.

Nem. And yet I believe you love me too, becauſe you are preciſe to the Minute.

Cel. True; yet I hate you juſtly, heartily and maliciouſly——

Nem. By Gad, and I'll love thee as heartily, juſtly and maliciouſly, as thou canſt love me for thy Blood: Come away, riddle, and I'll unfold thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poltrot, *St.* Andre *diſguis'd, with* Elianor, *Lady* Poltrot *coming up to 'em.*

El. But is it true indeed, that your friend can tell all the *Actions* of our Life paſt, preſent, and to come, yet cannot ſpeak one Word?

Pol. O he's infallible! why, what did you never hear of your ſecond-ſight Men, your dumb *Highlanders* that tell Fortunes? Why, you wou'd think the Devil in Hell were in him, he ſpeaks ſo exactly.

El. I thought you had ſaid he was dumb?

Pol. Right; but I am his Interpreter, and when the Fit comes on him, he blows through me like a Trunk, and ſtrait I become his ſpeaking Trumpet.

L. P. Pray, Sir, may not I have my Fortune told me too?

Pol.

Pol. Ay, and there were a thouſand of you, he will run you 'em over like the Chriſ-croſs-row, and never miſs a Tittle; he ſhall tell ye his Name that cried God bleſs you when you ſneez'd laſt; tell you when you wink'd laſt; when and where you ſcratch'd laſt; and where you ſat o' *Saturday*———

El. Pray let him tell us then, for we are Siſters; our Tempers and Conditions, whether married or unmarried, with all the Impertinencies thereunto belonging.

Pol. I'll ſpeak to him, Son of the Sun, and Emperor of the Stars——— *St. A.* Ha, ha———.

Pol. Look ye, look ye, he's pleas'd to tell you, but you muſt go near him; for he muſt look in your Hand, touch your Face, Breaſts, and wherever elſe he pleaſes.

St. Andre *makes Horns with both his Hands, puts his Finger in his Mouth, and laughs.*

Pol. In Nomine Domine Bomine: I proteſt I am confounded; well Ladies, I cou'd not have thought it had been in you; but 'tis certainly true, and I muſt out with it: Firſt, he ſays, you are both married, you are both libidinous beyond Example, and your Husbands are the greateſt Cornutors in *Chriſtendom*———

El. } Indeed.
L. P. }

Pol. Ay, indeed, indeed, and indeed——He ſays you are a couple of *Meſſalina's*, and the Stews cannot ſatisfy you; he ſays, your Thoughts are ſwell'd with a Carnoſity; nay, nay, you have the Green-Sickneſs of the Soul, which runs upon nothing but weighing Stallions, churning Boars, and bellowing Bulls———

L. P. Oh! I confeſs, I confeſs——But for Heaven ſake, dear Sir——Let it not take Air, for then we are both undone.

El. Oh! undone, undone, Sir, if our Husbands ſhou'd know it; for they are a couple of the jealouſeſt, troubleſome, impertinent Cuckolds alive.

Pol. Alack! alack——O *Jezabel!* but I will have my Eunuchs flying her from the Windows, and the Dogs ſhall eat her.

L. P. But pray, Sir, ask him how many times———

Pol.

Pol. What, how many times you have cuckolded 'em?

El. Spare our Modeſty, you make the Blood ſo flush in our Faces.

Pol. But by *Jove*, I'll let it out; I'll hold her by the Muzzle, and ſtick her like a Pig——

L. P. Will you ſpeak to him, Sir?

Pol. See, he underſtands you without it; he ſays, your Iniquities are innumerable, your Fornications like the Hairs of your Head, and your Adulteries like the Sands on the Sea-ſhore; that you are all Fiſh downward; that *Lot's* Wife is freſh to you; and that when you were little Girls of Seven, you were ſo wanton, your Mothers ty'd your Hands behind you——

El. All this we confeſs to be true; but we confeſs too if Fate had found out any ſort of Tools, but thoſe leaden Rogues our Husbands——

L. P. Whoſe Wits are as dull as their Appetites——

El. Mine's ſuch a Utenſil, as is not fit to wedge a Block.

L. P. Nor mine the Beetle to drive him.

St. A. Nay then, 'tis time to uncaſe and be reveng'd.

L. P. Hark you Strumpet——

El. Ha, ha, ha, are you not fitted finely.

L. P. ——You muſt turn Fortune-tellers, muſt you?

El. And think we cou'd not know you?

L. P. Well, Gentlemen, ſhall homely *Beck* go down with you at laſt?

Pol. But didſt thou know me then indeed?

L. P. As if that ſweet Voice of yours cou'd be diſguis'd in any ſhape.

Pol. Nay, I confeſs, I have a Whirl in my Voice, a Warble that is particular——

El. And what ſay you, Sir, ſhall muſty Wife come into your Grace again?

St. A. She ſhall; and here's my Hand on't, all Friends *Nell*, and when I leave thee again, may I be Cuckold in earneſt.

Pol. Certain, as I live, all this proceeded from his Lady, my dreaming Cuckold Wife cou'd never think on't: well, I am reſolved this very Night, when he rambles

rambles in his Sleep, to watch him, ſlip to his Wife, and ſay nothing. Hey! Come, come, where are theſe Dancers? a little Diverſion, and then for Bed.

DANCE.

Tour. (to *El.*) I have lock'd the *Vidam* in your Cloſet, who will be ſure to watch your Husband's riſing, therefore be not ſurpriz'd —— [*Exit* Tour.

St. A. Come, well, let's away to Bed.

El. And what then?

St. A. Nay, Gad, that I can't tell; for what with Dancing, Singing, Fencing, and my laſt Dutcheſs, I am very drowzy.

Pol. And ſo am I; perhaps our Wives have given us *Opium*, leſt we ſhou'd diſturb 'em in the Night.

El. Don't theſe Men deſerve to be fitted?

Cel. They do, and Fortune grant they may—Hear us, O! hear us good Heaven, for we pray heartily.

[*Exeunt, as* Nemours *and* Marguerite *enter.*

Nem. Was ever Man ſo bleſt with ſuch Poſſeſſion,
Thou ebbing, flowing, raviſhing, racking Joy!
A Skin ſo white and ſoft, the yielding Mould
Lets not the Fingers ſtay upon the Dint;
But from the beauteous Dimples ſlip 'em down
To Pleaſures that muſt be without a Name.
Yet Hands, and Arms, and Breaſts we may remember,
And that which I love, no ſmelling Art,
But ſweet Nature, as juſt peeping Violets, or op'ning Buds.

Marg. Then you do love me?

Nem. O! I cou'd die, methinks, this very Hour;
But for the luſcious Hopes of thouſands more,
And all like theſe; yet when I muſt go out,
Let it be thus, with Beauty laughing by me,
Songs, Lutes, and Canopies, while I ſacrifice
To thee the laſt dear ebbing Drop of Love.
But ſhow me now that Face.

Marg. No, you diſſemble, you ſay the ſame thing to every one you meet; I thought once indeed to have fix'd my Heart upon you, but I'm off again, and am reſolv'd you ſhall never ſee me.

Nem. You dally, come, by all the Kindneſs paſt.
Marg. Swear then.
Nem. What?
Marg. Never to touch your dear domeſtick ſhe,
That lives in Shades to all the World but me.
Do you gueſs, I know you now?
Nem. I do, and ſwear; but are theſe equal Terms, that you ſhall never touch a Man but me?
Marg. I will——But how can you convince me? Oaths with you, Libertines of Honour, are to little purpoſe.
Nem. But this muſt ſatisfy thee, there is more pleaſure in thee after Enjoyment, than in her and all Womankind before it; thou haſt Inſpiration, Extaſy, and Tranſport, all theſe bewitching Joys that make Men mad——
Marg. (*Unmasking*) And thou villany, treachery, perjury, all thoſe monſtrous, diabolical Arts, that ſeduce young Virgins from their innocent Homes, ſet 'em on the High-way to Hell and Damnation.
Nem. Ha! ha! my *Marguerite*, is't poſſible?
Marg. Call me not yours, nor think of me agen,
I am convinc'd you're Traytors all alike, (veng'd;
And from this Hour renounce you——Not but I'll be re-
Yes, I will try the Joys of Life like you,
But not with Men of Quality, you Devils of Honour;
No, I will ſatisfy my Pride, Diſdain, Rage and Revenge more
By all the Powers of Heaven and Earth I will; (ſafely,
I'll change my loving, lying Tinſel Lord,
For an obedient, wholeſom, drudging Fool.
Nem. Why this will make thee better eaſy to both;
Take you your Ramble, Madam, and I'll take mine.
But is't poſſible for one of your nice Taſte to bed a Fool?
Marg. To chuſe, to chuſe, my Lord,
A Fool; now by my Will and Pride of Heart,
There's Freedom, Fancy and Creation in't,
He trickles to the Frown, and cries forgive me;
Beſides the moulding of him without bluſhing;
And what wou'd Woman more? Now view the other,
Your Man of Senſe, that vaunts deſpotick Pow'r,
That reels preciſely home at Break of Day,
Thunders the Houſe, brains half the Family,

Cries,

Cries, where's my Whore, what will ſhe ſtew till Doomſ-
When ſhe appears, and kindly goes to help him, (day?
Roars out, a Shop, a Walking-Shop of Scents,
Flavours of Phyſick, and the clammy Bath,
The Stench of Orange-Flow'rs, the Devil Pulvilio;
Theſe, theſe, he cries, are the bleſt Husband's Joys!
Nem. I ſwear moſt natural and unaffected—Ha! ha——

Marg. But if he chance to uſe her civilly,
Take heed, there's Covert-Malice in his Smiles,
Millions to one the Villain has been whoring,
And comes to try Experiments on her;
Beſides a thouſand Under-Plots and Croſſes,
Preſcribing Silence ſtill where'er he comes,
No chat, he cries, of Colours, Points or Faſhions,
Nem. Preach on Divine, ha! ha——
Marg. Let me not hear you ask my ſickly Lady,
Whether ſhe found Obſtructions at the Waters.
Nem. Fy, that's obſcene——
Marg. Thus damns the Affectation of our Prattle,
And ſwears he'll gag the Clack, or what is worſe.
Nem. Nay, hold——
Marg. Send for the new-found Lock——
Nem. What, mad——
Marg. Do Villain, Traytor——
Contrive this Miſchief if thou canſt, for me;
Send thou the Padlock, but I'll find the Key. [*Exit.*
Nem. Whir goes the Partridge on the purring Wing—
Yet when I ſee my time I muſt recal her;
For ſhe has admirable things in her, ſuch as if I gain not,
the Princeſs of *Cleve* may fix me to her, without nauſeating
the Vice of Conſtancy——ha! *Bellamore.*

Enter Bellamore.

What News, my Dear, ha——haſt thou found her?
Speak.
Bell. I have.
Nem. Where, how, when, and by what means?

Bell. After I had enquired after the Prince's Health, I ask'd a Woman of his Lady, who told me, She was retired into the great Bower in the Garden.

Nem. The very Place where firſt I ſaw and lov'd her, When after I had ſav'd the Prince's Life, He brought me late one Ev'ning to the View, There Love and Friendſhip firſt began; My Love remains, and Friendſhip, as Much as Man can have for his Cuckold; Nay, I know not that Man upon Earth I love ſo well, or cou'd take ſo much from, as this hopeful Prince of *Cleve*— Didſt thou ſee her in the Garden? ——

Bell. My Lord, I did, where ſhe appear'd like her that gave *Acteon* Horns, with all her Nymphs about her, buſy in tying Knots which ſhe took from Baskets of Ribbons that they brought her; and methought ſhe ty'd and unty'd 'em ſo prettily as if ſhe had been at croſs Queſtions, or knew not what ſhe did, her Face, her Neck and Arms quite bare——

Nem. No more; if I live I'll ſee her to Night, for the heroick Vein comes upon me——Death and the Devil, what ſhall become of the Back-Stair Lady then? ——hark thee, *Bellamore*, take this Key: Doſt thou hear Rogue? go to St. *Andre*'s Houſe, through the Garden up the Back-Stairs, puſh open the Door and be bleſt. Hell! can't I be in two Places at once? hark thee, give her this, and this, and this; when thou biteſt her with a parting Blow, ſigh out *Nemours*.

Bell. I'll do't——

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Nem. Go to *Tournon* for the reſt, he'll inſtruct thee in the Management: Away.
Ha! he comes up but ſlowly, yet he ſees me,
Perhaps he's jealous, why then I'm jealous too:
Hypocriſy and Softneſs, with all the Arts of Woman,
Tip my Tongue.

P. C. I come, my Lord, to ask if you love me.

Nem.

Nem. Love thee, my *Cleve!* by Heaven, e'er yet I ſaw thee,
Thus were my Prayers ſtill offered to the Fates:
If I muſt chuſe a Friend, grant me, ye Powers,
The Man I love may ſeize my Heart at once;
Guide him the perfect Temper of yourſelves,
With ev'ry manly Grace and ſhining Virtue;
Add yet the Bloom of Beauty to his Youth,
That I may make a Miſtreſs of him too.

P. C. O Heav'n!

Nem. That at firſt View our Souls may kindle,
And like two Tapers kindly mix their Beams;
I knelt, and pray'd, and wept for ſuch a Bleſſing,
And they return'd me more than I cou'd ask,
All that was good, or great, or juſt in thee.

P. C. You ſay you love me, I muſt make the Proof,
For you have brought it to a Doubt——

Nem. In what?

P. C. In this; you have not given me all your Heart.
You muſe of late, ev'n on my Bridal Day,
I ſaw you ſit with a too thoughtful Brow;
You ſigh'd, and hung your Head upon your Hand:
Nay, in the midſt of Laughter——
You ſtarted, bluſh'd, and cry'd, it was wondrous well,
And yet you knew not what——ſpeak like a Friend,
What is the Cauſe, my Lord?

Nem. Shall I deal plainly with you? I'm not well.

P. C. I do believe it, how happ'ned the Diſtemper?

Nem. It is too deep to ſearch, nor can I tell you.

P. C. Then you are no Friend.
Shou'd *Cleve* thus anſwer to *Nemours*, I cannot:
Say rather, that you will truſt a Man
You do not love.

Nem. By Heav'n I do.

P. C. By Heaven you do? yet 'tis too deep to ſearch
For ſuch a ſhallow Friend.

Nem. Of all Mankind
You ought not——

P. C. Nay the reſt.

Nem. It is not fit,
Be ſatisfied I'll bear it to my Grave whate'er it be.

P. C. You are in Love, my Lord,
And if you do not ſwear—— But where's the need?
You ſtart, you change, you are another Man,
You bluſh, you're all conſtraint, you turn away.
Nem. Why take it then; 'tis true I am in Love,
In Torture, Racks, in all the Hells of Love,
Of hopeleſs, reſtleſs, and eternal Love.
P. C. Her Name, my Lord.
Nem. Her Name, my Lord, to you?
P. C. To me, Confuſion, Plagues and Death upon me!
Why not to me? and wherefore did you ſay,
Of all Mankind I ought not?—— There you ſtopt,
But wou'd have ſaid—— To pry into this Buſineſs——
Yet ſpeak to eaſe the Troubles of my Soul,
By all our Friendſhip, by the Life thou gav'ſt me,
I do conjure thee, thunder in my Ears,
'Tis *Chartres* that thou lov'ſt, *Chartres* my Wife.
Nem. Your Wife, my Lord?
P. C. My Wife, my Lord; and I muſt have you own it.
Nem. I will not tell you, Sir, who 'tis I love;
Yet think me not ſo baſe, were it your Wife,
That all the ſubtleſt Wit of Earth or Hell
Shou'd make me vent a Secret of that Nature
To any Man on Earth, much leſs to you.
P. C. Yet you cou'd baſely tell it to the *Vidam*,
And he to all the Court—— But I waſte time
By all the boiling Venom of my Paſſion,
I'll make you own it e'er we part—— Diſpatch,
Say thou haſt whor'd my Wife, Damnation on me,
Pronounce me, Cuckold.
Nem. But then I give my ſelf the Lye,
Who told you but juſt before, I wou'd not ſpeak,
Tho I had done it: Which I ſwear I have not——
Beſide, I fear you are going mad.
P. C. Draw then and make it up;
For if thou doſt not own what I demand,
What you both know and have contrived on me,
Tho neither will confeſs, I ſwear again,
That one of us muſt fall.
Nem. Then take my Life.

P. C.

P. C. I will, by Heav'n, if thou refuſe me Juſtice:
Draw then, for if thou doſt not, I will kill thee,
And tell my Wife thou baſely didſt confeſs
Thy Guilt at laſt, in hopes to ſave thy Life.
Nem. That is a Blaſt indeed, that Honour ſhrinks at;
Therefore I draw, but Oh! but witneſs Heaven,
With ſuch a trembling Hand and bleeding Heart,
As if I were to fight againſt my Father.
Therefore I beg thee by the Name of Friend,
Which once with half this Suit wou'd have diſſolv'd thee;
I beg thee, gentle *Cleve*, to hold thy Hand.
P. C. I'm deaf as Death, that calls for one or both.
[Cleve *is diſarm'd*, Nemours *gives him his Sword again.*]
Nem. Then give it me, I arm thy Hand agen,
Againſt my Heart, againſt this Heart that loves thee:
Truſt then, for by the Blood that bears my Life,
Thou ſhalt not know the Name of her I love;
Not but I ſwear upon the Point of Death,
Your Wife's as clear from me as Heav'n firſt made her.
P. C. No more, my Lord, you've given me twice my (Life.
Nem. Are you not hurt?
P. C. Alas! 'tis not ſo well,
I have no Wound but that which Honour makes,
And yet there's ſomething cold upon my Heart,
I hope 'tis Death, and I ſhall ſhortly pay you
With *Chartres'* Love, for you deſerve her better.
Nem. No, Sir, you ſhall not, you ſhall live, my Lord,
And long enjoy your beauteous vertuous Bride;
You ſhall, dear Prince, why are you then ſo cold?
P. C. I cannot ſpeak —— But thus, and thus, there's ſomething riſes here.
Nem. I'll wait you home; nay, ſhake theſe Drops (away,
And hang upon my Arm ——
P. C. I will do any thing,
So you will promiſe never to upbraid me.
Nem. I ſwear I will not.
P. C. But will you love me too as formerly?
Nem. I ſwear far more than ever.

P. C. Thou know'ſt my Nature's ſoft, yet, Oh
Such Love as mine, and injur'd as I thought,
Wou'd ſpleen the Gaul-leſs Turtle, wou'd not?

Nem. It wou'd, by Heav'n —— You make a Woman of me. [*Weeping.*

P. C. Why any thing thou ſay'ſt to humour me,
Yet it is kind, and I muſt love theſe Tears,
I hope my Heart will break, and then we're ev'n;
Yet if this cruel Love thy *Cleve* ſhou'd kill,
Remember after Death thou lov'ſt me ſtill.

SCENE II.

Enter Tournon *with the* Vidam.

Tour. So, let the Corner be your Poſt, and as ſoon as ever you ſee *St. Andre* come ſtalking in his Dream, ſlip to his Lady; and when you have agreed upon the Writings, I'll be ready to bring you off with a Witneſs ——

Vid. Thou dear obliging ——

Tour. No more o' that; away, mark but how eaſily thoſe that are gifted with Diſcretion bring things about; in the Name of Goodneſs let Men and Women have their Risks, but ſtill be careful of the Main —— Here's a hot-headed Lord goes mad for a prating Girl, treats her, preſents her, flames for her, dies for her, till the Fool complies for pure Love, and when the Buſ'neſs fails, is forc'd to live at laſt by the Love of his Footman: but ſhe that makes a firm Bargain, is commonly thought a great Soul; for my Lord, having conſidered on't, thinks her a Perſon of depth, and ſo reſolves to have it out of her— But why do I talk ſo my ſelf, when there's ſomething to do? certainly I ſhou'd have made a rare Speaker in a Parliament of Women, or a notable Head to a female Jury, when his Lordſhip gravely puts the Queſtion, Whether it be *Satis*, or *Non Satis*, or *Numquam Satis*, and we bring it in *Ignoramus* —— Ha! but who comes here? I muſt attend for *Bellamore*.

Enter

Enter Poltrot, Celia *over-hearing.*

Pol. My Wife and I went to Bed together, and I'll warrant full ſhe was of Expectation, ſo white and clean, and much inclin'd to laugh, and lay at her full length, as who wou'd ſay, come eat me.

Cel. Said ſhe ſo, ſweet Sir?

Pol. Not a bit, by the Lord, not I, not I ——

Cel. Alas! nice Gentleman.

Pol. A Farmer wou'd ſay this was barbarouſly done, becauſe he loves Beef—But I have Plover in reſerve——

Enter St. Andre *in his ſleep.* *The* Vidam *goes in.*

Ha! *St. Andre*, hark, I hear him buſtle; O Lord! how my Heart goes pit a pat! nay, I dreamt laſt Night I was gelt — 'Tis he, 'tis he, by the Twilight I ſee him —— Ay, now the Politick Head goes, it ſhall branch by and by — What was that ſtop for? there's neither Gate nor Stile in your way; now by that ſudden ſtretch, he ſeems as if he wou'd take a Jump, or practiſe on the high Rope. O your humble Servant, Sir, I'll but do a little Buſ'neſs for you and be with you agen. Nay, look you, Sir, I have as many Bobs as *Democritus*, when he cry'd Poor Jack —— There's more pride in a Puritan's Band, ſhort Hair, and Cap pinch'd, than under a King's Crown. Poor Jack, Citizens, Citizens, look to your Wives, the Courtiers come, look to 'em, they'll do 'em; look to 'em, they'll do 'em; Poor Jack ——

St. A. Ha! Ha! You'll tickle me to Death — Nay— Your Miſtreſs will hear us —— Thou art the wantoneſt Rogue ——

Enter Tournon *with* Bellaſhore.

Tour. Madam.

Cel. Here's ——

Tour. Here's a Thief I took in your Chamber ——

Bell. Ah, Madam! retire for a Moment, and I'll make you the whole Confeſſion.

Cel. Confeſs, and you know what follows; however I am reſolved to hear what you can ſay for your ſelf.

[*Exeunt.*

St. A. Nay Piſh, nay Fie, Sweet Heart —— But I'll kiſs you if I can;

Re-enter Poltrot.

I did not take you for to be ſuch a kind of Man.
But I'll go call my Mother as loud as I can cry;
Why, Mother, Mother, Mother, out upon you, Fye.

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! I had like to have trod upon a Serpent that wou'd have bit me to Death. I went to take up the Clothes as gently as I cou'd for my Life, when a great, huge, hoarſe Voice flew in my Face, with damn me you Son of a Whore, I'll cut your Throat; you may gueſs I withdrew, for o' my Conſcience the Fright had almoſt made me unclean: but I'll to my own Spouſe, and if the Lord be pleas'd to bring me off ſafe this bout, I'll never go a Cuckold-making agen while my Eyes are open.

[*Exit.*

St. A. Hark, my Wife's coming up Stairs —— Help up with my Breeches; ſo, ſo, ſmooth the Bed —— What damn'd Luck's this —— So, fall a rubbing the Room agen —— Hark you, *Wife*; *Celia* has been upon the hunt for you all this Day; ſhe's below in the Garden; go, go, we'll kiſs when you come back —— Now, Sirrah, now, you Rogue, ſhe's gone; come, come, loſe not your Opportunity, I'll keep on my Breeches for fear —— Ay? No, no, not upon the Bed; Piſh, againſt the Back of this Chair —— Won't —— How can you tell —— Try —— I'll buy thee a new Gown, and a Fan, and a lac'd Petticoat, and pay thee double Wages; O! thou dear, pretty, ſoft, ſweet, wriggling Rogue, what wou'dſt thou dodge me? Gad, but I'll have thee; Gad, but I'll catch thee, Ay, and have at thee agen and agen.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter

Re-enter Poltrot.

Pol. Was ever Man of Honour thus unfortunately met with? I went into my Chamber, and trod as ſoftly as a half-ſtarved Mouſe, for fear of waking my Cat; when coming cloſe to my Bedſide, methought it rock'd to and fro like a great Cradle, and the Clothes heav'd as if ſome Beaſt lay blowing there —— But the Beaſt was by the Bed-ſide it ſeems —— Yes, I am, and who can help it, as very a Cornuto as e'er was graſted —— I heard my beloved Wife too —— The Plagues of *Egypt* on her —— ſpeak ſo lovingly and angrily together —— Nay, prithee, my Dear —— Nay, now you are tireſome —— I ſhall be aſham'd to look you in the Face agen! Why, how will ſhe look upon me then? O Lord —— What ſhall I do? ſhall I ſtand thus like a Cuckoldy Son of a Whore, with my Horns in my Pocket, and not be reveng'd? ——

Enter St. Andre ——

But here comes as very a Cuckold as my ſelf; I am reſolv'd to wake him, and we'll fall upon 'em together —— Alloo, *St. Andre, St. Andre.*

St. A. Ti-ti 'tis im-im-im-poſſible I I I ſhou'd be the Man, ſo ſo-for I cannot ſpeak a plain Word.

Pol. You're a Cuckold, a Cuckold, a Cuckold.

St. A. Why lo-lo-look you, I ſaid it co-co-cou'd not be me; for, Sir, I all the World knows, I am no Cu-Cu-Cuckold.

Pol. Wake, wake, I ſay, or I'll ſhake the Bones out of your Body, your Horns are a growing, your Bed is a going, your Heifer's a plowing.

St. A. Why, let her Plo-Plo-Plow on, if the Se-Se-Seed be well ſown, we ſhall have a good Cro-Crop.

Pol. Worſe and worſe: why then I'll roar out directly and raiſe the Neighbours —— Help, Ho Help! Murder! Murder! Fire! Fire! Fire! Cuckoldom! Cuckoldom! Thieves! Murder! Rapes! Cuckoldom!

Enter the Vidam *and* Bellamore. *The* Vidam *comes up to* Poltrot, *ſhoots off a Piſtol.* St. Andre *and* Poltrot *fall down together* —— Tournon *enters with the Ladies* —— Tournon *leads off the* Vidam *and* Bellamore.

Cel. Thieves, Thieves! Ho! *Jacques! Pedro* —— *Thoma* ——

El. Thieves, Thieves—— Wake! wake! my Lord.

St. A. Waking.] Why, what the Devil's the matter? Where am I?

El. O! you'll never leave this ill habit of walking in your Sleep—— 'Tis a Mercy we had not all been murder'd—— You went down in your Shirt, Sir, open'd the Door, and let in Rogues that had like to have cut all our Throats—— But for the future, I am reſolv'd to tie you to me with the Bed-Cord, rather than endure this ——

St. A. Where's *Poltrot?*

Cel. Murder'd, Sir, here! here! here! one of the Villains has diſcharg'd a Piſtol juſt in his Belly ——

St. A. Shot in the Guts! Lord bleſs us! here *Tom*, a Light! Light! Light! ſhot in the Guts ſay you ——

Pol. Oh! Oh —— Lower, lower, lower — Feel, feel, ſearch me, lower, lower.

St. A. Cold hereabouts —— Let's bear him to his Bed, and ſend for a Surgeon ——

Pol. Softly! ſoftly, ſoftly —— Come not near me Crocodil, Oh! Oh——

St. A. Unhappy Chance, no where but juſt in the Guts?

Pol. Yes, yes, yes, in the Head too, in the Head, Man, in the Head: Nay, and let me tell you, you had beſt ſearch your own, but bear me off, or I ſhall ſwoon, I feel ſomething trickle, trickle in my Breeches; Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE III.

Enter Nemours; Pedro *liſtning.*

Nem. Alas! Poor Prince, I proteſt the Violence of his Paſſion has caſt him in a Fever, he dies of it ——— And how then? Shall I marry the Princeſs of *Cleve*, or ſtick to *Marguerite* as we are? For 'tis moſt certain ſhe has rare Things in her, which I found by my laſt Experiment, and I love her more than ever, almoſt to Jealouſy: Beſides, *Tournon* tells me, the Dauphin begins to buz about her agen, and who knows but in this heat of hers, as ſhe ſays, ſhe will hang her ſelf out to Sale? but he may nick the time and buy her —— I like not that — No, I'll throw boldly, clear the Table if I can; if not, 'tis but at laſt forſwearing Play, ſhake off my new Acquaintance, and be eaſy with my Reſerve —— Hark, I am juſt upon the Bower-Muſick ———

Ped. I have hitherto obey'd my Maſter's Order; but I'm reſolv'd to dog him till he's lodg'd ———

Nem. Now do I know the Preciſe will call me damn'd Rogue for wronging my Friend, eſpecially ſuch a ſoft, ſweet-natur'd Friend, as this gentle Prince —— Verily, I ſay, they lye in their Throats; were the graveſt of 'em in my Condition, and thought it ſhou'd never be known, they wou'd rouze up the Spirit, caſt the dapper Cloak, leave off their humming and hawhing, and fall too like a Man of Honour. [*Exit.*

Ped. I'll face him till he enters the Bower, and then call my Lord.

SCENE, *The Bower, Lights, Song.*

The Princeſs of Cleve, Irene.

SONG.

Lovely Seli[illegible]a, Innocent, and Free
From all the dangerous Arts of Love,

Thus

Thus in a melancholy Grove
Enjoy'd the ſweetneſs of her Privacy,
Till th' envious Gods, deſigning to undo her,
Diſpatch'd the Swain, not unlike them, to woe her:
It was not long e're the deſign did take,
A gentle Youth born to perſuade,
Deceiv'd the too too eaſy Maid;
Her Scrip and Garlands ſoon ſhe did forſake,
And raſhly told the Secrets of her Heart,
Which the fond Man would evermore impart.
Falſe Florimel, *Joy of my Heart, ſaid ſhe,*
'Tis hard to love and love in vain,
To love and not be lov'd again;
And why ſhou'd Love and Prudence diſagree?
Pity ye Powers that ſit at eaſe above,
If e'er you knew what 'tis to be in Love.

Princeſs C. Alas! *Irene*, I do believe *Nemours*
The Man thou repreſentſt him; yet, O Heav'n!
And O my Heart! in ſpite of my Reſolves,
Spite of thoſe matchleſs Virtues of my Husband,
I love the Man my Reaſon bids me hate:
Yet grant me ſome few Hours ye Saints to live,
That I may try what Innocence ſo arm'd
As mine, with Vows, can do in ſuch a Cauſe!
The War's begun, the War of Love and Virtue,
And I am fixt to conquer or to die.

Irene. Your Fate is hard; and ſince you honour'd me
With the important Secret of your Life,
I've labour'd for the Remedy of Love.

Princeſs C. I muſt to death own thee my better Angel;
Thou know'ſt the Struglings of my wounded Soul,
Haſt ſeen me ſtrive againſt this lawleſs Paſſion,
Till I have lain like Slaves upon the Wrack,
My Veins half burſt, my weary Eye-balls fix'd,
My Brows all cover'd with big Drops of Sweat,
Which ſtrangling Grief wrung from my tortur'd Brain.

Irene. Alas! I weep to ſee you thus again.

Princeſs C. Thou haſt heard me curſe the Hour, when
the fatal charming Face of lov'd *Nemours*, (firſt I ſaw

Haſt

Haſt heard the Death-bed Counſel of my Mother.
Yet, what can this avail, ſpite of my Soul,
The nightly Warnings from her dreadful Shroud?
I love *Nemours*; I languiſh for *Nemours*;
And when I think to baniſh him my Breaſt,
My Heart rebels, I feel a gorging Pain
That choaks me up, Tremblings from Head to Foot,
A ſhog of Blood and Spirits, Madmens Fears,
Convulſions, gnawing Griefs, and angry Tears.

Enter Nemours.

Ha! but behold —— My Lord ——
Nem. Oh! pardon me, ſpare me a Minute's ſpace, and
Princeſs C. Is this a time, Sir? (I am gone.
Nem. Oh! I muſt ſpeak or die.
Princeſs C. Die then, e'er thus preſume to violate
The Honour of your Friend, your own and mine ——
Nem. Yet hear me; and I ſwear by all things ſacred,
Never to ſee you more.
Princeſs C. Speak then —— and keep your Word.
Horror and Death!
Nem. Did you but know what 'tis to love like me,
Without a dawn of Bliſs to dream all Day,
To paſs the Night in broken Sleeps away,
Toſs'd in the reſtleſs Tides of Hopes and Fears,
With Eyes for ever running o'er with Tears;
To leave my Couch, and fly to Beds of Flow'rs,
T' invoke the Stars, to curſe the dragging Hours,
To talk like Madmen to the Groves and Bow'rs.
Cou'd you know this, yet blame my tortur'd Love,
If thus it throws my Body at your Feet: Oh! fly not hence;
Vouchſafe but juſt to view me in Deſpair,
I ask not Love, but Pity from the Fair.
Princeſs C. O Heavens! inſpire my Heart.
Nem. The Heavenly Powers
Accept this pooreſt Sacrifice we bring,
A Slave to them's as welcome as a King.
Behold a Slave that glories in your Chains,
Ah! with ſome ſhew of Mercy view my Pains;

Your piercing Eyes have made their ſplendid way,
Where Lightning cou'd not paſs ———
Ev'n through my Soul their pointed Luſtre goes,
And ſacred Smart upon my Spirit throws;
Yet I your Wounds with as much Zeal deſire,
As Sinners that wou'd paſs to Bliſs through Fire.
Yes, Madam, I muſt love you to my Death,
I'll ſigh your Name with my laſt gaſp of Breath.

Princeſs C. No more, I have heard you, Sir, as you (deſir'd.

Enter the Prince of Cleve.

Reply not, but withdraw, if poſſible;
Fix to your Word, and let us truſt our Fates;
Be gone, I charge you, ſpeak not, but retire. [*Exit* Nem.

P. C. Excellent Woman, and Oh! matchleſs Friend,
Love, Friendſhip, Honour, Poiſon, Daggers, Death! [*Falls.*

Princeſs C. O Heaven! *Irene*, help! help the Prince, my Lord.
My deareſt *Cleve*, wake from this Dream of Death,
And hear me ſpeak ———

P. C. Curſe on my Diſpoſition,
That thus permits me bear the Wounds of Honour!
And Oh! thou fooliſh, gentle, love-ſick Heart,
Why didſt thou lett my Hand from ſtabbing both?

Princeſs C. Behold, my Lord, 'tis yet within your (Power
To give me Death ———

P. C. I do entreat thee leave me;
I'm bound for Death my ſelf, and I wou'd make
My Paſſage eaſy, if you wou'd permit me:
All that I ask thee for the Heart I gave thee,
And for the Life I love in thy behalf,
Is, that thou wou'dſt leave me to my ſelf a while,
And this poor honeſt Friend ———

Princeſs C. I wou'd obey you,
But cannot ſtir ——— I know, I know, my Lord,
You think that I deſign'd to meet *Nemours*
This Night; but by the Powers above I ſwear ———

P. C. O! do not ſwear; for, *Cherubs*, credit me,
There is a Power that can and will revenge;

Therefore,

Therefore, dear Soul, for I muſt love thee ſtill,
If thou wilt ſpeak, confeſs, repent thy Fault,
And thou, perhaps, may'ſt find a Door of Mercy
For me; by all my Hopes of Heaven, I ſwear,
I freely now forgive thee——— O! my Heart———
Pedro, thy Arm, let me to Bed———
Princeſs C. And do you then refuſe my Help?
P. C. In honour, *Chartres*, after ſuch a Fall,
I ought not to permit that thou ſhou'dſt touch me———
Princeſs C. But, Sir, I will, your Arm; I'll hold you
Thus in the cloſeſt, ſtricteſt, deareſt Claſps, (all
Nor ſhall you die believing my Diſhonour;
I ſwear I knew not of *Nemours* his coming,
Nor had I ſpoke thoſe Words which yet were guiltleſs,
Had he not vow'd never to ſee me more:
By our firſt Meeting, by our Nuptial Joys,
By my dead Mother's Ghoſt, by your own Spirit,
Which, Oh! I fear, is taking Leave for ever;
I ſwear that this is true———
P. C. I do believe thee;
Thou haſt ſuch Power, ſuch Charms in thoſe dear Lips,
As might perſuade me that I am not dying.
Off *Pedro*, by my moſt untimely Fate
I ſwear——I'm reconcil'd; and hark thee, *Cleve*,
If thou doſt marry, ha! I cannot ſpeak,
Away to Bed, yet love my Memory———
Princeſs C. To Bed, and muſt we part then?
P. C. Oh! we muſt———
Were I to live, I ſhou'd not ſee thee more———
But ſince I am dying, by this Kiſs I beg thee,
Nay, I command thee part; be gone and leave me.
Princeſs C. I go and leave thee this farewel Prayer be-
For me, if all I've ſaid be not moſt true, (hind me.
True as thou think'ſt me falſe, all Curſes on me!
The Whips of Conſcience, and the Stings of Pleaſure,
Sores and Diſtempers, Diſappointments plague me;
May all my Life be one continued Torment,
And that more racking than a Woman's Labour
In meeting Death may my leaſt Trouble be
As great as now my parting is with thee. [*Exeunt ſeve-*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Poltrot, Bellamore.

Bell. COME, come, take her into Grace agen, 'twas but a ſlip.

Pol. Take her into Grace agen! —— Why ſure you wou'd have her bring me to that paſs ſhe did in *England*, when my Lord *Hairbrain* us'd to keep me in awe, ſtand biting my Lips, twiſting my Hat, playing with my Thumbs, while they were at it, and I durſt not look behind me.

Bell. Mere Jealouſy; you ſay your ſelf you ſaw nothing.

Pol. No, Sir, I thank you, I had more care of my Throat, neither is this the firſt Fault: for once upon a time, a little while after we were marry'd, at *London* — a Pox o' that cuckolding *Trojan* Race; ſhe was talking to me one Day out of her Window more pleaſantly than ordinary —— and acted with her Head and Body wond'rous prettily —— Butting at me like a little Goat, while I butted at her agen. I being glad to find her in ſo good a Humour, what did I, Sir, but ſtole away, and came ſoftly up the Back-ſtairs, thinking to cry, Bo ——. But, Oh! Lord ——— How was I thunder-ſtruck, to find my Lord *Hairbrain* there all in a Sweat —— kiſſing and ſmacking, puffing and blowing ſo hard, you wou'd have ſworn they had been at Hot-cockles ——

Bell. A little familiar perhaps, things of Cuſtom ——

Pol. Ay, Sir, kiſs my Wife and welcome; but for the Zeal in her ſhogging and butting ——— *Nolt me tangere*, I cry —— I am ſure it ran ſo in my Imagination, I have been horn-mad ever ſince ——— Therefore ſpare your Pains, for I am reſolute.

Exit

Enter Celia.

Bell. See where ſhe comes, my Lord — But you are reſolved you ſay —— However, let me adviſe you, have a care of making her deſperate. [*Exit.*

Pol. Deſperate --- Damn her, Polluter of my Sheets --- Damn her.

Seek, *Celia*, not to ſhun me; for where-e'er you fly,
I'll follow ——— hang upon thy Knees and die.
Poltrot, behold ——— Ah! canſt thou ſee me kneel,
And yet no Bowels of Compaſſion feel?
Why doſt thou bluſter by me like a Storm,
And ruffle into Frowns that Godlike Form?
Why doſt thou turn away thoſe Eyes of thine,
In which Love's Glory, and its Conqueſts ſhine?

Cel. What is this thing call'd Woman? ſhe is worſe
Than all Ingredients ramm'd into a Curſe.
Were ſhe a Witch, a Baud, a Noſeleſs Whore,
I cou'd forgive her, ſo ſhe were no more:
But ſhe's far worſe; and will in time foreſtall
The Devil, and be damning of us all.

Cel. Yet Honour bids you ſink with her you call
So foul, whoſe Frailties you too ſharply nam'd;
Like *Adam*, you ſhou'd chuſe with her to fall,
And in meer Generoſity be damn'd.

Pol. No, by thy ſelf, and all alone be curſt,
And by the Winds thy Venom Duſt be hurl'd;
For thou'rt a Serpent equal to the firſt,
And haſt the Will to damn another World.

Cel. But am I not thy Wife? Let that atone ———

Pol. My dear damn'd Wife, I do confeſs thou art
Fleſh of my Fleſh, and Bone too of my Bone;
You'd mine had all been broke when firſt thou wert.

Cel. Why then, I'll change no longer; hark you, Sir, leave off your ſwelling, and frowning, and aukward ambling, and tell me in fine, whether you'll be reconcil'd, or no: for I'm reſolv'd to ſtoop no longer to an ungrateful Perſon.

Pol.

Pol. To your Husband, to your Head, to your Lord and Maſter, you will not, Goody *Bathſheba*; but you cou'd ſtoop your Swine's Fleſh laſt Night, you cou'd, to your rank Bravado, that wou'd have ſtruck his Tusks in my Guts: He had you with a Beck, a Snort; nay, o'my Conſcience, thou wou'dſt not give him time to ſpeak, but hunch'd him on the Side like a full-acorn'd Boar, cry'd Oh! and mounted ——

Cel. Are you reſolv'd then, never to take me into your Grace agen for one Slip?

Pol. No, I'm the Son of a carted Bawd if I do; a Slip do you call it? what when I heard the Bed crack with the Violence of my Cuckoldom! No, I will aſcend the Judge of my own Cauſe, proceed to Condemnation, and baniſh thee for ever the Confines of our Benevolence ——

Cel. What here, before the *Vidam* here?

Pol. Yes, Impudence, before the *Vidam*, and the Duke *Nemours*; nay, to thy eternal Confuſion, I will poſt thee in the Market-place: but firſt I'll find out *St. Andre*, and tell him the whole Matter, that he may know too what a Ram his bleſſed Ewe has made him; and then ——

Cel. And then I'll have your Throat cut.

Pol. Ha! Tygreſs, cut my Throat! why, thou She-Bear! thou Dam of Lions Whelps, thou Cormorant of Cormorants! why, what wilt thou devour me Horns and all?

Cel. He that miſs'd your Guts in the dark, ſhall take better aim at your Gullet by Day-light; nay, to thy Terror of Heart be it known, thou Monſter of Ill-nature, if I wou'd have conſented laſt Night to have run his Fortune, which is a ſmall one, he wou'd have murder'd thee in thy Bed, for I heard him ſpeak theſe very Words: Let him lie, *In Mortuis* —— *or in limbo Patrum* —— Where I muſt have pray'd for that unthankful Soul, or thou wou'dſt have been damn'd to all Eternity, dying ſuddenly and without Repentance ——

Pol. O Lord! O Lord! *In Mortuis, & in limbo Pa-* —— what, to be toſs'd on burning Pitch-forks for my Sins?

Sins? Why, what a bloody-minded Son of *Belial* is this?

Cel. In fine, ſince you will have the Truth, he has long had a Deſign upon both our Bodies, to raviſh mine, and rip open your's.

Pol. Why, then he's a Cannibal; Lord! Lord! Lord! Lord! why, what Pleaſure can it be to any Man to rip me open? to raviſh thee indeed, there's ſome ſenſe in that —— But there's none in ripping me open; why, this is ſuch a brutiſh Cruelty ——

Cel. Rogue, and ſo I told him —— Therefore when he found that nothing cou'd make me conſent to your Murder, he ſwore, and caught me by the Hair, if I ſtirr'd, or made the leaſt Noiſe, he wou'd murder us all, ſet the Houſe o' Fire, and ſo leave us to our ſelves ——

Pol. And ſo thou wert forc'd to conſent: why, then by this Kiſs, I ſwear from my Soul, which might have been damn'd as thou ſay'ſt: but for thee, I forgive thee —— And what was he that cuckolded *St. Andre*, ſuch another *Mephoſtophilus* as this too?

Cel. Oh! my Dear, there are not ſuch a pair of Fiends upon Earth agen — Why, they look upon't as a favour to our Sex if they raviſh a Woman; for you muſt know they were formerly Heads of the Banditti ——

Pol. Well, and I muſt praiſe thy Diſcretion in ſacrificing thy Body; for o' my Conſcience, if they had ſeen this Smock-Face of mine, I had gone to pot too before my Execution.

Cel. They ſent their Pages this Morning to know whether it was our Pleaſure to have your Throats cut: But we anſwered 'em, all was well, and deſir'd 'em as ever they hop'd to ſee us agen, to ſtir no further in the Matter.

Pol. Mum, mum, dear ſweet Soul, ſecure my Life, and thou ſhalt command me for the future with as full a ſwing as thou canſt deſire; only like thoſe that uſe that Exerciſe, let it be to and fro, ſometimes at home, and ſometimes abroad, and we'll be as merry as the Day is long.

Cel. Be thou but true to me, and like the *Indian* Wives I'll not out-live thee ——

Your

Pol. And I'll ſwear now, that was kindly ſaid, as I hope for Mercy, but it makes me weep! what burn for me——And ſhall I not return? I will, I will, I will return when thou doſt burn;

Enter St. Andre, Elianor.

Nay, when thy Body in the Fire appears,
My Ghoſt ſhall riſe and quench it with his Tears.

St. A. All Fleſh is Graſs, that's certain, we're all mortal, the Court's in Mourning for the Prince of *Cleve*, the *Vidam.* of *Chartres* is extreamly griev'd——hark you, *Poltrot*, ſure as I am alive he dy'd of Jealouſy. Well *Nelly*, for this laſt Care of thine, I ſwear to be conſtant to thy Sheets; and as thou ſay'ſt, I think it will not be amiſs to tye me to thee now and then, for fear of the worſt—ha! *Poltrot*——

Pol. Ha! Bully, I heard your kind Expreſſions to your *Nelly*; and I'll ſwear I'll vie thee, with who ſhall love moſt, for I'll ſwear theſe daily Examples make my Hair ſtand an end——Cut my Throat, and rip me open, he ſhall cuckold me all over firſt, like the Man in the *Almanack*; nay, he ſhall raviſh me while I hold the Door to my own deflow'ring.

SCENE II.

Enter Nemours, Tournon.

Nem. Reſolv'd never to ſee me more, and give up her Honour to the Dauphin, that paling ſniveling Prince, that looks as if he ſuck'd ſtill, or were always in a Milk-Diet, for the Sins of his *Florentine* Mother!

Tour. Bleſs me, you are jealous.

Nem. I confeſs it——The laſt time I had her in Diſguiſe, ſhe made ſuch Diſcoveries as I ſhall never forget: Loſe her I muſt not, no, I'll loſe a Limb firſt; therefore go tell her, tell her the Prince of *Cleve*'s Death has wrought my Converſion, I grow weary of my wild Courtſhips, repent of my Sins, am reſolved to leave off whoring, and marry the Wife——

Tour.

Tour. So the Town talks, indeed.

Nem. The Town is as it always was and will be, a Talk, a Hum, a Buz, and a great Lye——Do as I bid thee, and tell her, juſt as you left me, I was going to make my Court to the Princeſs upon her Husband's Tomb, which is true too, I mean a Viſit by the way of Conſolation; not but I knew it the only Opportunity to catch a Woman in the undreſs of her Soul: nay, I wou'd chuſe ſuch a time for my Life, and 'tis like the reſt of thoſe Starts, and one of the Secrets of their Nature ——— Why they melt, nay, in Plagues, Fire, Famine, War, or any great Calamity —— Mark it ——— Let a Man ſtand but right before 'em, and like hunted Hares they run into his Lap.

Tour. But who's the Inſtrument to bring you to her?

Nem. Her Uncle, the *Vidam*, ſhe lies at his Houſe immur'd in a dark Room, with her Husband's Image in her view, and ſo reſolves, he ſays, for Death. However I'll ſound her in the Ebb of her Soul; if my Boat run aground 'tis but calling for *Marguerite*, and ſhe'll weep a Tide that ſhall ſet me afloat agen——As thus, I'll lay the Dauphin in her Diſh, noſe her in the Tiptoe of her Pride, railing, lying, laming, hanging, drowning, dying, and ſhe comes about agen. [*Exit.*

Tour. Go thy ways, *Petronius*; nay, if he were dying too, with his Veins cut, he wou'd call for Wine, Fiddles, and Whores, and laugh himſelf into the other World.

Enter La March.

Where's *Marguerite?*

La M. She follows like a Wind, with ſwollen Cheeks, ruffled Hair, and glaring Eyes; the Princeſs of *Cleve* has found her Fury, nor will ſhe yet believe it.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Princeſs of *Cleve*, *Irene* in Mourning. SONG, as the Princeſs kneels at the State.

I.

WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For Strephon's *now no more;*
Your Treſſes ſpread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore:
See, ſee, upon the craggy Rocks,
Each Goddeſs ſtripp'd appears;
They beat their Breaſts, and rend their Locks,
And ſwell the Sea with Tears.

II.

The God of Love *that fatal Hour,*
When this poor Youth was born,
Had ſworn, by Styx, *to ſhow his Power,*
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn:
For Strephon's *Breaſt he arm'd his Dart,*
And watch'd him as they came;
He cry'd, and ſhot him through the Heart,
Thy Blood ſhall quench my Flame.

III.

On Stella's *Lap he laid his Head,*
And looking in her Eyes,
He cry'd, Remember when I'm dead,
That I deſerve the Prize:
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran,
He ſigh'd, You love, 'tis true;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah! he loves not you.

CHORUS.

Why ſhould all things bow to Love,
Men below, and Gods above?

Why ſhould all things bow to Love?
Death and Fate more awful move;
Death below, and Fate above,
Death below, and Fate above.
Mortals, Mortals, try your Skill,
Seeking Good, or ſhunning Ill,
Fate will be the Burden ſtill,
Will be the Burden ſtill;
Fate will be the Burden ſtill,
Fate will be the Burden ſtill.

Princeſs C. Dead, thou dear Lord!——Yet from thy
If any thing on Earth be worth thy View, (Throne of Bliſs,
Look down and hear me, hear my Sighs and Vows,
Till Death has made me cold, and wax like thee:
Water ſhall be my Drink, and Herbs my Food,
The Marble of my Chapel be my Bed,
The Altar-Steps my Pillows; while all Night
Stretch'd out, I groaning lie upon the Floor,
Beat my ſwoll'n Breaſts, and thy dear Loſs deplore.
Iren. Ah! Madam, what a Life have you propos'd?
Princeſs C. Too little all for an Offence like mine;
Yet Death has made me cold, and wax like thee:
For Oh! *Irene*, where's the Joy? I find it here,
Yes, I ſhall die without thoſe violent Means,
That might have hazarded my Soul——O Heaven——
O thou that ſeeſt my Heart, and know'ſt my Terrors,
Wilt thou forgive thoſe Crimes I cou'd not help,
And wou'd not hide?
Iren. Doubt not but your Account
Shall ſtand as fair in his eternal Book,
As any Saints above——
Princeſs C. Take, take me then
From this bad World, quench theſe rebellious Thoughts;
For Oh! I have a Pang, a longing Wiſh.
To ſee the luckleſs Face of lov'd *Nemours*;
To gaze a while, and take one laſt Farewel,
Like one that is to loſe a Limb——'Tis gone.——
It was corrupt, a Gangrene to my Honour:
Yet I methinks wou'd view the bleeding Part,

Shudder a little——weep——and grudge at Parting:
But by the Soul of my triumphant Saint,
I ſwear this longing is without a Guilt,
Nor ſhall it ever be by my Appointment.

Enter Nemours.

Iren. But if he ſhou'd attempt this cruel Viſit,
How wou'd your Heart receive him?
Princeſs C. With ſuch Temper,
So clear and calm in height of my Misfortune,
As thou thy ſelf perhaps wou'dſt wonder at.
Iren. Ha! but he's here——
Princeſs C. Is't poſſible, my Lord?
Has then my Uncle thus betray'd my Honour?
Nem. Start not, nor wonder, Madam, but forgive
The *Vidam* who has thus entrapt your Virtue,
To end a ſing'ring Wretch——that dies for Love——
Princeſs C. For Love, my Lord? is this a time for Love,
In Tears and Blacks, the Livery of Death?
But what's your hope, if I ſhou'd ſtay to hear you?
Ah! what can you expect from rigorous Virtue,
From Chaſtity as cold as *Cleve* himſelf?
You that are made, my Lord, for other Pleaſures——
Nem. Is this then the Reward of all my Paſſion?
As if there cou'd be any Happineſs
For this diſconſolate deſpairing Wretch,
But in your Love alone?
Princeſs C. You're pleas'd, my Lord,
That I ſhould entertain you, and I will,
Before this dear Remembrancer of *Cleve*:
We'll talk of murder'd Love——And you ſhall hear
From this abandon'd Part of him that was,
How much you have been lov'd.
Nem. Ha! Madam——
Princeſs C. Yes, ſighing I ſpeak it, Sir, you have inſpir'd
With ſomething which I never felt before,
That pleas'd and pain'd the Quicknings of firſt Love;
Nor fear'd him then, when with his Infant-Beams,
He dawn'd upon my chill and ſenſeleſs Blood.

But

But Oh! when he had reach'd his fierce Meridian,
How different was his Form! that Angel Face,
With theſe ſhort Rays, ſhot to a glaring God.
I grew inflam'd, burnt inward, and the Breath
Of the grown Tyrant parch'd my Heart to Aſhes.
Nor need I bluſh to make you this Confeſſion,
Becauſe, my Lord, 'tis done without a Crime.

Nem. Becauſe of this moſt bleſt Diſcovery,
I am reſolv'd to kneel an Age before you.

Princeſs C. Riſe, I conjure you, riſe, I've told you nothing,
But what you knew, my Lord, too well before:
Not but I always vow'd to keep thoſe Rules
My Duty ſhou'd preſcribe.

Nem. Strike me not dead,
With Duty's Name, by Heaven I ſwear you're free
As Air, as Water, Winds, or open Wilds;
There is no Form of Obligation now.
Nay, let me ſay, for Duty: O forgive me,
'Tis utmoſt Duty now to keep my Love
You have confeſs'd for me.

Princeſs C. 'Tis Duty's Charge,
The Voice of Honour, and the Cry of Love,
That I ſhou'd fly from *Paris* as a Peſt,
That I ſhou'd wear theſe Rags of Life away
In ſunleſs Caves, in Dungeons of Deſpair,
Where I ſhou'd never think of Marriage.
But more particularly that of you,
For Reaſons yet unknown.

Nem. Unknown they are,
And wou'd to Heaven they might be ever ſo,
Since 'tis impoſſible they ſhou'd be juſt;
Nay, Madam, let me ſay the Ghoſt of *Cleve*— (Name,

Princeſs C. Ah! Sir, how dare you mention that dear
That drains my Eyes, and cries to Heaven for Blood;
Name it no more without the Conſequence,
For 'tis but too too true, you were the Cauſe
Of *Cleve*'s untimely Death, I ſwear I think
No leſs than if you had ſtabb'd him through the Heart.

Nem. O! cruel Princeſs! but why ſhou'd I anſwer,
When thus you raiſe the Shadow of a Reaſon

To ruin me for ever? Is it a Fault
To love? then blame not me: No, Madam, no,
But blame your ſelf, who told it to your Husband;
But Oh! you wou'd not argue thus againſt me
If ever you had lov'd.——
You have deceiv'd your ſelf and flatter'd me;
Why am I thrown elſe from the glorious Height,
Snatch'd in a Moment from my bliſsful State,
And hurl'd like Lightning by the Hand of Fate?
Princeſs C. Be ſatisfy'd, my Lord, you are not flatter'd;
I have ſuch Love for you, that Duty's Bar
Wou'd prove too weak to hinder our Engagement:
But there is more——
Nem. More Fancy, more Chimera!
But let it come, I'll ſtand the ſtalking Nothing,
And when the bladder'd Air wou'd turn the Ballance,
I'll caſt in Love, ſubſtantial, pondrous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam.
But ſpeak, and if a Hell of Separation
Muſt part my Soul and Body, do not wrack me,
But let the Poiſon ſteal into my Veins,
And damn me mildly, Madam, as you can.
Princeſs C. Hear then my Boſom-thought—'Tis the laſt (time
I e'er ſhall ſee you, and 'tis a poor Reward
For ſuch a Love; yet, Sir, 'tis all I have,
And you muſt ask no more.
Nem. Be witneſs, Heaven,
Of my Obedience; I will ask her nothing.
Princeſs C. Know then, my Lord, you're free, and I am (ſo,
Free from the eternal Bond of Marriage——
My Heart too is inclin'd by Love like yours,
Nor can I fear the cenſuring World ſhou'd blame us.
But now, my Lord, what Power on Earth can give
Security that Bond ſhall prove eternal?
Nem. Ha! Madam.
Princeſs C. Silence, ſilence, I command you;
No, no, *Nemours*, I know the World too well,
You have a Senſe too nice for long Enjoyment:
Cleve was the Man that only cou'd love long;
Nor can I think his Paſſion would have laſted,

But

But that he found I could have none for him.
'Tis Obſtacle, Aſcent, and Lets and Bars,
That whet the Appetite of Love and Glory;
Theſe are the Fuel for that fiery Paſſion:
But when the flaſhy Stubble we remove,
The God goes out, and there's an end of Love.

Nem. Ah, Madam! I'm not able to contain,
But muſt perforce break your Commands to anſwer;
Once to be yours, is to be for ever yours,
Yours only, without thought of other Woman.

Princeſs C. Why this ſounds well, and natural: till you're
But Oh! when one Satiety has pall'd you, (cloy'd,
You ſicken at each View, and ev'ry Glance
Betrays your guilty Soul, and ſays you loath her.
I know it, Sir, you have the well-bred Caſt
Of Gallantry and Parts to gain Succeſs;
And do but think when various Forms have charm'd you,
How I ſhould bear the croſs Returns of Love?

Nem. Ah, Madam, now I find you are prejudic'd to blaſt
Princeſs C. 'Tis Reaſon, all calm Reaſon; (my Hopes.
Nature affirms no violent Thing can laſt,
I know't, I ſee't, ev'ry new Face that came
Wou'd charm you from me——ha! and cou'd I love
To ſee that fatal Day, and ſee you ſcorn me,
To hear the Ghoſt of *Cleve* each Hour upbraid me?
No, 'tis impoſſible, with all my Paſſion,
Not to ſubmit to theſe Almighty Reaſons;
For this I brave your nobleſt Qualities,
I'll keep your Form at diſtance, curb my Soul,
Deſpair of Smiles and Tears, and Prayers and Oaths,
And all the Blandiſhments of perjur'd Love:
I will, I muſt, I ſhall, nay, I can,
Defy to Death the lovely Traytor Man.

Nem. No, Madam, think not you ſhall carry't thus;
'Tis not allowable, 'tis paſt example,
'Tis moſt unnatural, unjuſt and monſtrous;
And were the reſt of Woman thus reſolv'd,
You wou'd deſtroy the Purpoſe of Creation.
What, when I have the Happineſs to pleaſe,
When Heaven and Earth combine to make us happy, Will

Will you defeat the aim of Deſtiny,
By moſt unparallel'd Extremes of Virtue,
Which therefore take away its very Being
Princeſs C. Away, I muſt not anſwer, but conjure you
Never to ſeek occaſion more to ſee me:
Farewel —— 'Tis paſt
Nem. I cannot let you go:
I'll follow on my Knees, and hold your Robe,
Till you have promis'd me that I ſhall ſee you,
To ſhew you how each Day by ſlow degrees
I die away. This you ſhall grant, by Heaven!
Or you ſhall ſee my Blood let out before you.
Or you ..... why muſt it
Princeſs C. Alas! *Nemours*, O Heav'n! ... ...
That I ſhou'd charge you with the Death of *Cleve?* (he,
Alas! why met we not e'er I engaged
To my dead Lord? and why did Fate divide us?
Nem. Fate does not, no ——
'Tis you that croſs both Fortune, Heaven and Fate;
'Tis you obſtruct my Bliſs, 'tis you impoſe
Such Laws as neither Senſe nor Virtue warrant.
Princeſs C. 'Tis true, my Lord, I offer much to Duty,
Which but ſubſiſts in Thought; therefore have Patience,
Expect what time, with ſuch a Love as mine,
May work in your behalf; my Husband's Death
So bleeding, freſh I ſee in the Pangs;
Nay, look, methinks I ſee his Image riſe,
And point an everlaſting Separation:
Yet Oh! it ſhall not be without a Tear.
Nem. Oh! Stay.
Princeſs C. Let go, believe no other Man
Cou'd thus have wrought me, but your ſelf, to Love ——
Nem. Stay then.
Princeſs C. I dare not —— Think I love you ſtill.
Nem. I do —— But ſtay and ſpeak it o'er again ——
Princeſs C. Believe that I ſhall love you to my Death.
Nem. I will; but live and love me.
Princeſs C. Off, I charge you,
Believe this parting wounds me like the Fate
Of *Cleve*, or worſe: believe; but Oh! Farewel ——
Nem. Believe, but what? That laſt Thought I implore.

Princeſs

Princeſs C. Believe that you ſhall never ſee me more.
[*Exit.*

Enter Vidam.

Vid. Well, and how goes the Game? What, on the Knee, a gather'd Brow, and a large Dew upon it? Nay, then you're a Loſer.

Nem. Didſt thou ſee her paſs?

Vid. I did —— ſhe wrung me by the Hand and ſigh'd, then look'd back twice, and totter'd on the Threſhold at the Door.

Nem. Believe that you ſhall never ſee me more!—ſhe lyes; I'll wager my Eſtate, I bed her eighteen Months three Weeks hence, at half an Hour paſt Two in the Morning.

Vid. Why Faith, and that's as exact as e'er an Aſtrologer of 'em all.

Nem. Give me thy Hand, *Vidam*, I know the Souls of Women better than they know themſelves;
I know the Ingredients juſt that make them up,
All to looſe Grains, the ſubtleſt volatile Atoms,
With the whole miſh-maſh of their Compoſition.
Hark there without, the Voice of *Marguerite*:
Now thou ſhalt ſee a Battle worth the gazing;
Mark but how eaſily my Reaſon flings her,
And yet at laſt I'll ſwing her into Friendſhip
Becauſe I love her ——

Enter Bellamore.

Bell. The Princeſs —— ſhall I ſtop her?

Nem. No, let her come,
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum ——
Like the Fanatick, I'll but rub me down,
And then have at her; *Vidam*, ſtay you here ——
By Heaven I'm jealous of this changeable Stuff,
Therefore the hits will be the livelier o' both ſides:
The Dauphin; but no more —— ſhe comes, ſhe comes.

Enter Marguerite *puſhing* Bellamore.

Marg. Be gone, Villain, Devil, Fury, Monſter of a Man.

Nem. But hear me ſix Words in private.

Enter Poltrot, Celia.

Pol. And I ſwear by this laſcivious bit of Beauty, I will cleave to my *Celia*, for better for worſe, in Serge, Grogrum or Crape, tho a Queen ſhou'd come in my way in beaten Gold ——.

Nem. What then, Gentlemen, I perceive there has been Wars at Home ——

Pol. Not a Battle, my Lord, only a Charge, a Charge ſounded, or ſo.

Nem. What, was it thro a Trumpet, or a Horn, Sir?

Pol. A Horn, Sir, a Horn, Sir! no, Sir, 'twas not a Horn, Sir —— Only, my *Celia*, was a little diſdainful, but we are Friends agen, Sir: and what then, Sir?

Nem. Come, come, all Friends; were *Tournon* here I wou'd forgive her; a little Scorn in a pretty Woman, ſo it be not too much affected, is a Charm to new Friendſhip; therefore let each Man take his fair one by the Hand, thas lay it to his Lips, and ſwear a whole Life's Conſtancy ——

St. A. As I will to my *Nelly*, tho I haul Cats at Sea, or cry Small-coal; and for him that upbraids her, I'll have more Bobs, than *Democritus*, when he cry'd Poor *Jack*. There's more Pride in *Diogenes*, or under a Puritan's Cap, than in a King's Crown.

Nem. For my part, the Death of the Prince of *Cleve*, upon ſecond Thoughts, has truly wrought a change in me, as nothing elſe but a Miracle cou'd —— For firſt, I ſee and loath my Debaucheries —— Next, while I am in Health, I am reſolv'd to give Satisfaction to all I have wrong'd; and firſt to this Lady, whom I will make my Wife before all this Company e'er we part —— This, I hope, whenever I die, will convince the World of the Ingenuity of my Repentance, becauſe I had the power to go on.

He well repents that will not ſin, yet can;
But Death-bed Sorrows rarely ſhew the Man.

Lycius

Lucius Junius Brutus,

Father of his Country.

A

TRAGEDY.

——— Cæloque invectus aperto
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.
Virg. lib. 4.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of Dorſet *and* Middleſex. *One of the Gentlemen of his Majeſty's Bed-Chamber*, &c.

My Lord,

WITH an Aſſurance I hope becoming the Juſtice of my Cauſe I lay this Tragedy at your Lordſhip's Feet, not as a common Perſecution, but as an Offering ſuitable to your Virtue, and worthy of the Greatneſs of your Name. There are ſome Subjects that require but half the Strength of a great Poet; but when *Greece* or Old *Rome* come in play, the Nature, Wit and Vigour of foremoſt *Shakeſpear*, the Judgment and Force of *Johnſon*, with all his borrowed Maſtery from the Antients, will ſcarce ſuffice for ſo terrible a Grapple. The Poet muſt elevate his Fancy with the mightieſt Imagination, he muſt run back ſo many hundred Years,

Years, take a juſt Proſpect of the Spirit of thoſe Times without the leaſt Thought of ours; for, if his Eye ſhould ſwerve ſo low, his Muſe will grow giddy with the Vaſtneſs of the Diſtance, fall at once, and for ever loſe the Majeſty of the firſt Deſign. He that will pretend to be a Critick of ſuch a Work muſt not have a Grain of *Cecilius*, he muſt be *Longinus* throughout, or Nothing, where even the niceſt, beſt Remarks muſt paſs but for Allay to the Imperial Fury of this old *Roman* Gold. There muſt be no Droſs through the whole Maſs, the Furnace muſt be juſtly heated, and the Bullion ſtamp'd with an unerring Hand. In ſuch a Writing there muſt be Greatneſs of Thought without Bombaſt, Remoteneſs without Monſtrouſneſs; Virtue arm'd with Severity, not in Iron Bodies; ſolid Wit without modern Affectation; Smoothneſs without Gloſs, ſpeaking out without cracking the Voice, or ſtraining the Lungs. In ſhort, my Lord, he that will write as he ought on ſo noble an Occaſion, muſt write like you. But I fear there are few that know how to copy after ſo great an Original as your Lordſhip; becauſe there is ſcarce one Genius extant of your own Size that can follow you *paſſibus æquis*; that has the Felicity and Maſtery of the old Poets, or can half match the Thoughtfulneſs of your Soul. How far ſhort I am caſt of ſuch inimitable Excellence, I muſt with Shame, my Lord, confeſs I am but too ſenſible. Nature, 'tis believ'd (if I am not flattered, and do not flatter myſelf) has not been niggardly to me in the Portion of a Genius; tho I have been ſo far from improving it, that I am half afraid I have loſt of the Principal. It behoves me then for the future to

to look about me, to ſee whether I am a Lag in the Race, to look up to your Lordſhip, and ſtrain upon the Track of ſo fair a Glory. I muſt acknowledge, however I have behav'd my ſelf in drawing, nothing ever preſented it ſelf to my Fancy with that ſolid Pleaſure, as *Brutus* did in ſacrificing his Sons. Before I read *Machivel*'s Notes upon the Place, I concluded it the greateſt Action that was ever ſeen throughout all Ages on the greateſt Occaſion. For my own Endeavour, I thought I never painted any Man ſo to the Life before.

Vis & Tarquinios reges, animamque ſuperbam
Ultoris Bruti, faſceſque videre receptos?
Infelix utcunque ferent ea facta minores?

No doubt that Divine Poet imagined it might be too great for any People but his own, perhaps I have found it ſo, but *Johnſon*'s *Cataline* met no better Fate, as his Motto from *Horace* tells us.

——— *His non plebecula gaudet, &c.*

Nay, *Shakeſpear*'s *Brutus* with much ado beat himſelf into the Heads of a blockiſh Age, ſo knotty were the Oaks he had to deal with. For my own Opinion, in ſpite of all the Obſtacles my Modeſty could raiſe, I could not help inſerting a Vaunt in the Title Page, *Cæloque, &c.*

And having gain'd the Liſt that he deſign'd,
Soar'd as the Billows driving with the Wind,
Alloos'd the Muſe that wing'd his free-born
Mind.

On

On this I arm'd, and reſolv'd not to be ſtirr'd with the little Exceptions of a ſparkiſh Generation, that have an Antipathy to Thought: But, alas, how frail are our beſt Reſolves in our own Concerns? I ſhow'd no Paſſion outward; but whether through an Over-Conceit of the Work, or becauſe perhaps there was indeed ſome Merit, the Fire burnt inward, and I was troubled for my dumb Play, like a Father for his dead Child. 'Tis enough that I have eas'd my Heart by this Dedication to your Lordſhip. I comfort my ſelf too, whatever our partial Youth alledge, your Lordſhip will find ſomething in it worth your Obſervation; which with my future Diligence, Reſolution to Study, Devotion to Virtue, and your Lordſhip's Service, may render me not altogether unworthy the Protection of your Lordſhip.

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble,

And Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Duke*.

LOng has the Tribe of Poets on the Stage
Groan'd under perſecuting Criticks Rage;
But with the Sound of Railing and of Rhyme,
Like Bees united by the tinckling Chime,
The little ſtinging Inſects ſwarm the more,
And Buz is greater than it was before.
But oh! you leading Voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much Wit;
That well-affected Members do ſeduce,
And with your Malice poiſon half the Houſe;
Know your ill-manag'd arbritrary Sway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this Day:
Rulers of abler Conduct we will chuſe,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muſe;
Women for Ends of Government more fit,
Women ſhall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give Laws to Love, and Influence to Wit.
Find me one Man of Senſe in all your Roll,
Whom ſome one Woman has not made a Fool.
Even Buſineſs, that intolerable Load,
Under which Man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they can manage would they pleaſe;
'Tis not their want of Wit, but love of Eaſe.
For, ſpite of Art, more Wit in them appears;
Tho we boaſt ours, and they diſſemble theirs:
Wit once was ours, and ſhot up for a while,
Sow'd low in a hot and barren Soil;
But tranſplanted to a richer Ground,
Has in their Eden its Perfection found.

And

And 'tis but juſt they ſhou'd our Wit invade,
Whilſt we ſet up their painting, patching Toade;
As for our Courage, to our Shame 'tis known,
As they can raiſe it, they can pull it down.
At their own Weapons they our Bullies awe
Faith, let them make an antiſalick Law,
Preſcribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,
And wear the Breeches, as they wear the Bays.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Barrey*.

NO cringing Sirs, the Poet's Champion I
Have ſworn to ſtand; and ev'ry Judge defy;
But why each bulying Critick ſhou'd I name
A Judge whoſe only Buſineſs is to damn?
While you your arbitrary Fiſt advance
At Wit, and duſt it like a Boor of France;
Who, without ſhew of Reaſon or Pretence,
Condemn a Man to die for ſpeaking Senſe;
Howe'er we term'd you once the Wiſe, the Strong,
Since we have born your Impotence too long:
You that above your Sires preſume to ſoar,
And are but Copies dawb'd in Miniature;
You that have nothing right in [illegible],
But only to be reſolute in wrong:
Who Senſe affect with ſuch an awkard Air,
As if a Frenchman *ſhould become ſevere;*
Or an Italian *make his Wife a Jeſt,*
Like Spaniards *pleaſant, or like* Dutchmen *dreſt;*
That rank the nobleſt Poets with the vile,
And look your ſelves in a Plebeian *Stile;*
But with an Oath ——

falſe

False as your Wit and Judgment now I ſwear,
By the known Maidenheads of each Theatre;
Nay, by my own, the Poets ſhall not ſtand,
Like Shrovetide *Cocks, the Palt of every Hand.*
Let not the purblind Critick's Sentence paſs,
That ſhoots the Poet thro an Optick Glaſs;
No Peals of ill-plac'd Praiſe from Galleries come,
Nor Punk below to clap or hiſs preſume;
Let her not cackle as the Fops that ſtout her,
Nor cluck the Squires that uſe to Pipp about her;
No full-blown Blockhead, bloated, like an Ox,
Traverſe the Pit with Damme, What a Pox.
Know then for e'ry Miſdemeanor here.
I'll be more ſtabbing, ſharp, and more ſevere,
Than the fell She that on her Keeper comes,
Who in his Drink laſt Night laid waſte her Rooms,
Thunder'd her China, damn'd her Quality,
Her Glaſſes broke, and tore her Point Venie;
That dragg'd her by the Hair, and broke her Head,
A Chamber Lion, but a Lamb in Bed:
Like her I'll teize you for your Midnight ſtorming,
For your all talking, and your no performing;
You that with monſtrous Judgment force the Stage,
You fribling, fumbling Keepers of the Age.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lucius Junius Brutus,		Mr. *Betterton.*
Titus,		Mr. *Smith.*
Tiberius,		Mr. *Williams.*
Collatinus,		Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Valerius,		Mr. *Gillow.*
Horatius,		Mr. *Norris.*
Aquilius.		
Vitellius.		
Junius.		
Fecilian Prieſts,	Mr. *Percival,*	Mr. *Freeman.*
Vindicius,		Mr. *Nokes.*
Fabritius,		Mr. *Jeron.*
Citizens, *&c.*		

WOMEN.

Sempronia,	Lady *Slingsby.*
Lucretia,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Veramilia,	Mrs. *Barrey.*

SCENE, ROME.

Lucius

Lucius Junius Brutus,

Father of his Country.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Titus *and* Teraminta.

Tit. O *Teraminta*, why this Face of Tears?
Since firſt I ſaw thee, till this happy Day,
Thus haſt thou paſs'd thy melancholy Hours;
Ev'n in the Court retir'd; ſtretched on a Bed
In ſome dark Room, with all the Curtains drawn;
Or in ſome Garden o'er a flowry Bank,
Melting thy Sorrows in the murmuring Stream;
Or in ſome pathleſs Wilderneſs amuſing,
Plucking the moſſy Bark of ſome old Tree,
Or poring, like a *Sybil*, on the Leaves:
What, now the Prieſt ſhou'd join us! O, the Gods!
What can you proffer me in vaſt Exchange
For ruing Night? Not all the Days
Of owing Kings, of conquering Generals,
Not all the Expectation of hereafter

With

With what bright Fame can give in th' other World,
Should purchaſe thee this Night one Minute from me.
Ter. O *Titus!* if ſince firſt I ſaw the Light,
Since I began to think on my Misfortunes,
And take a Proſpect of my certain Woes,
If my ſad Soul has entertain'd a Hope
Of Pleaſure here, or harbour'd any Joy,
But what the Preſence of my *Titus* gave me;
Add, add, you cruel Gods, to what I bear,
And break my Heart before him.
Tit. Break firſt th' eternal Chain; for when thou'rt gone,
The World to me is *Chaos*. Yes, *Teraminta*,
So cloſe the everlaſting Siſters wove us,
Whene'er we part, the Strings of both muſt crack.
Once more I do intreat thee give the Grave
Thy Sadneſs; let me preſs thee in my Arms,
My faireſt Bride, my only Lightneſs here,
Tune of my Heart, and Charmer of my Eyes.
Nay, thou ſhalt learn the Extaſy from me;
I'll make thee ſmile with my extravagant Paſſion,
Drive thy pale Fears away; and e'er the Morn
I ſwear, O *Teraminta*, O my Love,
Cold as thou art, I'll warm thee into Bluſhes.
Ter. O *Titus!* may I, ought I to believe you?
Remember, Sir, I am the Blood of *Tarquin*,
The baſeſt too.
Tit. Thou art the Blood of Heaven,
The kindeſt Influence of the teeming Stars:
No Seed of *Tarquin*; no, 'tis forg'd t' abuſe thee:
A God thy Father was, a Goddeſs was his Wife;
The Wood-Nymphs found thee on a Bed of Roſes,
Lapt in the Sweets and Beauties of the Spring;
Diana foſter'd thee with Nectar Dews,
Thus tender, blooming, chaſte, ſhe gave thee me,
To build a Temple ſacred to her Name;
Which I will do, and wed thee there again,
Ter. Swear then, my *Titus*, ſwear you'll ne'er (me;
Swear that your Love ſhall laſt like mine for
No turn of State or Empire, no Misfortune,
Shall ever eſtrange you from me: Swear, I ſay;

That

That if you ſhould prove falſe, I may at leaſt
Have ſomething ſtill to anſwer to my Fate;
Swear, ſwear, my Lord, that you will never hate me,
But to your Death ſtill cheriſh in your Boſom
The poor, the fond, the wretched *Teraminta.*

Tit. Till Death! nay, after Death, if poſſible.
Diſſolve me ſtill with Queſtions of this Nature,
While I return my Anſwer all in Oaths:
More than thou canſt demand I ſwear to do.
This Night, this Night ſhall tell thee how I love thee:
When Words are at a Loſs, and the mute Soul
Pours out her ſelf in Sighs and gaſping Joys,
Life graſps the Pangs of Bliſs, and murmering Pleaſures:
Thou ſhalt confeſs all Language then is vile,
And yet believe me moſt without my vowing.

Enter Brutus *with a* Flamen.

But ſee, my Father with a *Flamen* here!
The Court comes on; let's ſlip the buſy Croud,
And ſteal into th' eternal Knot of Love. [*Exeunt.*

Brut. Did *Sextus*, ſay'ſt thou, lie at *Collatia*,
At *Collatine*'s Houſe laſt Night?

Fla. My Lord, he did:
Where he, with *Collatine*, and many others,
Had been ſome Nights before.

Brut. Ha! if before,
Why did he come again?

Fla. Becauſe, as Rumour ſpreads,
He fell moſt paſſionately in Love with her.

Brut. What then?

Fla. Why, is't not ſtrange?

Brut. Is ſhe not handſome?

Fla. Oh! very handſome.

Brut. Then 'tis not ſtrange at all:
What, for a King's Son to love another Man's Wife!
Why, Sir, I've known the King has done the ſame.
Faith, myſelf, who am not us'd to caper,
Have ſometimes had th' unlawful Itch upon me:
Nay, prithee, Prieſt, come thou and help the Numb—
Ha!

Ha! my old Boy; the Company is not ſcandalous:
Let's go to Hell together; confeſs the Truth,
Did'ſt thou never ſteal from the Gods an Hour, or ſo,
To mumble a new Prayer ——
With a young fleſhly Whore in a baudy Corner? ha!
Fla. My Lord, your Servant. Is this the Fool? the Madman?
Let him be what he will, he ſpoke the Truth:
If other Fools be thus, they're dangerous Fellows. [*Exit.*
Brut. ſolus. Occaſion ſeems in view; ſomething there (is
In *Tarquin*'s laſt abode at *Collatine*'s:
Late entertain'd, and early gone this Morning;
The Matron ruffled, wet, and dropping Tears,
As if ſhe had loſt her Wealth in ſome black Storm!
As in the Body, on ſome great Surprize,
The Heart ſtill calls from the diſcolour'd Face,
From every part the Life and Spirits down:
So *Lucrece* comes to *Rome*, and ſummons all her Blood.
Lucrece is fair: but chaſte, as the fann'd Snow
Twice bolted o'er by the bleak Northern Blaſts:
So lies this ſtarry, cold and frozen Beauty,
Still watch'd and guarded by her waxing Virtue,
A Pattern, tho I fear inimitable,
For all ſucceeding Wives. *O Brutus! Brutus!*
When will the tedious Gods permit thy Soul
To walk abroad in her own Majeſty,
And throw this Vizor of thy Madneſs from thee?
O what a Infinite Spirit, propt by Fate,
For Empire's Weight to turn on, could endure,
As thou haſt done, the Labours of an Age,
All Follies, Scoffs, Reproaches, Pities, Scorns,
Indignities almoſt to Blows ſuſtain'd,
For twenty preſſing Years, and by a *Roman?*
To act Deformity in a thouſand Shapes,
To pleaſe the greater Monſter of the two,
That cries, bring forth the Beaſt, and let him tumble:
With all Variety of apish Madneſs,
To bray, and bear more than the Aſs's Burden;
Sometimes to whoot and ſcream like Midnight Owls,
Then screw my Limbs like a diſtorted Satyr,

The

The World's Grimace, th' eternal Laughing-ſtock
Of Town and Court, the Block, the Jeſt of *Rome*?
Yet all the while not to my deareſt Friend,
To my own Children, nor my Boſom Wife,
Diſcloſe the weighty Secret of my Soul.
O *Rome*, O Mother, be thou th' impartial Judge,
If this be Virtue, which yet wants a Name,
Which never any Age could parallel,
And worthy of the foremoſt of thy Sons.

Enter Horatius *and* Mutius.

Mut. Horatius, heard'ſt thou where *Sextus* was laſt Night?

Hor. Yes, at *Collatia*: 'tis the Buz of *Rome*;
'Tis more than gueſs'd that there has been foul Play,
Elſe, why ſhould *Lucrece* come in this ſad manner
To old *Lucretius*' Houſe, and ſummon hither
Her Father, Husband, each diſtinct Relation?

Enter Fabritius, *with Courtiers.*

Mut. Scatter it thro' the City, raiſe the People,
And find *Valerius* out. Away, *Horatius*.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Fab. Prithee let's talk no more on't. Look, here's Lord *Brutus*: Come, come, we'll divert our ſelves; for 'tis but juſt, that we who ſit at the Helm ſhould now and then unruffle our State Affairs with the Impertinence of a Fool. Prithee, *Brutus*, what's a Clock?

Brut. Clotho, Lacheſis, Atropos; the Fates are three: Let them [illegible] and I'll lead you a Dance, my Maſters.

Fab. But hark you, *Brutus*, doſt thou hear the News of *Lucrece*?

Brut. Yes, yes; and I heard of the Wager that was laid among you, among you whoring Lords at the Siege of [illegible] Boy! about your handſome Wives.

Fab. [illegible] and how, and how?

Brut.

Brut. How you bounc'd from the Board, took Horſe, and rode like Madmen, to find the gentle *Lucrece* at *Collatia:* but how found her? Why, working with her Maids at Midnight. Was not this monſtrous, and quite out of the faſhion? Fine Stuff, indeed, for a Lady of Honour, when her Husband was out of the way, to ſit weaving, and pinking, and pricking of *Arras?* Now, by this Light, my Lord, your Wife made better uſe of her Pincuſhion.

Fab. My Wife, my Lord? By *Mars,* my Wife!

Brut. Why ſhould ſhe not, when all the Royal Nurſes do the ſame? What? What, my Lord, did you not find 'em at it, when you came from *Collatia* to *Rome? Lartius,* your Wife, and your's, *Flaminius?* with *Tullia's,* Boys, turning the Chryſtals up, daſhing the Windows, and the Fates defying? Now, by the Gods, I think 'twas civil in you, diſcretely done, Sirs, not to interrupt 'em. But for your Wife, *Fabritius,* I'll be ſworn for her, ſhe would not keep 'em Company.

Fab. No marry, would ſhe not; ſhe hates Debauches. How have I heard her rail at *Terentia,* and tell her next her Heart upon the Qualms, that drinking Wine ſo late, and tippling Spirits, would be the Death of her?

Brut. Hark you, Gentlemen, if you would but be ſecret now, I could unfold ſuch a Buſineſs; my Life on't, a very Plot upon the Court.

Fab. Out with it, we ſwear Secreſy.

Brut. Why thus then. To morrow *Tullia* goes to the Camp, and I being Maſter of the Houſhold, have Command to ſweep the Court of all its Furniture, and ſend it packing to the Wars: Pandars, Sycophants, upſtart Rogues, fine Knaves, and ſurly Raſcals; Flatterers, eaſy, ſupple, cringing, paſſing, ſmiling Villains; all, all to the Wars.

Fab. By *Mars,* I do not like this Plot.

Brut. Why, is it not a Plot? A Plot upon your ſelves, your Perſons, Families, and your Relations, even to your Wives, Mothers, Siſters, all your Kin! For Whores too are included, Setters too, and Procurers, Bag and Baggage; all, all to the Wars. All hence,

hence, all Rubbiſh, Lumber out, and not a Bawd be left behind, to put you in hope of hatching Whores hereafter.

Fab. Hark, *Lartius*, he'll run from fooling to direct madneſs, and beat our Brains out. The Devil take the hindmoſt: Your Servant, ſweet *Brutus*, noble, honourable *Brutus*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Titus.

Tit. 'Tis done, 'tis done, auſpicious Heav'n has join'd
And I this Night ſhall hold her in my Arms. (us,
Oh, Sir!

Brut. Oh, Sir! that Exclamation was too high;
Such Raptures ill become the troubled Times;
No more of 'em. And by the way, my *Titus*,
Renounce your *Teraminta*.

Tit. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. How now, my Boy?

Tit. Your Counſel comes too late, Sir.

Brut. Your Reply, Sir,
Comes too ill-manner'd, pert, and ſaucy, Sir.

Tit. Sir, I am marry'd.

Brut. What, without my Knowledge?

Tit. My Lord, I ask your Pardon; but that *Hymen*—

Brut. Thou ly'ſt: that honourable God would ſcorn it.
Some baudy Flamen ſhuffled you together;
Priapus lock'd you; while the *Bacchanals*
Sung your deteſted *Epithalamium*.
Which of the Blood were the curs'd Witneſſes?
Who would be there at ſuch polluted Rites
But Goats, Baboons, ſome chatt'ring old *Silenus*,
Or Satyrs grinning at your ſlimy Joys?

Tit. Oh, all ye Gods! my Lord, your Son is marry'd
To *Tarquin's*——

Brut. Baſtard.

Tit. No, his Daughter.

Brut. No matter:
To any of his Blood; if it be his,
There is ſuch natural Contagion in it,

Such a congenial Devil in his Spirit,
Name, Lineage, Stock, that but to own a part
Of his Relation, is to profeſs thy ſelf
Sworn Slave of Hell, and Bondman to the Furies.
Thou art not marry'd!

Tit. Oh, is this poſſible?
This Change that I behold? No part of him
The ſame, nor Eyes, nor Mien, nor Voice, nor Geſture!

Brut. Oh, that the Gods would give my Arm the Vigour
To ſhake this ſoft, effeminate, lazy Soul
Forth from thy Boſom. No, degenerate Boy,
Brutus is not the ſame, the Gods have wak'd him
From dead Stupidity, to be a Scourge,
A living Torment to thy Diſobedience.
Look on my Face, view my Eyes flame, and tell me
If ought thou ſeeſt but Glory and Revenge,
A blood-ſhot Anger, and a burſt of Fury,
When I but think of *Tarquin*. Damn the Monſter;
Fetch him, you Judges of th'eternal Deep,
Arraign him, chain him, plunge him in double Fires:
If after this thou ſeeſt a Tenderneſs,
A Woman's Tear come o'er my Reſolution,
Think, *Titus*, think, my Son, 'tis Nature's Fault,
Not *Roman Brutus*, but a Father now.

Tit. Oh, let me fall low as the Earth permits me,
And thank the Gods for this moſt happy Change,
That you are now, altho to my Confuſion,
That awful, godlike, and commanding *Brutus*,
Which I ſo oft have wiſh'd you; which ſometimes
I thought imperfectly you were, or might be,
When I have taken unawares your Soul
At a broad Glance, and forc'd her to retire.
Ah, my dear Lord, you need not add new Threats,
New Marks of Anger to compleat my Ruin;
Your *Titus* has enough to break his Heart,
When he remembers that you durſt not truſt him:
Yes, yes, my Lord, I have a thouſand Frailties:
The Mould you caſt me in, the Breath, the Blood,
And Spirit which you gave me, are unlike
The Godlike Author; yet you gave them, Sir:

And

And ſure, if you had pleas'd to honour me,
T'immortalize my Name to after Ages,
By imparting your high Cares, I ſhould have found
At leaſt ſo much hereditary Virtue
As not to have divulg'd them.

Brut. Riſe, my Son,
Be ſatisfy'd thou art the firſt that know'ſt me:
A thouſand Accidents and fated Cauſes
Ruſh againſt every Bulwark I can raiſe,
And half unhinge my Soul: For now's the time,
To ſhake the Building of the Tyrant down.
As from Night's Womb the glorious Day breaks forth,
And ſeems to kindle from the ſetting Stars:
So from the blackneſs of young *Tarquin's* Crime,
And Furnace of his Luſt, the virtuous Soul
Of *Junius Brutus* catches bright Occaſion.
I ſee the Pillars of his Kingdom totter:
The Rape of *Lucrece* is the Midnight Lanthorn
That lights my Genius down to the Foundation.
Leave me to work, my *Titus*, Oh, my Son;
For from this Spark a Lightning ſhall ariſe,
That muſt e're Night purge all the *Roman* Air:
And then the Thunder of his Ruin follows.
No more; but haſte thee to *Lucretius*:
I hear the Multitude, and muſt among them.
Away, my Son.

Tit. Bound, and obedient ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Vindicius *with* Plebeians.

1 *Cit.* Jupiter, defend us! I think the Firmament is all on a light Fire. Now, Neighbour, as you were ſaying, as to the Cauſe of Lightning and Thunder, and for the nature of Prodigies.

Vin. What! a Taylor, and talk of Lightning and Thunder? Why, thou walking Shred, thou moving Bottom, thou upright Needle, thou ſhaving edging Skirt, thou Flip-flap of a Man, thou vaulting Flea, thou Nit, thou Nothing, doſt thou talk of Prodigies

when I am by? *O tempora! O mores!* But, Neighbours, as I was saying, what think you of *Valerius?*

All. Valerius, Valerius!

Vin. I know you are piping hot for Sedition, you all gape for Rebellion: but what's the near? For look you, Sirs, we, the People in the Body Politick, are but the Guts of Government, therefore we may rumble and grumble, and croke our Hearts out, if we have never a Head: why, how shall we be nouriſh'd? Therefore, I say, let us get a Head, a Head, my Maſters.

Brut. Protect me, *Jove*, and guard me from the Fantom! Can this ſo horrid Apparition be? Or is it but the making of my Fancy?

Vin. Ha, *Brutus!* What, where is this Apparition?

1 *Cit.* This is the Tribune of the *Celeres*; A notable Head-piece, and the King's Jeſter.

Brut. By *Jove*, a Prodigy!

Vin. Nay, like enough; the Gods are very angry, I know they are, they told me ſo themſelves: For look you, Neighbours, I, for my own part, Have ſeen to Day fourſcore and nineteen Prodigies and a half.

Brut. But this is a whole one. O moſt horrible! Look, *Vindicius*, yonder, o'er that part O' th' Capitol, juſt, juſt there, Man, yonder, look.

Vin. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. I always took thee for a quick-ſighted Fellow: What, art thou blind? Why yonder, all o' Fire; It vomits Lightning, 'tis a monſtrous Dragon.

Vin. Oh, I ſee it: O *Jupiter* and *Juno!* By the Gods I ſee it:
Oh, Neighbours, look, look, look on his filthy Noſtrils!
'T has Eyes like flaming Saucers, and a Belly
Like a burning Caldron: With ſuch a ſwinging Tail:
And Oh, a thing, a thing that's all o' Fire!

Brut. Ha! now it frowns us with a Head that's mark'd With *Tarquin*'s Name: And ſee, 'tis Thunder-ſtruck! Look yonder how it whizzes thro the Air! The Gods have ſtruck it down; 'tis gone, 'tis vaniſh'd! Oh! Neighbours, what, what ſhould this Portent mean?

Vin.

Vin. Mean! why, it's plain, did we not see the Mark
Upon the Beast? *Tarquin's* the Dragon, Neighbours,
Tarquin's the Dragon, and the Gods shall swinge him.

All. A Dragon, a *Tarquin*.

1 *Cit.* For my part, I saw nothing.

Vin. How, Rogue? Why, this is Prodigy on Prodigy!
Down with him, knock him down; what, not see the Dragon?

1 *Cit.* Mercy: I did, I did; a huge monstrous Dragon.

Brut. So; not a word of this, my Masters, not for your Lives:
Meet me anon at the *Forum*; but not a Word.
Vindicius, tell 'em the Tribune of the *Celeres*
Intends this Night to give them an Oration.

[*Ex. Vindic. and Rabble.*

Enter Lucrece, Valerius, Lucretius, Mutius, Herminius, Horatius, Titus, Tiberius, Collatinus.

Brut. Ha! in the open Air? So near, you Gods?
So ripe your Judgments? Nay, then let 'em break,
And burst the Hearts of those that have deserv'd them.

Lucr. Oh, *Collatine!* art thou come?
Alas, my Husband! Oh, my Love! my Lord!

Coll. Oh, *Lucrece!* see, I have obey'd thy Summons:
I have thee in my Arms; but speak, my Fair,
Say, is all well?

Lucr. Away, and do not touch me:
Stand near, but touch me not. My Father too!
Lucretius, art thou here?

Luc. Thou seest I am.
Haste, and relate thy lamentable Story.

Lucr. If there be Gods, Oh, will not they revenge me?
Draw near, my Lord; for sure you have a Share
In these strange Woes. Ah, Sir, what have you done?
Why did you bring that Monster of Mankind
The other Night, to curse *Collatia's* Walls?
Why did you blast me with that horrid Visage,
And blot my Honour with the Blood of *Tarquin?*

Coll. Oh, all the Gods!

Lucr. Alas, they are far off,
Or ſure they would have help'd the wretch'd *Lucrece.*
Hear then, and tell it to the wondring World;
Laſt Night the luſtful bloody *Sextus* came
Late, and benighted, to *Collatia,*
Intending, as he ſaid, for *Rome* next Morning;
But in the dead of Night, juſt when ſoft Sleep
Had ſeal'd my Eyes, and quite becalm'd my Soul,
Methought a horrid Voice thus thunder'd in my Ear,
Lucrece, thou'rt mine, ariſe and meet my Arms;
When ſtrait I wak'd, and found young *Tarquin* by me:
His Robe unbutton'd, red and ſparkling Eyes,
The flaſhing Blood that mounted in his Face,
The trembling Eagerneſs that quite devour'd him,
With only one grim Slave that held a Taper,
At that dead Stillneſs of the murd'ring Night,
Sufficiently declar'd his horrid Purpoſe.

Coll. Oh, *Lucrece,* Oh!

Lucr. How is it poſſible to ſpeak the Paſſion,
The Fright, the Throes, and Labour of my Soul?
Ah, *Collatine!* half dead I turn'd away
To hide my Shame, my Anger, and my Bluſhes,
While he at firſt with a diſſembled Mildneſs
Attempted on my Honour ——
But haſtily repuls'd, and with Diſdain,
He drew his Sword, and locking his Left Hand
Faſt in my Hair, he held it to my Breaſt:
Proteſting by the Gods, the Fiends and Furies,
If I refus'd him he would give me Death,
And ſwear he found me with that ſwarthy Slave,
Whom he would leave there murder'd by my Side.

Brut. Villain! Damn'd Villain!

Lucr. Ah, *Collatine!* Oh, Father! *Junius Brutus!*
All that are kin to this diſhonour'd Blood,
How will you view me now? Ah, how forgive me?
Yet think not, *Collatine,* with my laſt Tears,
With theſe laſt Sighs, theſe dying Groans, I beg you;
I do conjure my Love, my Lord, my Husband,
O think me not conſenting once in Thought,
Tho he in Act poſſeſs'd his furious Pleaſure:

For,

For, Oh, the Name! the Name of an Adultreſs! ——
But here I faint. Oh, help me:
Imagine me, my Lord, but what I was,
And what I ſhortly ſhall be, cold and dead.
Coll. Oh, you avenging Gods! *Lucrece*, my Love,
I ſwear I do not think thy Soul conſenting:
And therefore I forgive thee.
Lucr. Ah, my Lord!
Were I to live, how ſhould I anſwer this?
All that I ask you now is to revenge me;
Revenge me, Father, Husband, Oh, revenge me;
Revenge me, *Brutus*; you his Sons revenge me;
Herminius, *Mutius*, thou *Horatius* too;
And thou *Valerius*; all, revenge me all:
Revenge the Honour of the raviſh'd *Lucrece*.
All. We will revenge thee.
Lucr. I thank you all; I thank you, noble *Romans*:
And that my Life, tho well I know you wiſh it,
May not hereafter ever give Example
To any that, like me, ſhall be diſhonour'd,
To live beneath ſo loath'd an Infamy;
Thus I for ever looſe it, thus ſet free
My Soul, my Life and Honour all together:
Revenge me; Oh Revenge, Revenge, Revenge! [*Dies.*
Lucr. Struck to the Heart, already motionleſs.
Coll. O give me way t' embalm her with my Tears;
For who has that Propriety of Sorrow,
Who dares to claim an equal Share with me?
Brut. That, Sir, dare I, and every *Roman* here.
What now? At your Laments? your puling Sighs?
And Woman's Drops? Shall theſe quit Scores for Blood?
For Chaſtity, for *Rome*, and violated Honour?
Now, by the Gods, my Soul diſdains your Tears:
There's not a common Harlot in the Shambles
But for a Drachm ſhall outweep you all.
Advance the Body nearer: See, my Lords,
Behold, you dazled *Romans*, from the Wound
Of this dead Beauty, thus I draw the Dagger,
All ſtain'd and reeking with her ſacred Blood;
Thus to my Lips I put the hallow'd Blade,

I To

To yours, *Lucretius*, *Collatinus* yours;
To yours *Herminius*, *Mutius*, and *Horatius*,
And yours *Valerius*: Kiſs the Ponyard round:
Now join your Hands with mine, and ſwear, ſwear all;
By this chaſte Blood, chaſte e'er the royal Villain
Mixt his foul Spirits with the ſpotleſs Maſs,
Swear, and let all the Gods be Witneſſes,
That you with me will drive proud *Tarquin* out,
His Wife, th' imperial Fury, and her Sons,
With all the Race; drive 'em with Sword and Fire
To the World's Limits, Profligate accurſt:
Swear from this time never to ſuffer them,
Nor any other King, to reign in *Rome*.

All. We ſwear.

Brut. Well have you ſworn; and Oh! methinks I ſee
The hovering Spirit of the raviſh'd Matron
Look down; ſhe bows her airy Head to bleſs you,
And crown th' auſpicious Sacrament with Smiles.
Thus with her Body high expos'd to View,
March to the *Forum* with the Pomp of Death.
O *Lucrece!* Oh!
When to the Clouds thy Pile of Fame is rais'd,
While *Rome* is free thy Memory ſhall be prais'd:
Senate and People, Wives and Virgins all,
Shall once a Year before thy Statue fall;
Curſing the *Tarquins*, they thy Fate ſhall mourn:
But, when the Thoughts of Liberty return,
Shall bleſs the happy Hour when thou wert born.

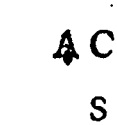
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The* Forum.

Tiberius, Fabritius, Lartius, Flaminius.

Tib.  *Abritius, Lartius,* and *Flaminius,*
As you are *Romans,* and oblig'd by *Tar-*
I dare confide in you; I ſay again, (*quin,*
Tho I could not refuſe the Oath he gave (us,
I diſapprove my Father's Undertaking:
I'm loyal to the laſt, and ſo will ſtand.
I am in haſte, and muſt to *Tullia.*

Fab. Leave me, my Lord, to deal with the Multitude.

Tib. Remember this in ſhort. A King is one
To whom you may complain when you are wrong'd;
The Throne lies open in your Way for Juſtice:
You may be angry, and may be forgiven;
There's room for Favour, and for Benefit,
Where Friends and Enemies may come together,
Have patient Hearing, preſent Compoſition,
Without recourſe to the litigious Laws;
Laws that are cruel, deaf, inexorable,
That caſt the Vile and Noble all together;
Where, if you ſhou'd exceed the Bounds of Order,
There is no Pardon: O! 'tis dangerous,
To leave all Actions judg'd by rigorous Law.
What, to depend on Innocence alone,
Among ſo many Accidents and Errors
That wait on human Life? Conſider it.
Stand faſt, be loyal, I muſt to the Queen. [*Exit.*

Fab. A pretty Speech, by *Mercury!* Look you, *Lartius,* when the Words lie like a low Wreſtler, round, cloſe and ſhort, ſquat, rat and pithy.

Lar. But what ſhould we do here, *Fabritius?* The Multitude will tear us in pieces.

Fab. 'Tis true, *Lartius*, the Multitude is a mad thing, a ſtrange blunder-headed Monſter, and very unruly: But Eloquence is ſuch a thing, a fine, moving, florid, pathetical Speech! But ſee, the *Hydra* comes: Let me alone; fear not, I ſay fear not.

Enter Vinditius, *with* Plebeians.

Vin. Come, Neighbours, rank your ſelves, plant your ſelves, ſet your ſelves in order, the Gods are very angry, I'll ſay that for 'em: Pough, pough, I begin to ſweat already; and they'll find us Work enough to Day, I'll tell you that. And to ſay Truth, I never lik'd *Tarquin*, before I ſaw the Mark in his Forehead: For look you, Sirs, I am a true Commonwealthſman, and do not naturally love Kings, tho they be good; for why ſhould any one Man have more Power than the People? Is he bigger, or wiſer than the People? Has he more Guts, or more Brains than the People? What can he do for the People, that the People can't do for themſelves? Can he make Corn grow in a Famine? Can he give us Rain in Drought? Or make our Pots boil, tho the Devil piſs in the Fire?

1 *Cit.* For my part, I hate all Courtiers; and I think I have Reaſon for't.

Vin. Thou Reaſon! Well, Taylor, and what's thy Reaſon?

1 *Cit.* Why, Sir, there was a Crew of 'em t'other Night got drunk, broke my Windows, and handled my Wife.

Vin. How, Neighbours? Nay, now the Fellow has Reaſon, look you: His Wife handled? Why, this is a Matter of Moment.

1 *Cit.* Nay, I know there were ſome of the Princes, for I heard *Sextus* his Name.

Vin. Ay, ay, the King's Sons, my Life for't; ſome of the King's Sons. Well, the roaring Lords never do any Good among us Citizens: They are ever breaking the

the Peace, running in our Debts, and ſwinging our Wives.

Fab. How long at length, thou many-headed Monſter,
You Bulls, and Bears, you roaring Beaſts and Bandogs,
Porters and Coblers, Tinkers, Taylors, all
You Raſcally Sons of Whores in a civil Government,
How long, I ſay, dare you abuſe our Patience?
Does not the Thought of Rods and Axes fright you?
Does not our Preſence, ha! theſe Eyes, theſe Faces
Strike you with trembling? Ha!

Vin. Why, what have we here? a very Spit-fire; the Crack-fart of the Court. Hold, let me ſee him nearer: Yes, Neighbours, this is one of 'em, one of your roaring Squires that poke us in the Night, beat the Watch, and deflower our Wives. I know him, Neighbours, for all his bouncing and his ſwearing; this is a Court-Pimp, a Bawd, one of *Tarquin*'s Bawds.

Fab. Peace thou obſtreperous Raſcal; I am a Man of Honour; one of the Equeſtrian Order, my Name *Fabritius.*

Vin. Fabritius! Your Servant, *Fabritius.* Down with him, Neighbours; an upſtart Rogue; this is he that was the Queen's Coachman, and drove the Chariot over her Father's Body; down with him, down with 'em all: Bawds, Pimps, Panders.

Fab. O Mercy, Mercy, Mercy!

Vin. Hold, Neighbours, hold: As we are Great, let us be Juſt. You, Sirrah; you of the Equeſtrian Order, Knight? Now, by *Jove*, he has the Look of a Pimp; I find we can't ſave him. Riſe, Sir Knight, and tell me before the Majeſty of the People, what have you to ſay, that you ſhould not have your Neck broke down the *Tarpeian* Rock, your Body burnt, and your Aſhes thrown in the *Tiber*?

Fab. Oh! oh! oh!

Vin. A Courtier! a Sheep-biter. Leave off your blubbering, and confeſs.

Fab. Oh! I will confeſs, I will confeſs.

Vin. Anſwer me then. Was not you once the Queen's Coachman?

Fab.

Fab. I was, I was.

Vin. Did you not drive her Chariot over the Body of her Father, the dead King *Tullus?*

Fab. I did, I did; tho it went againſt my Conſcience.

Vin. So much the worſe. Have you not ſince abuſed the good People, by ſeducing the Citizens Wives to Court for the King's Sons? Have you not by your Bawds Tricks been the occaſion of their making Aſſault on the Bodies of many a virtuous diſpos'd Gentlewoman?

Fab. I have, I have.

Vin. Have you not wickedly held the Door, while the Daughters of the wiſe Citizens have had their Veſſels broken up?

Bab. Oh, I confeſs many a time and often.

Vin. For all which Services to your Princes, and ſo highly deſerving of the Commonwealth, you have receiv'd the Honour of Knighthood?

Fab. Mercy, Mercy, I confeſs it all.

Vin. Hitherto I have help'd you to ſpell, now pray put together for your ſelf, and confeſs the whole Matter in three Words.

Fab. I was at firſt the Son of a Carman, came to the Honour of being *Tullia's* Coachman, have been a Pimp, and remain a Knight at the Mercy o' the People.

Vin. Well, I am mov'd, my Bowels are ſtirr'd; take 'em away, and let 'em only be hang'd; Away with 'em, away with 'em.

Fab. Oh Mercy! Help, help.

Vin. Hang 'em, Rogues, Pimps, hang 'em I ſay. Why, look you, Neighbours, this is Law, Right, and Juſtice; This is the Peoples Law, and I think that's better than the arbitrary Power of Kings. Why, here was Trial, Condemnation, and Execution, without more ado. Hark, hark, what have we here? Look, look, the Tribune of the *Celeres!* Bring forth the Pulpit, the Pulpit.

Trum-

Trumpets ſound a dead March.

Enter Brutus, Valerius, Herminius, Mutius, Horatius, Lucretius, Collatinus, Tiberius, Titus, *with the Body of* Lucrece.

Val. I charge you Fathers, Nobles, *Romans*, Friends, Magiſtrates, all you People, hear *Valerius*.
This Day, O *Romans*, is a Day of Wonders,
The Tyrannies of *Tarquin* are compleat:
To lay whoſe Vices open to your View,
To give you Reaſons for his Baniſhment,
With the Expulſion of his wicked Race,
The Gods have choſen *Lucius Junius Brutus*,
The ſtupid, ſenſeleſs, and illiterate *Brutus*,
Their Orator in this prodigious Cauſe:
Let him aſcend, and Silence be proclaim'd.
Vin. A *Brutus*, a *Brutus*, a *Brutus!* Silence there!
Silence, I ſay, Silence on Pain of Death.
Brut. Patricians, People, Friends, and *Romans* all,
Had not th' inſpiring Gods by Wonder brought me
From clouded Senſe, to this full Day of Reaſon,
Whence, with a Prophet's Proſpect, I behold
The State of *Rome*, and Danger of the World;
Yet in a Cauſe like this, methinks the weak,
Enervate, ſtupid *Brutus* might ſuffice:
O the eternal Gods! Bring but the Statues
Of *Romulus* and *Numa*, plant 'em here
On either Hand of this cold *Roman* Wife,
Only to ſtand and point that publick Wound;
O *Romans*, Oh, what Uſe would be of Tongues!
What Orator need ſpeak while they were by?
Would not the Majeſty of thoſe dumb Forms
Inſpire your Souls, and arm you for the Cauſe?
Would you not curſe the Author of the Murder,
And drive him from the Earth with Sword and Fire?
But where, methinks I hear the People ſhout,
I hear the Cry of *Rome*, where's the Monſter?
Bring *Tarquin* forth, bring the Deſtroyer out,

By

By whoſe curs'd Off-ſpring, luſtful bloody *Sextus*,
This perfect Mould of *Roman* Chaſtity,
This Star of ſpotleſs and immortal Fame,
This Pattern for all Wives, the *Roman Lucrece*,
Was foully brought to a diſaſt'rous End.

Vin. O, Neighbours, oh! I bury'd ſeven Wives with-
Nay, I never wept before in all my Life. (out crying.

Brut. O the immortal Gods, and thou great Stayer
Of falling *Rome*, if to his own Relations,
(For *Collatinus* is a *Tarquin* too)
If Wrongs ſo great to them, to his own Blood,
What then to us, the Nobles and the Commons?
Not to remember you of his paſt Crimes,
The black Ambition of his furious Queen,
Who drove her Chariot thro the *Cyprian* Street,
On ſuch a damn'd Deſign as might have turn'd
The Steeds of Day, and ſhock'd the ſtarting Gods,
Bleſt as they are, with an uneaſy Moment:
Add yet to this, oh! add the horrid Slaughter
Of all the Princes of the *Roman* Senate,
Invading Fundamental Right and Juſtice,
Breaking the antient Cuſtoms, Statutes, Laws,
With poſitive Pow'r, and arbitrary Luſt;
And thoſe Affairs which were before diſpatch'd
In Publick by the Fathers, now are forc'd
To his own Palace, there to be determin'd
As he and his portentous Council pleaſe.
But then for you.

Vin. Ay, for the People, come,
And then, my Myrmidons, to pot with him.

Brut. I ſay, if thus the Nobles have been wrong'd,
What Tongue can ſpeak the Grievance of the People?

Vin. Alas, poor People!

Brut. You that were once a Free born People, fam'd
In his Forefather's Days for Wars abroad,
The Conquerors of the World; Oh *Rome!* Oh Glory!
What are you now? What has the Tyrant made you?
The Slaves, the Beaſts, the Aſſes of the Earth,
The Soldiers of the Gods, mechanick Labourers,
Drawers of Water, Taskers, Timber-fellers,

Yok'd

Yok'd you like Bulls, his very Jades for Luggage,
Drove you with Scourges down to dig in Quarries,
To cleanſe his Sinks, the Scavengers o' th' Court;
While his leud Sons, tho not on Work ſo hard,
Employ'd your Daughters and your Wives at home.
Vin. Yes, marry did they.
Brut. O all the Gods! What are you *Romans?* Ha!
If this be true, why have you been ſo backward?
Oh ſluggiſh Souls! Oh Fall of former Glory!
That would not rouze unleſs a Woman wak'd you!
Behold ſhe comes, and calls you to revenge her;
Her Spirit hovers in the Air, and cries,
To Arms, to Arms! drive, drive the *Tarquins* out.
Behold this Dagger taken from her Wound,
She bids you fix this Trophy on your Standard,
This Ponyard which ſhe ſtab'd into her Heart,
And bear her Body in your Battel's Front:
Or will you ſtay till *Tarquin* does return,
To ſee your Wives and Children dragg'd about,
Your Horſes burnt, the Temples all profan'd,
The City fill'd with Rapes, Adulteries,
The *Tiber* choak'd with Bodies, all the Shores
And neighbouring Rocks beſmear'd with *Roman* Blood?
Vin. Away, away, let's burn his Palace firſt.
Brut. Hold, hold, my Friends; as I have been th' Inſpirer
Of this moſt juſt Revenge, ſo I intreat you,
Oh worthy *Romans*, take me with you ſtill:
Drive *Tullia* out, and all of *Tarquin's* Race;
Expel 'em without Damage to their Perſons,
Tho not without Reproach. *Vinditius*, you
I truſt in this: So proſper us the Gods,
Proſper our Cauſe, proſper the Common-wealth,
Guard and defend the Liberty of *Rome*.
Vin. Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!
All. Liberty, *&c.* [*Exeunt.*
Val. O *Brutus*, as a God we all ſurvey thee:
Let then thy Gratitude we ſhould expreſs
Be loſt in Admiration. Were we know
Virtue like thine, ſo fierce, ſo like the Gods,
That more than thou preſumſt we could not bear,

Looks

Looks with Diſdain on ceremonious Honours;
Therefore accept in ſhort the Thanks of *Rome*:
Firſt with our Bodies thus we worſhip thee,
Thou Guardian *Genius* of the Commonwealth,
Thou Father and Redeemer of thy Country;
Next we, as Friends, with equal Arms embrace thee,
That *Brutus* may remember, tho his Virtue
Soar to the Gods, he is a *Roman* ſtill.

Brut. And when I am not ſo, or once in Thought
Conſpire the Bondage of my Countrymen,
Strike me, you Gods; tear me, O *Romans*, piece-meal,
And let your *Brutus* be more loath'd than *Tarquin*.
But now to thoſe Affairs that want a View,
Imagine then the Fame of what is done
Has reach'd to *Ardea*, whence the trembling King,
By Guilt and Nature quick and apprehenſive,
With a bent Brow comes poſt for his Revenge,
To make Examples of the Mutineers:
Let him come on. *Lucretius*, to your Care
The Charge and Cuſtody of *Rome* is given,
While we, with all the Force that can be rais'd,
Waiting the *Tarquins* on the common Road,
Reſolve to join the Army at the Camp.
What thinks *Valerius* of the Conſequence?

Val. As of a lucky Hit. There is a Number
Of Malecontents that wiſh for ſuch a Time;
I think that only Speed is neceſſary
To crown the whole Event.

Brut. Go then your ſelf,
With theſe Aſſiſtants, and make inſtant Head
Well as you can, Numbers will not be wanting
To *Mars* his Field; I have but ſome few Orders
To leave with *Titus* that muſt be diſpers'd,
And *Brutus* ſhall attend you.

Val. The Gods direct you,

[*Exeunt with the Body of* Lucrece.

Manent Brutus *and* Titus.

Brut. Titus, my Son.

Tit. My ever honour'd Lord.

Brut.

Brut. I think, my *Titus*,
Nay, by the Gods, I dare proteſt it to thee,
I love thee more than any of my Children.
Tit. How, Sir, oh how, my Lord, have I deſerv'd it?
Brut. Therefore I love thee more, becauſe, my Son,
Thou haſt deſerv'd it; for to ſpeak ſincerely,
There's ſuch a Sweetneſs ſtill in all thy Manners,
An Air ſo open, and a Brow ſo clear,
A Temper ſo remov'd from Villany,
With ſuch a manly Plainneſs in thy Dealing,
That not to love thee, O my Son, my *Titus*,
Were to be envious of ſo great a Virtue.
Tit. O all the Gods, where will this Kindneſs end?
Why do you thus, O my too gracious Lord,
Diſſolve at once the Being that you gave me;
Unleſs you mean to ſcrew me to Performance
Beyond the reach of Man?
Ah why, my Lord, do you oblige me more
Than my Humanity can e'er return?
Brut. Yes, *Titus*, thou conceiv'ſt thy Father right,
I find our *Genii* know each other well;
And Minds, my Son, of our uncommon Make,
When once the Mark's in view, never ſhoot wide,
But in a Line come level to the White,
And hit the very Heart of our Deſign;
Their to the ſhocking Purpoſe. Once again
I ſay, I ſwear, I love thee, O my Son;
I like thy Frame, the Fingers of the Gods
I ſee have left their Maſtery upon thee;
They have been tapering up thy *Roman* Form,
And the majeſtick Prints at large appear:
Yet ſomething they have left for me to finiſh,
Which thus I preſs thee to, thus in my Arms
I faſhion thee, I mould thee to my Heart.
What? Doſt thou kneel? Nay, ſtand up now a *Roman*,
Shake from thy Lids that Dew that hangs upon 'em,
And anſwer to th' Auſterity of my Virtue.
Tit. If I muſt die, you Gods, I am prepar'd:
Let then my Fate ſuffice; but do not rack me
With ſomething more.

Brut.

Brut. *Titus*, as I remember,
You told me you were marry'd.
Tit. My Lord, I did.
Brut. To *Teraminta*, *Tarquin*'s natural Daughter.
Tit. Moſt true, my Lord, to that poor virtuous Maid,
Your *Titus*, Sir, your moſt unhappy Son,
Is join'd for ever.
Brut. No *Titus*, not for ever;
Not but I know the Virgin beautiful;
For I did oft converſe her when I ſeem'd
Not to converſe at all: Yet more, my Son,
I think her chaſtely good, moſt ſweetly fram'd,
Without the ſmalleſt Tincture of her Father:
Yet, *Titus* — Ha! What, Man? What, all in Tears?
Art thou ſo ſoft, that only ſaying yet
Has daſh'd thee thus? Nay, then I'll plunge thee down,
Down to the bottom of this fooliſh Stream,
Whoſe Brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my Son,
If thou art mine thou art not *Teraminta*'s:
Or if thou art, I ſwear thou muſt not be,
Thou ſhalt not be hereafter.
Tit. O the Gods!
Forgive me, Blood and Duty, all Reſpects
Due to a Father's Name, not *Teraminta*'s!
Brut. No, by the Gods I ſwear, not *Teraminta*'s;
No, *Titus*, by th' eternal Fates, that hang
I hope auſpicious o'er the Head of *Rome*,
I'll grapple with thee on this Spot of Earth
About this Theme till one of us fall dead:
I'll ſtruggle with thee for this Point of Honour,
And tug with *Teraminta* for thy Heart,
As I have done for *Rome*: Yes, e'er we part,
Fix'd as you are by Wedlock join'd and faſt,
I'll ſet you far aſunder: Nay, on this,
This ſpotted Blade, bath'd in the Blood of *Lucrece*,
I'll make thee ſwear on this thy wedding Night
Thou wilt not touch thy Wife.
Tit. Conſcience, Heart and Bowels,
Am I a Man? Have I any Fleſh about me?
Brut. I know thou haſt too much of Fleſh about thee;

'Tis

'Tis that, my Son, that and thy Blood I fear,
More than thy Spirit, which is truly *Roman*:
But let the heated Channels of thy Veins
Boil o'er, I ſtill am obſtinate in this:
Thou ſhalt renounce thy Father or thy Love.
Either reſolve to part with *Teraminta*,
To ſend her forth, with *Tullia*, to her Father,
Or ſhake Hands with me, part, and be accurs'd;
Make me believe thy Mother play'd me falſe,
And, in my Abſence, ſtamp'd thee with a *Tarquin*.

Tit. Hold, Sir, I do conjure you by the Gods,
Wrong not my Mother, tho you doom me dead:
Curſe me not till you hear what I reſolve;
Give me a little time to rouze my Spirits,
To muſter all the Tyrant-Man about me,
All that is fierce, auſtere, and greatly cruel,
To *Titus* and his *Teraminta*'s Ruin.

Brut. Remember me; look on thy Father's Suff'rings,
What he has born for twenty rolling Years;
If thou haſt Nature, Worth, or Honour in thee,
The Contemplation of my cruel Labours
Will ſtir thee up to this new Act of Glory.
Thou want'ſt the Image of thy Father's Wrongs;
O take it then, reflected with the Warmth
Of all the Tenderneſs that I can give thee:
Perhaps it ſtood in a wrong Light before,
I'll try all Ways to place it to advantage.
Learn by my rigorous *Roman* Reſolution
To ſtiffen thy unharaſs'd Infant Virtue:
I do allow thee Fond, Young, Soft, and Gentle,
Train'd by the Charms of one that is moſt Lovely;
Yet, *Titus*, this muſt all be loſt, when Honour,
When *Rome*, the World, and the Gods came to claim us;
Think then thou heard'ſt 'em cry, Obey thy Father;
If thou art falſe, or perjur'd, there he ſtands
Accountable to us, but ſwear t' obey;
Implicitly believe him, that, if ought
Be ſworn amiſs, thou may'ſt have nought to anſwer.

Tit. What is it, Sir, that you would have me ſwear?
That I may 'ſcape your Curſe, and gain your Bleſſing.

Brut.

Brut. That thou this Night wilt part with *Teraminta.*
For once again I ſwear, if here ſhe ſtays,
What for the Hatred of the Multitude,
And my Reſolves to drive out *Tarquin's* Race,
Her Perſon is not ſafe.

Tit. Here, take me, Sir,
Take me before I cool: I ſwear this Night
That I will part with (oh!) my *Teraminta.*

Brut. Swear too, and by the Soul of raviſh'd *Lucrece*
Tho on thy Bridal Night, thou wilt not touch her.

Tit. I ſwear, ev'n by the Soul of her you nam'd,
The raviſh'd *Lucrece*, oh th' immortal Gods!
I will not touch her.

Brut. So; I truſt thy Virtue:
And by the Gods I thank thee for the Conqueſt.
Once more, with all the Bleſſings I can give thee,
I take thee to my Arms; thus on my Breaſt,
The hard and rugged Pillow of thy Honour,
I wean thee from thy Love: Farewel; be faſt
To what thou'ſt ſworn, and I am thine for ever. [*Exit.*

Tit. ſolus. To what thou'ſt ſworn! Oh Heav'n and Earth
What have I ſworn? to part with *Teraminta?* (what's that?
To part with ſomething dearer to my Heart
Than my Life's Drops? What! not this Night enjoy her?
Renounce my Vows, the Rights, the Dues of Marriage,
Which now I gave her, and the Prieſt was witneſs,
Bleſs'd with a Flood that ſtream'd from both our Eyes,
And ſeal'd with Sighs, and Smiles, and deathleſs Kiſſes:
Yet after this ſwear thou wilt not touch her!
Oh, all the Gods, I did forſwear my ſelf
In ſweating that, and will forſwear again:
Not touch her! O thou perjur'd Braggard, where,
Where are thy Vaunts, thy Proteſtations now?

Enter Teraminta.

She comes to ſtrike thy ſtaggering Duty down:
'Tis fall'n, 'tis gone. Oh *Teraminta*, come,
Come to my Arms thou only Joy of *Titus*,
Huſh to my Cares thou Maſs of hoarded Sweets,

Selected

Selected Hour of all Life's happy Moments;
What ſhall I ſay to thee?
Ter. Say any thing;
For while you ſpeak, methinks a ſudden Calm,
In ſpite of all the Horror that ſurrounds me,
Falls upon every frighted Faculty,
And puts my Soul in Tune. O *Titus*, oh!
Methinks my Spirit ſhivers in her Houſe,
Shrugging, as if ſhe'long'd to be at reſt;
With this Foreſight to die thus in your Arms,
Were to prevent a World of following Ills.
Tit. What Ills, my Love? What Power has Fortune (now
But we can brave? 'Tis true, my *Teraminta*,
The Body of the World is out of Frame,
The vaſt diſtorted Limbs are on the Rack,
And all the Cable Sinews ſtretch'd to burſting.
The Blood ferments, and the majeſtick Spirits,
Like *Hercules* in the invenom'd Shirt,
Lie in a Fever on the horrid Pile:
My Father, like an *Eſculapius*
Sent by the Gods, comes boldly to the Cure;
But how, my Love? By violent Remedies:
And ſays that *Rome*, e'er yet ſhe can be well,
Muſt purge and caſt, purge all th' infected Humours
Through the whole Maſs, and vaſtly, vaſtly bleed.
Ter. Ah, *Titus!* I my ſelf but now beheld
Th' Expulſion of the Queen, driv'n from her Palace,
By the enrag'd and madding Multitude,
And hardly 'ſcap'd my ſelf to find you here.
Tit. Why yet, my *Teraminta*, we may ſmile.
Come then to Bed, e'er yet the Night deſcends
With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World.
Why, what care we? Let us enjoy thoſe Pleaſures
The Gods have giv'n; lock'd in each other's Arms
We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at Fate.
Ter. No, no my Lord, there's more than you have nam'd,
There's ſomething at your Heart that I muſt find;
I claim it with the Privilege of a Wife:
Keep cloſe your Joys; but for your Griefs, my *Titus*,
I muſt not, will not loſe my Share in them.

Ah,

Ah, the good Gods, what is it ſtirs you thus?
Speak, ſpeak, my Lord, or *Teraminta* dies.
Oh Heav'ns, he weeps! nay, then upon my Knees
I thus conjure you ſpeak, or give me Death.
Tit. Riſe, *Teraminta*. Oh, if I ſhould ſpeak
What I have raſhly ſworn againſt my Love,
I fear that I ſhould give thee Death indeed.
Ter. Againſt your Love! no, that's impoſſible;
I know your God-like Truth: Nay, ſhould you ſwear,
Swear to me now that you forſwore your Love,
I would not credit it. No, no, my Lord,
I ſee, I know, I read it in your Eyes,
You love the wretched *Teraminta* ſtill:
The very manner of your hiding it,
The Tears you ſhed, your Backwardneſs to ſpeak
What you affirm you ſwore againſt your Love,
Tell me, my Lord, you love me more than ever.
Tit. By all the Gods I do: Oh *Teraminta*,
My Heart's Diſcerner, whither wilt thou drive me?
I'll tell thee then. My Father wrought me up,
I know not how, to ſwear I know not what,
That I would ſend thee hence with *Tullia*,
Swear not to touch thee, tho my Wife; yet, oh!
Hadſt thou been by thy ſelf, and but beheld him,
Thou wouldſt have thought, ſuch was his Majeſty,
That the Gods lightned from his awful Eyes,
And thunder'd from his Tongue.
Ter. No more, my Lord:
I do conjure you by all thoſe Powers
Which we invok'd together at the Altar,
And beg you by the Love I know you bear me,
To let this Paſſion trouble you no farther.
No, my dear Lord, my honour'd God-like Husband,
I am your Wife, and one that ſeeks your Honour:
By Heav'n I would have ſworn you thus my ſelf.
What, on the Shock of Empire, on the Turn
Of State, and Univerſal Change of Things,
To lie at home, and languiſh for a Woman!
No, *Titus*, he that makes himſelf thus vile,
Let him not dare pretend to ought that's Princely;

But be, as all the warlike World ſhall judge him,
The Droll o' th' People, and the Scorn of Kings.

Enter Horatius.

Hor. My Lord, your Father gives you thus in Charge,
Remember what you ſwore: The Guard is ready;
And I am ordered to conduct your Bride,
While you attend your Father.
Tit. Oh *Teraminta!*
Then we muſt part,
Ter. We muſt, we muſt, my Lord,
Therefore be ſwift, and ſnatch your ſelf away,
Or I ſhall die with lingring.
Tit. Oh, a Kiſs,
Balmy as Cordials that recover Souls,
Chaſte as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers.
Preſerve thy ſelf; look well to that, my Love;
Think on our Covenant: When either dies,
The other is no more.
Ter. I do remember,
But have no Language left.
Tit. Yet we ſhall meet,
In ſpite of Sighs we ſhall, at leaſt in Heav'n.
Oh *Teraminta*, once more to my Heart,
Once to my Lips, and ever to my Soul.
Thus the ſoft Mother, tho her Babe is dead,
Will have the Darling on her Boſom laid,
Will talk, and rave, and with the Nurſes ſtrive,
And fond it ſtill, as if it were alive;
Knows it muſt go, yet ſtruggles with the Croud,
And ſhrieks to ſee 'em wrap it in the Shroud. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Collatinus, Tiberius, Vitellius, Aquilius.

Coll. TH' Expulſion of the *Tarquins* now muſt ſtand;
Their Camp to be ſurpriz'd, while *Tarquin* here
Was ſcolded from our Walls! I bluſh to think
That ſuch a Maſter in the Art of War
Should ſo forget himſelf.

Vit. Triumphant *Brutus*,
Like *Jove* when follow'd by a Train of Gods,
To mingle with the Fates, and doom the World,
Aſcends the Brazen Steps o' th' Capitol,
With all the humming Senate at his Heels;
Ev'n in that Capitol which the King built
With the Expence of all the Royal Treaſure:
Ungrateful *Brutus* there in Pomp appears,
And ſits the Purple Judge of *Tarquin*'s Downfal.

Aquil. But why, my Lord, why are not you there too?
Were you not choſen Conſul by whole *Rome*?
Why are you not ſaluted too like him?
Where are your Lictors? Where your Rods and Axes?
Or are you but the Ape, the mimic God
Of this new Thunderer, who appropriates
Thoſe Bolts of Power which ought to be divided?

Tib. Now by the Gods I hate his upſtart Pride,
His Rebel Thoughts of the Imperial Race,
His abject Soul that ſtoops to court the Vulgar,
His Scorn of Princes, and his Luſt to th' People.
O *Collatine*, have you not Eyes to find him?
Why are you rais'd, but to ſet off his Honours?
A Taper by the Sun, whoſe ſickly Beams
Are ſwallow'd in the Blaze of his full Glory:
He, like a Meteor, wades th' Abyſs of Light,
While your faint Fire adds but to the Beard

That

That awes the World. When late through *Rome* he paſs'd
Fix'd on his Courſer, mark'd you how he bow'd
On this, on that ſide, to the gazing Heads
That pav'd the Streets, and all imboſs'd the Windows;
That gap'd with Eagerneſs to ſpeak, but could not,
So faſt their Spirits flow'd to Admiration,
And that to Joy, which thus at laſt broke forth:
Brutus, God *Brutus*, Father of thy Country!
Hail *Genius*, hail! Deliverer of loſt *Rome!*
Shield of the Commonwealth, and Sword of Juſtice!
Hail, Scourge of Tyrants, Laſh for lawleſs Kings!
All hail, they cry'd, while the long Peal of Praiſes,
Tormented with a thouſand echoing Cries,
Ran like the Volly of the Gods along.

Coll. No more on't; I grow ſick with the Remembrance.

Tib. But when you follow'd, how did their bellying Bodies,
That ventur'd from the Caſements more than half
To look at *Brutus*, nay, that ſtuck like Snails
Upon the Walls, and from the Houſes Tops
Hung down like cluſt'ring Bees upon each other;
How did they all draw back at ſight of you,
To laze, and loll, and yawn, and reſt from Rapture!
Are you a Man? Have you the Blood of Kings,
And ſuffer this?

Coll. Ha! is he not his Father?

Tib. I grant he is.
Conſider this, and rouze your ſelf at home:
Commend my Fire, and rail at your own Slackneſs.
Yet more, remember but your laſt Diſgrace,
When you propos'd, with Reverence to the Gods,
A King of Sacrifices ſhould be choſen,
And from the Conſuls, did he not oppoſe you?
Fearing, as well he might, your ſure Election;
Saying, it ſmelt too much of Royalty;
And that it might rub up the Memory
Of thoſe that lov'd the Tyrant? Nay, yet more,
That if the People choſe you for the Place,
The Name of King would light upon a *Tarquin*;
Of one that's doubly Royal, being deſcended
From two great Princes that were Kings of *Rome?*

Coll. But after all this, whither would'ſt thou drive?
Tib. I would to Juſtice, for the Reſtauration
Of our moſt lawful Prince: Yes, *Collatine*,
I look upon my Father as a Traytor;
I find that neither you, nor brave *Aquilius*,
Nor young *Vitellius*, dare confide in me:
But that you may, and firmly, to the hazard
Of all the World holds precious, once again,
I ſay, I look on *Brutus* as a Traytor;
No more my Father, by th' immortal Gods:
And to redeem the Time, to fix the King
On his Imperial Throne, ſome Means propoſe
That favour of a govern'd Policy,
Where there is Strength and Life to hope a Fortune,
Not to throw all upon one deſperate Chance;
I'll on as far as he that laughs at dying.
Coll. Come to my Arms: O thou ſo truly Brave,
Thou may'ſt redeem the Errors of thy Race!
Aquilius, and *Vitellius*, O embrace him,
And ask his Pardon, that ſo long we fear'd
To truſt ſo rich a Virtue. But behold,

Enter Brutus *and* Valerius.

Brutus appears: Young Man, be ſatisfy'd,
I ſound thy politick Father to the bottom,
Plotting the Aſſumption of *Valerius*;
He means to caſt me from the Conſulſhip.
But now I heard how he cajol'd the People
With his known Induſtry, and my Remiſneſs:
That ſtill in all our Votes, Preſcriptions, Edicts,
Againſt the King, he found I acted faintly,
Still cloſing every Sentence, he's a *Tarquin*.
Brut. No, my *Valerius*, till thou art my Mate,
Joint-Maſter in this great Authority,
However calm the Face of things appears,
Rome is not ſafe: By the majeſtick Gods
I ſwear, while *Collatine* ſits at the Helm,
A Univerſal Wrack is to be fear'd:
I have Intelligence of his Tranſactions,

He

He mingles with the young hot Blood of *Rome*,
Gnaws himſelf inward, grudges my Applauſe,
Promotes Cabals with higheſt Quality,
Such headlong Youth as ſpurning Laws and Manners,
Shar'd in the late Debaucheries of *Sextus*,
And therefore wiſh the Tyrant here again.
As the inverted Seaſons ſhock wiſe Men,
And the moſt fix'd Philoſophy muſt ſtart
At ſultry Winters, and at froſty Summers:
So at this moſt unnatural Stilneſs here,
This more than midnight Silence through all *Rome*,
This deadneſs of Diſcourſe, and dreadful Calm
Upon ſo great a Change, I more admire,
Than if a hundred politick Heads were met,
And nodded Mutiny to one another;
More Fear than if a thouſand lying Libels
Were ſpread abroad, nay, dropt among the Senate.

Val. I have my ſelf employ'd a buſy Slave,
His Name *Vinditius*, given him Wealth and Freedom,
To watch the Motions of *Vitellius*,
And thoſe of the *Aquilian* Family:
Vitellius has already entertain'd him;
And ſomething thence important may be gather'd:
For theſe of all the Youth of Quality
Are moſt inclin'd to *Tarquin* and his Race,
By Blood and Humour.

Brut. Oh, *Valerius*!
That Boy, obſerv'ſt thou? Oh, I fear, my Friend,
He is a Weed, tho rooted in my Heart,
And grafted to my Stock, if he prove rank,
By *Mars* no more but thus, away with him:
I'll tear him from me, tho the Blood ſhould follow.
Tiberius.

Tib. My Lord!

Brut. Sirrah, no more of that *Vitellius*;
I warn'd you too of young *Aquilius*:
Are my Words Wind, that thus you let 'em paſs?
Haſt thou forgot thy Father?

Tib. No, my Lord?

Brut. Thou ly'ſt. But tho thou 'ſcape a Father's Rod,
The Conſul's Ax may reach thee : think on that.
I know thy Vanity, and blind Ambition;
Thou doſt aſſociate with my Enemies :
When I refus'd the Conſul *Collatine*
To be the King of Sacrifices, ſtrait,
As if thou hadſt been ſworn his Boſom Fool,
He nam'd thee for the Office: and ſince that,
Since I refus'd thy Madneſs thy Perferment,
Becauſe I would have none of *Brutus'* Blood
Pretend to be a King, thou hang'ſt thy Head,
Contriv'ſt to give thy Father new Diſpleaſure;
As if Imperial Toil were not enough
To break my Heart without thy Diſobedience.
But by the Majeſty of *Rome* I ſwear,
If after double Warning thou deſpiſe me,
By all the Gods, I'll caſt thee from my Blood,
Doom thee to Forks and Whips as a *Barbarian*;
And leave thee to the Laſhes of the Lictor.
Tarquinius Collatinus, you are ſummon'd
To meet the Senate on the inſtant Time.

Coll. Lead on: my Duty is to follow *Brutus*.
[*Ex.* Brut. Val.

Tib. Now, by thoſe Gods with which he menac'd me,
I here put off all Nature; ſince he turns me
Thus deſperate to the World, I do renounce him:
And when we meet again he is my Foe.
All Blood, all Reverence, Fondneſs be forgot:
Like a grown Savage on the common Wild,
That runs at all, and cares not who begot him,
I'll meet my Lion Sire, and roar Defiance,
As if he ne'er had nurs'd me in his Den.

Enter Vinditius, *with the People, and two* Fecialian *Prieſts, crown'd with Laurel: two Spears in their Hands, one bloody and half burnt.*

Vin. Make way there, hey, News from the Tyrant; here come Envoys, Heralds, Ambaſſadors, whether in the Gods Name or in the Devils, I know not, but here they

they come, your *Fecialian* Prieſts: Well, good People, I like not theſe Prieſts; why, what the Devil have they to do with State Affairs? What ſide ſoever they are for, they'll have Heaven for their part I'll warrant you: They'll lug the Gods in whether they will or no.

1 *Pri.* Hear, *Jupiter*; and thou, O *Juno*, hear;
Hear, O *Quirinus*, hear us all you Gods,
Celeſtial, Terreſtrial, and Infernal.

2 *Pri.* Be thou, O *Rome*, our Judge: Hear all you People.

Vin. Fine canting Rogues! I told you how they'd be hooking the Gods in at firſt daſh: Why, the Gods are their Tools and Tackle; they work with Heaven and Hell; and let me tell you, as *Things* go, your Prieſts have a hopeful Trade on't.

1 *Pri.* I come Ambaſſador to thee, O *Rome*,
Sacred and Juſt, the Legate of the King.

2 *Pri.* If we demand, or purpoſe to require,
A Stone from *Rome* that's contrary to Juſtice,
May we be ever baniſh'd from our Country,
And never hope to taſte this vital Air.

Tib. Vinditius, lead the Multitude away;
Aquilius, with *Vitellius*, and my ſelf,
Will ſtrait conduct 'em to the Capitol.

Vin. I go, my Lord; but have a care of 'em: Sly Rogues, I warrant 'em. Mark that firſt Prieſt; do you ſee how he leers? A lying Elder; the true Caſt of a Holy Jugler. Come, my Maſters, I would think well of a Prieſt, but that he has a Commiſſion to diſſemble: A Patent Hypocrite, that takes Pay to forge Lyes by Law, and lives by the Sins of the People.

[*Exeunt with People.*

Aquil. My Life upon't, you may ſpeak out, and freely; *Tiberius* is the Heart of our Deſign.

1 *Pri.* The Gods be prais'd. Thus then; the King commends
Your generous Reſolves, longs to be with you,
And thoſe you have engag'd, divides his Heart
Amongſt you; which more clearly will be ſeen

When you have read theſe Packets: As we go,
I'll ſpread the Boſom of the King before you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Senate.*

Brut. Patricians, that long ſtood, and 'ſcap'd the Ty-
The venerable Moulds of your Foreſathers, (rant,
That repreſent the Wiſdom of the Dead;
And you the Conſcript choſen for the People,
Engines of Power, ſevereſt Counſellors,
Courts that examine Treaſons to the Head:
All hail. The Conſul begs th' auſpicious Gods,
And binds *Quirinus* by his tutelar Vow,
That Plenty, Peace, and laſting Liberty
May be your Portion, and the Lot of *Rome*.
Laws, Rules, and Bounds, preſcrib'd for raging Kings,
Like Banks and Bulwarks for the Mother Seas,
Tho 'tis impoſſible they ſhould prevent
A thouſand daily Wrecks and nightly Ruins,
Yet help to break thoſe rowling Inundations,
Which elſe would overflow and drown the World.
Tarquin, to feed whoſe fathomleſs Ambition
And Ocean Luxury, the nobleſt Veins
Of all true *Romans* were like Rivers empty'd,
Is cut from *Rome*, and now he flows full on:
Yet, Fathers, ought we much to fear his Ebb,
And ſtrictly watch the Dams that we have rais'd.
Why ſhould I go about? The *Roman* People
All, with one Voice, accuſe my Fellow Conſul.

Coll. The People may; I hope the Nobles will not.
The People! *Brutus* does indulge the People.

Brut. Conſul, in what is right I will indulge 'em:
And much I think 'tis better ſo to do,
Than ſee 'em run in Tumults through the Streets,
Forming Cabals, plotting againſt the Senate,
Shutting their Shops, and flying from the Town,
As if the Gods had ſent the Plague among 'em.
I know too well, you and your Royal Tribe
Scorn the good People, ſcorn the late Election,

Becauſe

Becauſe we choſe theſe Fathers for the People,
To fill the Place of thoſe whom *Tarquin* murder'd:
And tho you laugh at this, you and your Train,
The irreligious harebrain'd Youth of *Rome*,
The Ignorant, the Slothful, and the Baſe;
Yet wiſe Men know, 'tis very rarely ſeen,
That a free People ſhould deſire the Hurt
Of Common Liberty. No, *Collatine*,
For thoſe Deſires ariſe from their Oppreſſion,
Or from Suſpicion they are falling to it:
But put the Caſe that thoſe their Fears were falſe,
Ways may be found to rectify their Errors;
For grant the People ignorant of themſelves,
Yet they are capable of being told,
And will conceive a Truth from worthy Men:
From you they will not, nor from your Adherents,
Rome's infamous and execrable Youth,
Foes to Religion and the Commonwealth,
To Virtue, Learning, and all ſober Arts
That bring Renown and Profit to Mankind;
Such as had rather bleed beneath a Tyrant
To become dreadful to the Populace,
To ſpread their Luſts and Diſſoluteneſs round,
Tho at the daily hazard of their Lives,
Than live at Peace in a free Government,
Where every Man is Maſter of his own,
Sole Lord at home, and Monarch of his Houſe;
Where Rancor and Ambition are extinguiſh'd;
Where univerſal Peace extends her Wings,
As if the Golden Age return'd; where all
The People do agree, and live ſecure;
The Nobles and the Princes lov'd and reverenc'd,
The World in Triumph, and the Gods ador'd.

Coll. The Conſul, Conſcript Fathers, ſays the People,
For divers Reaſons, grudge the Dignity,
Which I poſſeſs'd by general Approbation:
I hear their Murmurs, and would know of *Brutus*,
What they would have me do; what's their Deſire.

Brut. Take hence the Royal Name, reſign thy Office;
Go as a Friend, and of thy own Accord,

Leſt thou be forc'd to what may ſeem thy Will:
The City renders thee what is thy own
With vaſt Increaſe, ſo thou reſolve to go:
For till the Name, the Race and Family
Of *Tarquin* be remov'd, *Rome* is not free.
Coll. Brutus, I yield my Office to *Valerius*,
Hoping, when *Rome* has try'd my Faith by Exile,
She will recall me: So the Gods preſerve you. [*Exit.*
Brut. Welcome, *Publicola*, true Son of *Rome*;
On ſuch a Pilot in the rougheſt Storm
She may ſecurely ſleep, and reſt her Cares.

Enter Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, *and the Prieſts.*

1 *Pri.* Hear *Jupiter*, *Quirinus*, all you Gods.
Thou Father, Judge, commiſſion'd for the Meſſage,
Pater Patratus for the Embaſſy,
And ſacred Oaths which I muſt ſwear for Truth;
Doſt thou commiſſion me to ſeal the Peace,
If Peace they chuſe; or hurl this bloody Spear
Half burnt in Fire, if they enforce a War?
2 *Pri.* Speak to the Senate, and the *Alban* People,
The Words of *Tarquin*: This is your Commiſſion.
1 *Pri.* The King; to ſhew he has more Moderation
Than thoſe that drove him from his lawful Empire,
Demands but Reſtitution of his own,
His Royal Houſhold-ſtuff, Imperial Treaſure,
His Gold, his Jewels, and his proper State
To be tranſported where he now reſides:
I ſwear that this is all the King requires;
Behold his Signet ſet upon the Wax,
'Tis ſeal'd and written in theſe ſacred Tables.
To this I ſwear; and as my Oath is juſt,
Sincere, and punctual, without all Deceit,
May *Jupiter* and all the Gods reward me:
But if I act, or otherwiſe imagine,
Think, or deſign, than what I here have ſworn,
All you the *Alban* People being ſafe,
Safe in your Country, Temples, Sepulchres,
Safe in your Laws, and proper Houſhold Gods,

Let

Let me alone be ſtruck, fall, periſh, die,
As now this Stone falls from my Hand to Earth.

Brut. The Things you ask, being very controverſial,
Require ſome time. Should we deny the Tyrant
What was his own, 'twould ſeem a ſtrange Injuſtice,
Tho he had never reign'd in *Rome*; yet, Fathers,
If we conſent to yield to his Demand,
We give him then full Power to make a War.
'Tis known to you, the *Fecialian* Prieſts,
No Act of Senate after Sun-ſet ſtands;
Therefore your Offers being of great moment,
We ſhall defer your Buſ'neſs till the Morn;
With whoſe firſt Dawn we ſummon all the Fathers
To give th' Affair Diſpatch: So *Jove* protect,
Guard, and defend the Commonwealth of *Rome*. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, *Prieſts.*

Tib. Now to the Garden, where I'll bring my Brother:
Fear not, my Lord; we have the Means to work him:
It cannot fail.

1 *Pri.* And you, *Vitellius*, haſte
With good *Aquilius*, ſpread the News thro *Rome*,
To all of Royal Spirit; moſt to thoſe
Young Noblemen that us'd to range with *Sextus*:
Perſuade a Reſtitution of the King,
Give 'em the Hint to let him in by Night,
And join their Forces with th' Imperial Troops,
For 'tis a Shove, a Puſh of Fate muſt bear it:
For you, the Hearts and Souls of Enterprize,
I need not urge a Reaſon after this:
What Good can come of ſuch a Government,
Where tho two Conſuls, wiſe and able Perſons
As are throughout the World, ſit at the Helm,
A very Trifle cannot be reſolv'd;
A Trick, a Start, a Shadow of a Buſineſs,
That would receive Diſpatch in half a Minute,
Were the Authority but rightly plac'd
In *Rome*'s moſt lawful King? But now no more;
The *Fecialian* Garden is the Place,

Where more of our ſworn Function will be ready
To help the Royal Plot: Diſperſe, and proſper.

SCENE III. *The* Fecialian *Garden.*

Titus ſolus.

Tit. She's gone, and I ſhall never ſee her more:
Gone to the Camp, to the harſh Trade of War,
Driven from thy Bed, juſt warm within thy Breaſt,
Torn from her Harbour by thy Father's Hand,
Perhaps to ſtarve upon the barren Plain.
Thy Virgin Wife, the very Bluſh of Maids,
The ſofteſt Boſom, ſweet, and not enjoy'd:
O the Immortal Gods! And as ſhe went,
Howe'er ſhe ſeem'd to bear our Parting well,
Methoughts ſhe mix'd her Melting with Diſdain,
A Caſt of Anger through her ſhining Tears:
So to abuſe her Hopes, and blaſt her Wiſhes,
By making her my Bride, but not a Woman!

Enter Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, *and Prieſts, with* Teraminta.

Tib. See where he ſtands, drown'd in his Melancholy.

1 *Pri.* Madam, you know the Pleaſure of the Queen:
And what the Royal *Tullia* did command,
I've ſworn to execute.

Ter. I am inſtructed.
Since then my Life's at ſtake, you need not doubt
But I will act with all the Force I can:
Let me intreat you leave me here alone
Some Minutes, and I'll call you to the Conqueſt.

[*Ex.* Tib. Aqui. Vitel. *Pri.*

Tit. Chuſe then the gloomieſt Place through all the Grove,
Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground,
With thy bare Breaſt lie wedded to the Dew;
Then, as thou drink'ſt the Tears that trickle from thee,
So ſtretch'd reſolve to lie till Death ſhall ſeize thee:

Thy

Thy ſorrowful Head hung o'er ſome tumbling Stream,
To rock thy Griefs with melancholy Sounds,
With broken Murmurs, and redoubled Groans,
To help the gurgling of the Waters Fall.
Ter. Oh, *Titus*, Oh, what Scene of Death is this! [*Aſide.*
Tit. Or if thy Paſſion will not be kept in,
As in that Glaſs of Nature thou ſhalt view
Thy ſwoln drown'd Eyes with the inverted Banks,
The Tops of Willows, and their Bloſſoms turn'd,
With all the under Sky ten Fathom down,
Wiſh that the Shadow of the ſwimming Globe
Were ſo indeed, that thou might'ſt leap at Fate,
And hurl thy Fortune headlong at the Stars:
Nay, do not bear it, turn thy watry Face
To yon miſguided Orb, and ask the *Gods*
For what bold Sin they doom the wretched *Titus*
To ſuch a Loſs as that of *Teraminta?*
O *Teraminta!* I will groan thy Name,
Till the tir'd Ecchо faint with Repetition,
Till all the breathleſs Grove and quiet Myrtles
Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempeſt bow'd 'em.
Nothing but *Teraminta:* O *Teraminta!*
Ter. Nothing but *Titus: Titus* and *Teraminta!*
Thus let me rob the Fountains and the Groves,
Thus gird me to thee with the faſteſt Knot
Of Arms and Spirits that would claſp thee through;
Cold as thou art, and wet with Night's ſalн Dews,
Yet dearer ſo, thus richly dreſs'd with Sorrows,
Than if the Gods had hung thee round with Kingdoms.
Oh, *Titus!* Oh!
Tit. I find thee, *Teraminta*,
Wak'd from a fearful Dream, and hold thee faſt:
'Tis real, and I give thee back thy Joys,
Thy boundleſs Love with Pleaſures running o'er
Nay, as thou art, thus with thy Trappings, come,
Leap to my Heart, and ride upon the Pants,
Triumphing thus, and now defy our Stars.
But, oh, why do we loſe this precious Moment!
The Bliſs may yet be barr'd if we delay,
As 'twas before. Come to thy Husband's Bed;

I will not think this true till there I hold thee,
Lock'd in my Arms. Leave this contagious Air,
There will be time for Talk how thou cam'ſt hither,
When we have been beforehand with the Gods:
Till then ——————

Ter. Oh, *Titus*, you muſt hear me firſt.
I bring a Meſſage from the furious Queen:
I promiſed, nay, ſhe ſwore me not to touch you,
Till I had charm'd you to the Part of *Tarquin*.

Tit. Ha, *Teraminta!* Not to touch thy Husband,
Unleſs he prove a Villain?

Ter. Titus, no:
I'm ſworn to tell you that you are a Traytor,
If you refuſe to fight the Royal Cauſe.

Tit. Hold, *Teraminta*.

Ter. No, my Lord; 'tis plain,
And I am ſworn to lay my Reaſons home.
Rouze then, awake, recal your ſleeping Virtue,
Side with the King, and arm againſt your Father;
Take part with thoſe that loyally have ſworn
To let him in by Night: *Vitellius*,
Aquilius, and your Brother wait without;
Therefore I charge you haſte, ſubſcribe your Name,
And ſend your vow'd Obedience to the King.
'Tis *Teraminta* that intreats you thus,
Charms, and conjures you: tell the Royal Heralds
You'll head their Enterprize; and then, my Lord,
My Love, my noble Husband, I'll obey you,
And follow to your Bed.

Tit. Never, I ſwear.
Oh, *Teraminta*, thou haſt broke my Heart;
By all the Gods, from thee this was too much.
Farewell, and take this with thee. For thy ſake
I will not fight againſt the King, nor for him.
I'll fly my Father, Brother, Friends for ever;
Forſake the haunts of Men; converſe no more
With ought that's human; dwell with endleſs Darkneſs:
For ſince the ſight of thee is now unwelcome,
What has the World beſides that I can bear?

Ter.

Ter. Come back, my Lord. By thoſe Immortal Pow'rs
You now invok'd, I'll fix you in this Virtue.
Your *Teraminta* did but try how ſtrong
Your Honour ſtood; and now ſhe finds it laſting,
Will die to root you in this ſolid Glory.
Yes, *Titus*, tho the Queen has ſwore to end me,
Tho both the *Fecialians* have Commiſſion
To ſtab me in your Preſence, if not wrought
To ſerve the King, yet by the Gods I charge you
Keep to the Point your Conſtancy has gain'd.
Tarquin, altho my Father, is a Tyrant,
A bloody, black Uſurper; ſo I beg you
E'en in my Death to view him.

Tit. Oh, you Gods!

Ter. Yet guilty as he is, if you behold him
Hereafter with his Wounds upon the Earth,
Titus, for my ſake, for poor *Teraminta*,
Who rather dy'd than you ſhou'd loſe your Honour,
Do not you ſtrike him, do not dip your Sword
In *Tarquin*'s Blood, becauſe he was my Father.

Tit. No, *Teraminta*, no; by all the Gods
I will defend him, e'en againſt my Father.
See, ſee, my Love, behold the Flight I take:
What all the Charms of thy expected Bed
Could not once move my Soul to think of acting,
Thy Tears and menac'd Death, by which thou ſtriv'ſt
To fix me to the Principles of Glory,
Have wrought me off. Yes, yes, you cruel Gods,
Let the eternal Bolts that bind this Frame
Start from their Order: ſince you puſh me thus,
E'en to the Margin of this wide Deſpair,
Behold I plunge at once in this Diſhonour,
Where there is neither Shore, nor hope of Heav'n,
No floating Mark through all the diſmal Vaſt;
'Tis rockleſs too, no Cliff to clamber up,
To gaze about and pauſe upon the Ruin.

Ter. Is then your purpos'd Honour come to this?
What now, my Lord?

Tit. Thy Death, thy Death, my Love:
I'll think on that, and laugh at the Gods.

Glo-

Glory, Blood, Nature, Ties of Reverence,
The Dues of Birth, Respect of Parents, all,
All are as this, the Air I drive before me.
What hoa! *Vitellius*, and *Aquilius*, come,
And you the *Fecialian* Heralds, haste,
I'm ready for the Leap, I'll take it with you,
Tho deep as to the Fiends.

Ter. Thus hear me, *Titus*.

Tit. Off from my Knees, away.
What on this Theme, thy Death? Nay, stabb'd before (me?

Enter Priests, with Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius.

Speak not; I will not know thee on this Subject,
But push thee from my Heart, with all Persuasions
That now are lost upon me. O *Tiberius*,
Aquilius, and *Vitellius*, welcome, welcome;
I'll join you in the Conjuration, come:
I am as free as he that dares be foremost.

Ter. My Lord, my Husband.

Tit. Take this Woman from me.
Nay, look you, Sirs, I am not yet so gone,
So headlong neither in his damn'd Design,
To quench this horrid Thirst with *Brutus'* Blood:
No, by th'Eternal Gods I bar you that;
My Father shall not bleed.

Tib. You could not think
Your Brother sure so monstrous in his Kind,
As not to make our Father's Life his Care.

Tit. Thus then, my Lords, I list my self among you,
And with my Stile in short subscribe my self
Th[illegible] Servant to the King; my Words are these;
'*Titu*[illegible] to the King:
'Sir, [illegible]u need only know my Brother's Mind
'To j[illegible]dge of me, w[illegible]o am resolv'd to serve you.

1 *Pri.* 'Tis full en[illegible]gh.

Tit. Then leave n[illegible] to the Hire

[*Ex.* Tib. Aquil. Vit. *and Priests.*

Of th[illegible] hard Labour, [illegible] dear bought Priz[illegible],
W[illegible]ose Life I purch[illegible]d with my Loss of H[illegible]nour:

Come

Come to my Breaſts thou Tempeſt-beaten Flower,
Brim full of Rain, and ſtick upon my Heart.
O ſhort-liv'd Roſe! Yet I ſome Hours will wear thee:
Yes, by the Gods I'll ſmell thee till I languiſh,
Rifle thy Sweets, and run thee o'er and o'er,
Fall like the Night upon thy folding Beauties,
And claſp thee dead: Then, like the Morning Sun,
With a new Heat kiſs thee to Life again,
And make the Pleaſure equal to the Pain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tiberius, Vitellius.

Tib. HArk, are we not purſu'd?
Vit. No; 'tis the Tread
Of our own Friends that follow in the dark.
Tib. What's now the time?
Vit. Juſt dead of Night,
And 'tis the blackeſt that e'er mask'd a Murder.
Tib. It likes me better; for I love the Scoul,
The grimmeſt Lowre of Fate on ſuch a Deed;
I would have all the Charnel-houſes yawn,
The duſty Urns, and monumental Bones,
Remov'd, to make our Maſſacre a Tomb.
Hark! Who was that that hollow'd Fire?
Vit. A Slave
That ſnores i' th' Hall, he bellows in his Sleep,
And cries, The Capitol's o' Fire.
Tib. I would it were,
And *Tarquin* at the Gates: 'Twould be a Blaze,
A Beacon fit to light a King of Blood,
That vows at once the Slaughter of the World:
Down with their Temples, ſet 'em on a Flame;
What ſhould they do with Houſes for the Gods,
Fat Fools, the lazy Magiſtrates of *Rome*,
Wiſe Citizens, the politick Heads o' th' People,

That

That preach Rebellion to the Multitude?
Why, let 'em off, and rowl into their Graves!
I long to be at Work. See, good *Aquilius*,
Trebonius too, *Servilius* and *Minutius*,
Pomponius hail: Nay, now you may unmask,
Brow-beat the Fates, and say they are your Slaves.
Aqu. What are those Bodies for?
Tib. A Sacrifice.
These were two very busy Commonwealths-Men,
That, e'er the King was banish'd by the Senate,
First set the Plot on foot in publick Meetings;
That would be holding forth, 'twas possible
That Kings themselves might err, and were but Men,
The People were not Beasts for Sacrifice;
Then jogg'd his Brother, this cramm'd Statesman here,
The bolder Rogue, whom ev'n with open Mouth
I heard once belch Sedition from a Stall.
Go, bear him to the Priests; he is a Victim
That comes as wish'd for them, the Cooks of Heav'n,
And they will carve this Brawn of fat Rebellion,
As if he were a Dish the Gods might feed on.
Vin. (*From a Window*) Oh, the Gods! Oh the Gods!
What will they do with him? O these Priests, Rogues,
Cut-throats! a Dish for the Gods, but the Devil's Cooks
to dress him.
Tib. Thus then. The *Fecialians* have set down
A Platform, copy'd from the King's Design:
The *Pandane*, or the *Romulide*, the *Roman*,
Carmental and *Janiculan* Ports of *Rome*,
The *Circ*, the *Capitol*, and *Sublician* Bridge,
Must all be seiz'd by us that are within;
'Twill not be hard in the Surprize of Night
By us, the Consuls Children and their Nephews,
To kill the drowsy Guards, and keep the Holds,
At least so long till *Tarquin* force his Entrance
With all the Royalists that come to join us.
Therefore to make his broader Squadrons Way,
Tarquinian is design'd to be the Entry
Of his most pompous and resolv'd Revenge.

Aquil.

Aquil. The firſt decreed in this great Execution,
Is here ſet down, your Father and *Valerius.*
Tib. That's as the King ſhall pleaſe; but for *Valerius,*
I'll take my ſelf the Honour of his Head,
And wear it on my Spear. The Senate all
Without Exception ſhall be ſacrific'd:
And thoſe that are the mutinous Heads o' th' People,
Whom I have mark'd to be the Soldiers Spoil,
For Plunder muſt be given; and who ſo fit
As thoſe notorious Limbs, your Commonwealths-men?
Their Daughters to be raviſh'd, and their Sons
Quarter'd like Brutes upon the common Shambles.
Vit. Now for the Letters, which the *Fecialians*
Require us all to ſign, and ſend to *Tarquin,*
Who will not elſe be apt to truſt his Heralds
Without Credentials under every Hand;
The Buſ'neſs being indeed of vaſt Import,
On which the Hazard of his Life and Empire,
As well as all our Fortunes, does depend.
Tib. It were a Breach to the whole Enterprize
To make a Scruple in our great Affair:
I will ſign firſt: And for my Brother *Titus,*
Whom his new Wife detains, I have his Hand
And Seal to ſhow, as faſt and firm as any.
Vin. O Villany! Villany! What would they do with me if they ſhould catch me peeping? Knock out my Brains at leaſt; another Diſh for the Prieſts, who would make fine Sauce of 'em for the Hanch of a fat Citizen! (Hearts
Tib. All Hands have here ſubſcribed: and that your Prove reſolute to what your Hands have giv'n,
Behold the Meſſengers of Heav'n to bind you,
Charms of Religion, ſacred Conjurations,
With Sounds of Execration, Words of Horror,
Not to diſcloſe or make leaſt Signs or Show
Of what you have both heard, and ſeen, and ſwor[n];
But bear your ſelves as if it ne'er had been;
Swear by the Gods celeſtial and infernal,
By *Pluto,* Mother Earth, and by the Furies,
Not to reveal, tho Racks were ſet before you,

A Syllable of what is paſt and done.
Hark how the offer'd Brutes begin to roar!
O that the Hearts of all the Traitor Senate,
And Heads of all that foul *Hydra* Multitude,
Were frying with their Fat upon this Pile,
That we might make an Off'ring worth an Empire,
And ſacrifice Rebellion to the King.

The SCENE *draws, ſhowing the Sacrifice; one burning, and another crucify'd; the Prieſts coming forward with Goblets in their Hands, fill'd with Human Blood.*

1 *Pri.* Kneel all you Heroes of this black Deſign,
Each take his Goblet fill'd with Blood and Wine;
Swear by the Thunderer, ſwear by *Jove*,
Swear by the Hundred Gods above,
Swear by *Dis*, by *Proſerpine*
Swear by the *Berecynthian* Queen,
2 *Pri.* To keep it cloſe till *Tarquin* comes,
With Trumpet Sound and Beat of Drums;
But then to thunder forth the Deed,
That *Rome* may bluſh, and Traitors bleed:
Swear all.
All. We ſwear.
1 *Pri.* Now drink the Blood,
To make the Conjuration good.
Tib. Methinks I feel the Slaves exalted Blood
Warm at my Heart: O that it were the Spirits
Of *Rome*'s beſt Life, drawn from her grizled Fathers!
That were a Draught indeed to quench Ambition,
And give new Fierceneſs to the King's Revenge.
Vin. Oh the Gods! What, burn a Man alive! O Cannibal Hellhounds! Eat one Man, and drink another! Well, I'll to *Valerius*; *Brutus* will not believe me, becauſe his Sons and Nephews are in the Buſineſs. What, drink a Man's Blood! Roaſt him and eat him alive! A whole Man roaſted! Would not an Ox ſerve the Turn? Prieſts to do this! Oh ye immortal Gods! For my part if this be your Worſhip, renounce you. No, if a Man can't go to Heaven, unleſs your Prieſts eat him, and drink

drink him, and roaſt him alive, I'll be for the broad Way, and the Devil ſhall have me at a Venture. [*Exit.*

Enter Titus.

Tit. What ho, *Tiberius!* Give me back my Hand: What have you done? Horrors and Midnight Murders! The Gods, the Gods awake you to Repentance, As they have me. Would'ſt thou believe me, Brother? Since I deliver'd thee that fatal Scroul, That Writing to the King, my Heart rebell'd Againſt it ſelf; my Thoughts were up in Arms, All in a Roar, like Seamen in a Storm, My Reaſon and my Faculties were wrack'd, The Maſt, the Rudder and the Tackling gone; My Body, like the Hull of ſome loſt Veſſel, Beaten and tumbled with my rolling Fears, Therefore I charge thee give me back my Writing.

Tib. What means my Brother?

Tit. O *Tiberius!* O!

Dark as it ſeems, I tell thee that the Gods Look thro a Day of Lightning on our City; The Heav'n's on Fire; and from the flaming Vault Portentous Blood pours like a Torrent down. There are a hundred Gods in *Rome* to Night, And every larger Spirit is abroad, Monuments empty'd, every Urn is ſhaken To fright the State, and put the World in Arms. Juſt now I ſaw three *Romans* ſtand amaz'd Before a flaming Sword, then drop'd down dead, My ſelf untouch'd; while thro the blazing Air A fleeting Head, like a full-riding Moon, Glar'd by, and cry'd, *Titus*, I am *Egeria*; Repent, repent, or certain Death attends thee; Treaſon and Tyranny ſhall not prevail! Kingdom ſhall be no more, *Egeria* ſays it: And that vaſt Turn Imperial Fate reſign'd, I ſaw, O *Titus*, on th' eternal Loom; 'Tis ripe, 'tis perfect, and it muſt ſtand.

1 *Pri.* Fumes, Fumes; the Fantoms of an ill Digeſtion!
The Gods are as good quiet Gods as may be,
They're faſt aſleep, and mean not to diſturb us,
Unleſs your Frenzy wake 'em.

Tit. Peace, Fury, Peace,
May the Gods doom me to the Pains of Hell,
If I enjoy'd the Beauties that I ſav'd:
The Horror of my Treaſon ſhock'd my Joys,
Enervated my Purpoſe, while I lay
Colder than Marble by her Virgin Side;
As if I had drunk the Blood of Elephants,
Drouſy Mandragora, or the Juice of Hemlock.

1 *Pri.* I like him not; I think we had beſt diſpatch him.

Tit. Nothing but Images of Horror round me;
Rome all in Blood, the raviſh'd Veſtals raving,
The Sacred Fire put out; robb'd Mothers Shrieks
Deaf'ning the Gods with Clamours from their Babes,
That ſprawl'd aloft upon the Soldiers Spears;
The Beard of Age pluck'd off by barbarous Hands,
While from his piteous Wounds and horrid Gaſhes
The labouring Life flow'd faſter than the Blood.

Enter Valerius, Vinditius, *with Guards, who ſeize all but the Prieſts, who ſlip away:* Vinditius *follows them.*

Val. Horror upon me! What will this Night bring forth?
Yes, you immortal Gods, ſtrike, ſtrike the Conſul,
Since there are here; the Crime will look leſs horrid.
In me, than in his Sons. *Titus, Tiberius!*
O from this time let me be blind and dumb:
But haſte there; *Mutius*, fly; call hither *Brutus*,
Bid him for ever leave the Down of Reſt,
And ſleep no more: If *Rome* were all on Fire,
And *Tarquin* in the Streets beſtriding Slaughter,
He would'd leſs wonder than at *Titus* here.

Tit. Stop there, O ſtop that Meſſenger of Fate;
Here, bind, *Valerius*, bind this Villain's Hands,
Tear off my Robes, put me upon the Forks,
And laſh me like a Slave, till I ſhall howl

My.

My Soul away; or hang me on a Croſs,
Rack me a Year within ſome horrid Dungeon;
So deep, ſo near the Hells that I muſt ſuffer,
That I may groan my Torments to the damn'd:
I do ſubmit this Traitor, this curs'd Villain,
To all the Stings of moſt ingenious Horror,
So thou diſpatch me e'er my Father comes.
But hark, I hear the Tread of fatal *Brutus*;
By all the Gods, and by the loweſt Furies,
I cannot bear his Face: Away with me;
Or like a Whirlwind I will tear my Way,
I care not whither. [*Exit with* Tiberius.

Val. Take 'em hence together.

Enter Vinditius *with the Prieſts.*

Vin. Here, here, my Lord, I have unkennell'd Two:
Thoſe there are Raſcals made of Fleſh and Blood,
Thoſe are but Men, but theſe are the Gods Rogues.

Val. Go, good *Vinditius*, haſte, and ſtop the People,
Get 'em together to the Capitol;
Where all the Senate, with the Conſuls early,
Will ſee ſtrict Juſtice done upon the Traitors.
For thee the Senate ſhall decree Rewards
Great as thy Service.

Vin. I humbly thank your Lordſhip.
Why, what, they'll make me a Senator at leaſt,
And then a Conſul, O th' immortal Gods!
My Lord, I go — To have the Rods and Axes carry'd
before me, and a long purple Gown trailing behind my
honourable Heels: Well, I am made for ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Brutus, *attended.*

Brut. O, my *Valerius*, are theſe Horrors true?
Haſt thou, O Gods! this Night empowell'd me?
Ranſack'd thy *Brutus'* Veins, thy Fellow Conſul,
And found two Villains lurking in my Blood?

Val. The blackeſt Treaſon that e'er Darkneſs brooded;
And who, to hatch theſe Horrors for the World,

Who

Who to ſeduce the Noble Youth of *Rome*,
To draw 'em to ſo damn'd a Conjuration,
To bind 'em too by new invented Oaths,
Religious Forms, and deviliſh Sacrifices,
A Sacrament of Blood, for which *Rome* ſuffer'd
In Two the worthieſt of her martyr'd Sons;
Who to do this, but Meſſengers from Heav'n?
Theſe Holy Men that ſwore ſo ſolemnly
Before the Senate, call'd the Gods to curſe 'em,
If they intended ought againſt the State,
Or harbour'd Treaſon more than what they utter'd?

Brut. Now all the Fiends and Furies thank 'em for it.
You Sons of Murder, that get drunk with Blood,
Then ſtab at Princes, poiſon Commonwealths,
Deſtroy whole Hecatombs of innocent Souls,
Pile 'em like Bulls and Sheep upon your Altars,
As you would ſmoke the Gods from out their Dwelling:
You Shame of Earth, and Scandal of the Heav'ns;
You deeper Fiends than any of the Furies,
That ſcorn to whiſper Envy, Hate, Sedition;
But with a Blaſt of Privilege proclaim it;
Prieſts that are Inſtruments deſign'd to damn us,
Fit Speaking-Trumpets for the Mouth of Hell:
Hence with 'em, Guards; ſecure 'em in the Priſon
Of *Ancus Martius*. Read the Packets o'er,
I'll bear it as I'm able, read 'em out.

Val. The Sum of the Conſpiracy to the King.
' It ſhall begin with both the Conſuls Deaths;
' And then the Senate; every Man muſt bleed,
' But thoſe that have engag'd to ſerve the King.
' Be ready therefore, Sir, to ſend your Troops
' By Twelve to morrow Night, and come your ſelf
' In Perſon, if you'll reaſcend the Throne:
' All that have ſworn to ſerve your Majeſty,
' Subſcribe themſelves by Name your faithful Subjects,
' *Tiberius*, *Aquilius*, *Vitellius*,
' *Trebonius*, *Servilius*, *Minutius*,
' *Pomponius*, and your *Fecialian* Prieſts.

Brut. Ha! my *Valerius*, is not *Titus* there?

Val.

Val. He's here, my Lord; a Paper by it ſelf.
' *Titus* to the King.
' Sir, you need only know my Brother's *Mind*,
' To judge of me, who am reſolv'd to ſerve you.
What do you think, my Lord?
Brut. Think, my *Valerius!*
By my Heart, I know not:
I'm at a Loſs of Thought; and muſt acknowledge
The Counſels of the Gods are fathomleſs:
Nay, 'tis the hardeſt Task perhaps of Life
To be aſſur'd of what is Vice or Virtue;
Whether when we raiſe up Temples to the Gods,
We do not then blaſpheme 'em: O, behold me,
Behold the Game that laughing Fortune plays;
Fate, or the Will of Heav'n, call't what you pleaſe,
That marrs the beſt Deſigns that Prudence lays,
That brings Events about perhaps to mock
At human Reach, and ſport with Expectation.
Conſider this, and wonder not at *Brutus*,
If his Philoſophy ſeems at a ſtand;
If thou behold'ſt him ſhed unmanly Tears
To ſee his Blood, his Children, his own Bowels
Conſpire the Death of him that gave 'em Being.
Val. What Heart, but yours, could bear it without break-
Brut. No, my *Valerius*, I were a Beaſt indeed (ing?
Not to be mov'd with ſuch prodigious Suffering;
Yet after all I juſtify the Gods,
And will conclude there's Reaſon ſupernatural
That guides us through the World with vaſt Diſcretion,
Altho we have not Souls to comprehend it:
Which makes by wondrous Methods the ſame Cauſes
Produce Effects, tho of a different Nature.
Since then, for Man's Inſtruction, and the Glory
Of the immortal Gods, it is decreed
There muſt be Patterns drawn of fierceſt Virtue,
Brutus ſubmits to the eternal Doom.
Val. May I believe there can be ſuch Perfection,
Such a Reſolve in Man?
Brut. Firſt, as I am their Father,
I pardon both of 'em this black Deſign;

But

But as I am *Rome*'s Conſul, I abhor 'em,
And caſt 'em from my Soul with Deteſtation:
The nearer to my Blood, the deeper grain'd
The Colour of their Fault, and they ſhall bleed:
Yes, my *Valerius*, both my Sons ſhall die.

Enter Teraminta.

Nay, I will ſtand unbowell'd by the Altar,
See ſomething dearer to me than my Entrails
Diſplay'd before the Gods and *Roman* People:
The Sacrifice of Juſtice and Revenge.

Ter. What Sacrifice, what Victims, Sir, are theſe
Which you intend? O, you eternal Powers,
How ſhall I vent my Sorrows! Oh, my Lord,
Yet e'er you ſeal the Death you have deſign'd,
The Death of all that's lovely in the World,
Hear what the Witneſs of his Soul can ſay,
The only Evidence that can, or dare
Appear for your unhappy guiltleſs Son.
The Gods command you, Virtue, Truth, and Juſtice,
Which you with ſo much Rigour have ador'd,
Beg you would hear the wretched *Teraminta*.

Brut. Ceaſe thy Laments: Tho of the Blood of *Tarquin*,
Yet more, the Wife of my forgotten Son,
Thou ſhalt be heard.

Ter. Have you forgot him then?
Have you forgot your ſelf? The Image of you,
The very Picture of your Excellence,
The Portraiture of all your manly Virtues,
Your Image ſtampt upon him, juſt thoſe Eyes,
The moving Greatneſs of 'em, all the Mercy,
The ſhedding Goodneſs, not ſo quite ſevere,
Yet ſtill moſt like: And can you then forget him?

Brut. Will you proceed?

Ter. My Lord, I will. Know then,
After your Son, your Son that loves you more
Than I love him, after our common *Titus*,
The Wealth o' th' World, unleſs you rob 'em of it,
Had long endur'd th' Aſſaults of the Rebellious,

And

And ſtill kept fix'd to what you had enjoin'd him;
I, as Fate order'd it, was ſent from *Tullia*,
With my Death menac'd, ev'n before his Eyes,
Doom'd to be ſtabb'd before him by the Prieſts,
Unleſs he yielded not t' oppoſe the King:
Conſider, Sir; oh make it your own Caſe;
Juſt wedded, juſt on the expected Joys,
Warm for my Bed, and ruſhing to my Arms,
So loving too, alas, as we did love;
Granted in haſte, in Heat, in Flame of Paſſion
He knew not what himſelf, and ſo ſubſcrib'd.
But now, Sir, now, my Lord, behold a Wonder,
Behold a Miracle to move your Soul:
Tho in my Arms, juſt in the Graſps of Pleaſure,
His noble Heart, ſtruck with the Thoughts of *Brutus*,
Of what he promis'd you, till then forgot,
Leapt in his Breaſt, and daſh'd him from Enjoyment;
He ſhriek'd, y' immortal Gods, what have I done?
No, *Teraminta*, let us rather periſh,
Divide for ever with whole Seas betwixt us,
Rather than ſin againſt ſo good a Father.
Tho he before had barr'd your Life and Fortune,
Yet would not truſt the Traytors with the Safety
Of him he call'd the Image of the Gods.

Val. O Saint-like Virtue of a *Roman* Wife!
O Eloquence Divine! Now all the Arts
Of Womens Tongues, the Rhetorick of the Gods
Inſpire thy ſoft and tender Soul to move him.

Ter. On this he rous'd—Swore by the Powers Divine
He would fetch back the Paper that he gave,
Or leave his Life amongſt 'em: kept his Word,
And came to challenge it, but, oh! too late;
For, in the midſt of all his Piety,
His ſtrong Perſuaſions to a ſwift Repentance,
His Vow to lay their horrid Treaſons open,
His Execration of the barbarous Prieſts,
How he abhorr'd that bloody Sacrament
As much as you, and curs'd the Conjuration;
Vinlicius came, that had before alarm'd
The wiſe *Valerius*; who with all the Guards

Found *Titus* here, believ'd him like the reſt,
And ſeiz'd him too, as guilty of the Treaſon.
Val. But, by the Gods, my Soul does now acquit him.
Bleſt be thy Tongue, bleſt the auſpicious Gods
That ſent thee, O true Pattern of Perfection!
To plead his bleeding Cauſe. There needs no more;
I ſee his Father's mov'd: Behold a Joy,
A watry Comfort riſing in his Eyes,
That ſays, 'Tis more than half a Heav'n to hear thee.
Brut. Haſte, O *Valerius*, haſte, and ſend for *Titus*.
Ter. For *Titus!* Oh, that is a Word too diſtant;
Say, for your Son, for your beloved Son,
The Darling of the World, the Joy of Heav'n,
The Hope of Earth, your Eyes not dearer to you,
Your Soul's beſt Wiſh, and Comfort of your Age.

Enter Titus *with* Valerius.

Tit. Ah, Sir! Oh whither ſhall I run to hide me?
Where ſhall I lower fall? How ſhall I lie
More groveling in your View, and howl for Mercy?
Yet 'tis ſome Comfort to my wild Deſpair,
Some Joy in Death, that I may kiſs your Feet,
And ſwear upon 'em by theſe ſtreaming Tears,
Black as I am with all my Guilt upon me,
I never harbour'd ought againſt your Perſon:
Ev'n in the height of my full-fraught Diſtraction,
Your Life, my Lord, was ſacred; ever dear,
And ever precious to unhappy *Titus*.
Brut. Riſe, *Titus*: Riſe, my Son.
Tit. Alas, I dare not;
I have not Strength to ſee the Majeſty
Which I have brav'd: If thus far I aſpire,
If on your Knees I hang and vent my Groans,
It is too much, too much for thouſand Lives.
Brut. I pity thee, my Son, and I forgive thee.
And, that thou may'ſt believe my Mercy true,
I take thee in my Arms.
Tit. O all the Gods!
Brut. Now riſe; I charge thee, on my Bleſſing, riſe.

Ter.

Ter. Ah! ſee, Sir, ſee, againſt his Will behold
He does obey, tho he would chuſe to kneel
An Age before you; ſee how he ſtands and trembles!
Now, by my Hopes of Mercy he's ſo loſt,
His Heart's ſo full, brim-full of Tenderneſs,
The Senſe of what you've done has ſtruck him ſpeechleſs;
Nor can he thank you now but with his Tears.

Brut. My dear *Valerius*, let me now intreat thee,
Withdraw a while with gentle *Teraminta*,
And leave us to our ſelves.

Ter. Ah, Sir, I fear you now;
Nor can I leave you with the humble *Titus*,
Unleſs you promiſe me you will not chide,
Nor fall again to Anger: Do not, Sir,
Do not upbraid his ſoft and melting Temper
With what is paſt. Behold he ſighs again!
Now by the Gods that hitherto have bleſt us,
My Heart forebodes a Storm, I know not why:
But ſay, my Lord, give me your God-like Word,
You'll not be cruel, and I'll not truſt my Heart,
Howe'er it leaps, and fills me with new Horror.

Brut. I promiſe thee.

Ter. Why, then I thank you, Sir;
Ev'n from my Soul I thank you for this Goodneſs:
The great, good, gracious Gods reward and bleſs you.
Ah *Titus*, ah, my Soul's eternal Treaſure,
I fear I leave thee with a hard Uſurer;
But I perforce muſt truſt thee. Oh farewel. [*Ex. with* Val.

Brut. Well, *Titus*, ſpeak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend a while this [illegible]
Wait till the Tempeſt were quite overblown,
That I might take thee in the Calm of Nature,
With all thy gentler Virtues brooding on thee,
So hush'd a Stillneſs, as if all the Gods
Look'd down, and liſten'd to what we were ſaying;
Speak then, and tell me, O my beſt belov'd,
My Son, my *Titus*, is all well again?

Tit. So well, that ſaying how muſt make it nothing;
So well, that I could wiſh to die this Moment,
For ſo my Heart with powerful Throbs perſuades me:

That were indeed to make you Reparation,
That were, my Lord, to thank you home, to die,
And that for *Titus* too would be moſt happy. (happy?
Brut. How's that, my Son? Would Death for thee be
Tit. Moſt certain, Sir; for in my Grave I 'ſcape
All thoſe Affronts which I in Life muſt look for,
All thoſe Reproaches which the Eyes, and Fingers,
And Tongues of *Rome* will daily caſt upon me;
From whom, to a Soul ſo ſenſible as mine,
Each ſingle Scorn would be far worſe than dying:
Beſides, I 'ſcape the Stings of my own Conſcience,
Which will for ever rack me with Remembrance,
Haunt me by Day, and torture me by Night,
Caſting my blotted Honour in the Way
Where-e'er my melancholy Thoughts ſhall guide me.
Brut. But is not Death a very dreadful Thing?
Tit. Not to a Mind reſolv'd. No, Sir, to me
It ſeems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and Convulſions, and diſcolour'd Faces,
Friends weeping round us, Blacks and Obſequies,
Make it a dreadful Thing; the Pomp of Death
Is far more terrible than Death it ſelf.
Yes, Sir, I call the Powers of Heav'n to witneſs,
Titus dares die, if ſo you have decreed;
Nay, he ſhall die with Joy, to honour *Brutus*,
To make your Juſtice famous through the World,
And fix the Liberty of *Rome* for ever:
Not but I muſt confeſs my Weakneſs too;
Yet it is great thus to reſolve againſt it,
To have the Frailty of a mortal Man,
But the Security of th' immortal Gods.
Brut. O *Titus!* Oh thou abſolute young Man!
Thou flatt'ring Mirror of thy Father's Image,
Where I behold my ſelf at ſuch Advantage!
Thou perfect Glory of the *Junian* Race!
Let me endear thee once more to my Boſom,
Groan an eternal Farewel to thy Soul;
Inſtead of Tears weep Blood, if poſſible,
Blood, the Heart-Blood of *Brutus*, on his Child;
For thou muſt die, my *Titus*, die, my Son,

I ſwear the Gods have doom'd thee to the Grave:
The violated Genius of thy Country
Rears his ſad Head, and paſſes Sentence on thee:
This Morning Sun, that lights my Sorrows on
To the Tribunal of this horrid Vengeance,
Shall never ſee thee more.

Tit. Alas, my Lord!
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your Sorrow?
Why ſhould the God-like *Brutus* ſhake to doom me?
Why all theſe Trappings for a Traytor's Hearſe?
The Gods will have it ſo.

Brut. They will, my *Titus:*
Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, can have it otherwiſe.
Nay, *Titus,* mark; the deeper that I ſearch,
My haraſs'd Soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I ſee the very Hand of *Jove*
Moving the dreadful Wheels of this Affair,
That whirl thee, like a Machine, to thy Fate.
It ſeems as if the Gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling Spirits of the People,
And ſettle the looſe Liberty of *Rome.*
'Tis fix'd, O therefore let not Fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy Death, that 'tis not in the Power
Of Gods or Men to ſave thee from the Ax.

Tit. The Ax! O Heav'n! then muſt I fall ſo baſely?
What, ſhall I periſh by the common Hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this thou giv'ſt me nothing.
Yes, *Titus,* ſince the Gods have ſo decreed
That I muſt loſe thee, I will take th[illegible]ntage
Of thy important Fate, cement *Rome*'s Flaws,
And heal her wounded Freedom with thy Blood:
I will aſcend my ſelf the ſad Tribunal,
And ſit upon my Sons; on thee, my *Titus;*
Behold thee ſuffer all the Shame of Death,
The Lictor's Laſhes, bleed before the People;
Then with thy Hopes, and all thy Youth upon thee,
See thy Head taken by the common Ax,
Without a Groan, without one pitying Tear,
If that the Gods can hold me to my Purpoſe,
To make my Juſtice quite tranſcend Example.

Tit. Scourg'd like a Bondman! ha! a beaten Slave!
But I deſerve it all; yet here I fail:
The Image of this Suff'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer ſtop the guſhing Tears.
O Sir! O *Brutus!* muſt I call you Father,
Yet have no Token of your Tenderneſs?
No Sign of Mercy? What, not bate me that!
Can you reſolve, O all th' Extremity
Of cruel Rigor! to behold me too?
To ſit unmov'd, and ſee me whipt to Death?
Where are your Bowels now? Is this a Father?
Ah, Sir, why ſhould you make my Heart ſuſpect
That all your late Compaſſion was diſſembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my preſent Paſſion,
By theſe unmanly Tears, theſe Earthquakes here,
Theſe Sighs that twitch the very Strings of Life?
Think that no other Cauſe on Earth could move me
To tremble thus, to ſob, or ſhed a Tear,
Nor ſhake my ſolid Virtue from her Point,
But *Titus'* Death: O do not call it ſhameful,
That thus ſhall fix the Glory of the World.
I own thy Suff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my Body on the Ground,
To bellow like a Beaſt, to gnaw the Earth,
To tear my Hair, to curſe the cruel Fates
That force a Father thus to drag his Bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated Majeſty,
Riſe from the Earth, or I ſhall beg thoſe Fates
Which you would curſe to bolt me to the Center.
I now ſubmit to all your threaten'd Vengeance:
Come forth you Executioners of Juſtice,
Nay, all you Lictors, Slaves, and common Hangmen,
Come, ſtrip me bare, unrobe me in his Sight,
And laſh me till I bleed, whip me like Furies;
And when you've ſcourg'd me till I foam and fall,
For want of Spirits groveling in the Duſt,
Then take my Head, and give it his Revenge:
By all the Gods I greedily reſign it.

Brut. No more, farewel, eternally farewel:
If there be Gods they will reſerve a Room,
A Throne for thee in Heav'n. One laſt Embrace.
What is it makes thy Eyes thus ſwim again?
Tit. I had forgot: Be good to *Teraminta*
When I am Aſhes.
Brut. Leave her to my Care.
See her thou muſt not, for thou canſt not bear it.
O for one more, this Pull, this Tug of Heart-Strings:
Farewel for ever.
Tit. O *Brutus!* O my Father!
Brut. Canſt thou not ſay Farewel?
Tit. Farewel for ever.
Brut. For ever then; but Oh my Tears run o'er;
Groans choak my Words, and I can ſpeak no more.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Valerius, Horatius, Herminius, Mutius.

Hor. IS Sons condemn'd?
Val. Doom'd to the Rods and Axes.
Hor. What, both of 'em?
Val. Both, Sir, both his Sons.
Hor. What, *Titus* too?
Val. Yes, Sir, his Darling *Titus*;
Nay, tho he knows him innocent as I am,
'Tis all one, Sir, his Sentence ſtands like Fate.
Hor. Yet I'll intreat him.
Mut. So will I.
Herm. And I.
Val. Intreat him! yes, you may, my Lords, and move
As I have done: Why, he's no more a Man; (him
He is not caſt in the ſame common Mould,
His Spirit moves not with our Springs and Wards;

He looks and talks as if that *Jove* had ſent him
To be the Judge of all the under World;
Tells me, this Palace of the Univerſe,
With that vaſt Moat, the Ocean running round us,
Th' eternal Stars ſo fiercely rolling o'er us,
With all that Circulation of Heav'ns Orbs,
Were ſo eſtabliſh'd from before all Ages
To be the Dowry of majeſtick *Rome*:
Then looks as if he had a Patent for it,
To take account of all this great Expence,
And ſee the Layings out of the round World.

Herm. What ſhall be done then? For it grieves my Soul
To think of *Titus'* Loſs.

Val. There is no Help;
But thus to ſhake your Head, and croſs your Arms,
And wonder what the Gods and he intend.

Herm. There's ſcarce one Man of this Conſpiracy
But is ſome way related, if not nearly,
To *Junius Brutus*: Some of the *Aquilians*
Are Nephews to him; and *Vitellius'* Siſter
The grave *Sempronia*, is the Conſul's Wife.

Val. Therefore I have engag'd that groaning Matron
To plead the Cauſe of her unhappy Sons.

Enter Titus *with* Lictors.

But ſee, O Gods, behold the gallant *Titus*,
The Mirror of all Sons, the White of Virtue,
Fill'd up with Blot[illegible] all o'er with Blood,
Bowing with ſhame his Body to the Ground,
Whipt out of Breath by theſe inhuman Slaves!
O *Titus!* is this poſſible? this Shame?

Tit. O my *Valerius*, call it not my Shame;
By all the Gods it is to *Titus'* Honour;
My conſtant Suff'rings are my only Glory:
What have I left beſides? But ask, *Valerius*,
Ask theſe good Men that have perform'd their Duty,
If all the while they whipt me like a Slave,
If when the Blood from every Part ran down,
I gave one Groan, or ſhed a Woman's Tear:

I

I think, I ſwear, I think, O my *Valerius*,
That I have born it well, and like a *Roman*.
But Oh, far better ſhall I bear my Death,
Which, as it brings leſs Pain, has leſs Diſhonour.

Enter Teraminta *wounded.*

Ter. Where is he? Where, where is this God-like Son
Of an inhuman, barbarous, bloody Father?
O bear me to him.
Tit. Ha! My *Teraminta!*
Is't poſſible! The very top of Beauty,
This perfect Face drawn by the Gods at Council,
Which they were long a making, as they had Reaſon,
For they ſhall never hit the like again,
Defil'd and mangled thus! What barbarous Wretch
Has thus blaſphem'd this bright Original?
Ter. For me it matters not, nor my Abuſes;
But, Oh, for thee, why have they us'd thee thus?
Whipt, *Titus*, whipt! And could the Gods look on?
The Glory of the World thus baſely us'd?
Laſh'd, whipt, and beaten by theſe upright Dogs?
Whoſe Souls, with all the Virtue of the Senate,
Will be but Foils to any Fault of thine,
Who haſt a Beauty e'en in thy offending.
And did thy Father doom thee thus? Oh *Titus*,
Forgive thy dying Part, if ſhe believes
A Wretch ſo barbarous never could produce thee:
Some God, ſome God, my *Titus*, watch'd his Abſence,
Slipt to thy Mother's Bed, and gave thee to the World.
Tit. Oh, this laſt Wound, this Stab to all my Courage!
Had'ſt thou been well, I could have born more Laſhes:
And is it thus my Father does protect thee?
Ter. Ah, *Titus!* What, thy Murd'rer my Protector?
No, let me fall again among the People,
Let me be hooted like a common Strumpet,
Toſs'd as I was, and dragg'd about the Streets,
The Baſtard of a *Tarquin* foil'd in Dirt,
The Cry of all thoſe Bloodhounds that did hunt me
Thus to the Goal of Death, this happy End

Of all my Miſeries, here to pant my laſt,
To waſh thy Gaſhes with my farewel Tears,
To murmur, ſob, and lean my aking Head
Upon thy Breaſt, thus, like a Cradle Babe,
To ſuck thy Wounds, and bubble out my Soul.

Enter Sempronia, Aquilia, Vitellia, *Mourners*, &c.

Semp. Come, Ladies, haſte, and let us to the Senate;
If the Gods give us leave, we'll be to Day
Part of the Council. Oh, my Son, my *Titus!*
See here the bloody Juſtice of a Father,
See how the Vengeance rains from his own Bowels!
Is he not mad? If he refuſe to hear us,
We'll bind his Hands as one bereft of Reaſon.
Haſte then: Oh, *Titus*, I would ſtay to moan thee;
But that I fear his Orders are gone out
For ſomething worſe, for Death, to take the Heads
Of all the Kindred of theſe wretched Women.

Ter. Come then, I think I have ſome Spirits left
To join thee, O moſt pious, beſt of Mothers,
To melt this rocky Heart: Give me your Hand;
Thus let us march before this wretched Hoſt,
And offer to that God of Blood our Vows:
If there be ought that's human left about him,
Perhaps my Wounds and horrible Abuſes,
Help'd with the Tears and Groans of this ſad Troop,
May batter down the beſt of his Reſolves.

Tit. Hark, *Teraminta.*

Ter. No, my Lord, away. [*Exeunt.*

Tit. Oh, my *Valerius!* Was there ever Day
Through all the Legends of recorded Time
So ſad as this? But ſee, my Father comes!

Enter Brutus, Tiberius, Lictors.

Tiberius too has undergone the Laſh.
Give him the Patience, Gods, of martyr'd *Titus*,
And he will bleſs thoſe Hands that have chaſtis'd him.

Tib.

Tib. Enjoy the bloody Conqueſt of thy Pride,
Thou more tyrannical than any *Tarquin*;
Thou fiercer Sire of theſe unhappy Sons,
Than impious *Saturn*, or the gorg'd *Thieſtes*:
This Cormorant ſees, and owns us for his Children,
Yet preys upon his Intrails, tears his Bowels
With Thirſt of Blood, and Hunger fetch'd from Hell;
Which famiſh'd *Tantalus* would ſtart to think on.
But end, Barbarian, end the horrid Vengeance
Which thou ſo impiouſly haſt begun;
Perfect thy Juſtice, as thou, Tyrant, call'ſt it;
Sit like a Fury on thy black Tribunal,
Graſp with thy monſtrous Hands theſe gory Heads,
And let thy flatt'ring Orators adore thee,
For Triumphs which ſhall make thee ſmile at Horror.

Brut. Lead to the Senate.

Tib. Go then to the Senate,
There make thy Boaſt how thou haſt doom'd thy Children
To Forks and Whips, for which the Gods reward thee.
Away; my Spirit ſcorns more Conference with thee.
The Ax will be his Laughter; but the Whips
That drew theſe Stains, for this I beg the Gods
With my laſt Breath, for every Drop that falls
From theſe vile Wounds, to thunder Curſes on thee.

[*Exit.*

Brut. Valerius, haſte; the Senate does attend us. [*Exit.*

Tit. Valerius, e'er you go, let me conjure thee,
By all the Earth holds great or honourable,
As thou art truly *Roman*, ſtampt a Man,
Grant to thy dying *Titus* one Request.

Val. I'll grant thee any thing, but do not talk
Of dying yet; for much I dare confide
In that ſad Company that's gone before:
I know they'll move him to preſerve his *Titus*:
For tho you mark'd him not as hence he pared,
I could perceive with Joy a ſilent Shower
Run down his Silver Beard, therefore have hope.

Tit. Hope, ſay'ſt thou! O the Gods! What hope of Life?
To live, to live! And after this Diſhonour!
No, my *Valerius*, do not make me rave;

But

But if thou haſt a Soul that's ſenſible,
Let me conjure thee, when we reach the Senate,
To thruſt me through the Heart.

Val. Not for the World.

Tit. Do't, or I ſwear thou haſt no Friendſhip for me.
Firſt, thou wilt ſave me from the hated Ax,
The Hangman's Hand; for by the Gods I tell thee
Thou may'ſt as well ſtop the Eternal Sun,
And drive him back, as turn my Father's Purpoſe:
Next, and what moſt my Soul intreats thee for,
I ſhall perhaps in Death procure his Pity;
For to die thus, beneath his killing Frown,
Is damning me before my Execution.

Val. 'Tis granted, by the Gods I ſwear to end thee;
For when I weigh with my more ſerious Thought
Thy Father's Conduct in this dreadful Juſtice,
I find it is impoſſible to ſave thee.
Come then, I'll lead thee, O thou glorious Victim,
Thus to the Altar of untimely Death,
Thus in thy Trim, with all thy Bloom of Youth,
Theſe Virtues on thee, whoſe eternal Spring
Shall bloſſom on thy monumental Marble
With never-fading Glory.

Tit. Let me claſp thee,
Boil out my Thanks thus with my farewel Spirits:
And now away, the Taper's almoſt out,
To loſe the Light of this dear World for ever;
Never, *Valerius*, to be kindled more:
Or if it be, my Friend, it ſhall continue,
Burn thro all Winds againſt the Puff of Fortune,
To dazzle ſtill, and ſhine like the fix'd Stars,
With Beams of Glory that ſhall laſt for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Ultima. *The Senate.*

Brut. Health to the Senate! To the Fathers hail!
Jupiter, *Horſcius* and *Dieſpiter*,
Hoſpital and *Feretrian*, *Jove* the Stayer,
With all the hundred Gods and Goddeſſes,

Guard

Guard and defend the Liberty of *Rome*.
'Tis has been found a famous Truth in Story,
Left by the antient Sages to their Sons,
That on the Change of Empires, or of Kingdoms,
Some ſudden Execution, fierce and great,
Such as may draw the World to Admiration,
Is neceſſary to be put in Act
Againſt the Enemies of the preſent State.
Had *Hector*, when the *Greeks* and *Trojans* met
Upon the Truce, and mingled with each other,
Brought to the Banquet of thoſe Demi-Gods
The fatal Head of that illuſtrious Whore,
Troy might have ſtood till now; but that was wanting:
Jove having from Eternity ſet down
Rome to be Head of all the Under-World.
Rais'd with this Thought, and big with Prophecy
Of what vaſt Good may grow by ſuch Examples,
Brutus ſtands forth to do a dreadful Juſtice:
I come, O Conſcript Fathers, to a Deed
Wholly portentous, new, and wonderful,
Such as, perhaps, has never yet been found
In all Memorials of former Ages,
Nor ever will again. My Sons are Traitors,
Their Tongues and Hands are Witneſſes confeſs'd,
Therefore I have already paſt their Sentence,
And wait with you to ſee their Execution.
Hor. Conſul, the Senate does not ask their Deaths,
They are content with what's already done,
And all intreat you to remit the Act.
Brut. I thank you, Fathers, but refuſe the Offer.
By the aſſaulted Majeſty of *Rome*,
I ſwear there is no way to quit the Grace,
To right the Commonwealth, and thank the Gods,
But by the ſacrificing of my Sowels:
Take then, you ſad Revengers of the Publick,
Theſe Traitors hence, ſtrike off their Heads, and then
My Sons. No more: their Doom is paſt. Away.
Thus ſhall we ſtop the Mouth of loud Sedition,
Thus ſhew the difference betwixt the Sway
Of Partial Tyrants, and a Free-born People,

Where

Where no Man ſhall offend becauſe he's great,
Where none need doubt his Wife's or Daughter's Honour,
Where all enjoy their own without Suſpicion,
Where there's no Innovation of Religion,
No Change of Laws, nor Breach of Privilege,
No deſperate Factions gaping for Rebellion,
No Hopes of Pardon for Aſſaſſinates,
No raſh Advancements of the Baſe or Strangar,
For Luxury, for Wit, or glorious Vice;
But on the contrary, a ballanc'd Trade,
Patriots encourag'd, Manufactures cheriſh'd,
Vagabonds, Walkers, Drones, and ſwarming Braves,
The Froth of States, ſcumm'd from the Commonwealth;
Idleneſs baniſh'd, all Exceſs repreſs'd,
And Riots check'd by ſumptuary Laws,
O Conſcript Fathers! 'Tis on theſe Foundations
That *Rome* ſhall build her Empire to the Stars,
Send her Commanders with her Armies forth,
To tame the World, and give the Nations Law;
Conſuls, Proconſuls, who to the Capitol
Shall ride upon the Necks of conquer'd Kings,
And when they die, mount from the gorgeous Pile
In Flames of Spice, and mingle with the Gods.

Hor. Excellent *Brutus!* All the Senate thanks thee,
And ſays that thou thy ſelf art half a God.

Enter Sempronia, Teraminta, *with the reſt of the Mourners:* Titus, Valerius, Junius.

Sem. Gone, gone, to Death! Already ſentenc'd! Doom'd!
What, my *Tiberius* too! Ah, barbarous *Brutus!*
Send, haſte, revoke the Order of their Fate.
By all the Pledges of our Marriage Bed,
If thou, inhuman Judge, haſt left me one
To put thee yet in mind thou art a Father,
Speak to him, Oh you Mothers of ſad *Rome*,
Siſters and Daughters, e'er the Execution
Of all your Blood; haſte, haſte, and run about him,
Groan, ſob, howl out the Terrors of your Souls;

Nay,

Nay, fly upon him like robb'd Savages,
And tear him from your Young.
Brut. Away, and leave me.
Sem. Or if you think it better for your Purpoſe,
Becauſe he has the Pow'r of Life and Death,
Intreat him thus: throw all your heartleſs Breaſts
Low at his Feet, and like a God adore him:
Nay, make a Rampier round him with your Bodies,
And block him up: I ſee he would be going;
Yet that's a ſign that our Complaints have mov'd him;
Continu'd Falls of ever-ſtreaming Tears,
Such, and ſo many, and the chaſteſt too
Of all the pious Matrons throughout *Rome*,
Perhaps may melt this *Adamantine* Temper.
Not yet! Nay, hang your Bodies then upon him,
Some on his Arms, and ſome upon his Knees,
And lay this Innocent about his Neck,
This little ſmiling Image of his Father:
See how he bends, and ſtretches to his Boſom!
Oh all you pitying Pow'rs, the Darling weeps;
His pretty Eyes, ruddy and wet with Tears,
Like two burſt Cherries rolling in a Storm,
Plead for our Griefs more than a thouſand Tongues.
Jun. Yes, yes, my Father will be good to us,
And ſpare my Brothers: Oh, I know he will:
Why, do you think he ever was in earneſt?
What, to cut off their Heads? I warrant you
He will not: no, he only meant to fright 'em,
As he will me, when I have done a Fault.
Why, Mother, he has whipt 'em for't already,
And do you think he has the Heart to kill 'em?
No, no, he would not cut their little Fingers
For all the World: Or if he ſhould, I'm ſure
The Gods would pay him for't.
Brut. What hoa! Without there!
Slaves, Villains, ha! are not my Orders heard?
Hor. Oh, *Brutus*, ſee, they are too well perform'd!
See here the Bodies of the *Roman* Youth
All headleſs by your Doom, and there *Tiberius*.

Ter.

Ter. See, Sir, behold, is not this horrid Slaughter,
This cutting off one Limb from your own Body,
Is't not enough? Oh, will it not ſuffice
To ſtop the Mouth of the moſt bloody Law?
Oh, it were higheſt Sin to make a Doubt,
To ask you now to ſave the innocent *Titus*,
The common Wiſh and general Petition
Of all the *Roman* Senate, Matrons, Wives,
Widows, and Babes; nay, e'en the madding People
Cry out at laſt that Treaſon is reveng'd,
And ask no more: Oh, therefore ſpare him, Sir!

Brut. I muſt not hear you: Hark, *Valerius*.

Ter. By all theſe Wounds upon my Virgin Breaſt,
Which I have ſuffer'd by your Cruelty,
Altho you promis'd *Titus* to defend me,

Semp. Yet hold thy bloody Hand, tyrannick *Brutus*,
And I'll forgive thee for that headleſs Horror:
Grant me my *Titus*, Oh, in Death I ask thee.
Thou haſt already broke *Sempronia*'s Heart,
Yet I will pardon that ſo *Titus* live.
Ah, cruel Judge! thou pitileſs Avenger!
What art thou whiſp'ring? Speak the Horror out,
For in thy glaring Eyes I read a Murder.

Brut. I charge thee by thy Oath, *Valerius*,
As thou art here deputed by the Gods,
And not a Subject for a Woman's Folly,
Take him away, and drag him to the Ax.

Val. It ſhall be thus then; not the Hangman's Hand.
[*Runs him through, the Women ſhriek.*

Tit. O bravely ſtruck! thou haſt hit me to the Earth
So nobly, that I ſhall rebound to Heav'n,
Where I will thank thee for this gallant Wound.
[*Semp. ſwoons.*

Brut. Take hence this Woman; haſte and bear her home.
Why, my *Valerius*, did'ſt thou rob my Juſtice?

Tit. I wrought him to it, Sir, that thus in Death
I might have leave to pay my laſt Obedience,
And beg your Bleſſing for the other World.

Ter. Oh, do not take it, *Titus*: whate'er comes
From ſuch a monſtrous Nature muſt be blaſting.

Ah,

Ah, thou inhuman Tyrant! But alas,
I loiter here, when *Titus* ſtays for me:
Look here, my Love, thou ſhalt not be before me.
[*Stabs herſelf.*
Thus, to thy Arms then: Oh, make haſte, my *Titus*,
I'm got already in the Grove of Death:
The Heav'n is all benighted, not one Star
To light us through the dark and pathleſs Maze:
I have loſt thy Spirit; Oh, I grope about,
But cannot find thee. Now I ſink in Shadows. [*Dies.*

Tit. I come, thou matchleſs Virtue. Oh, my Heart!
Farewel my Love, we'll meet in Heav'n again.
My Lord, I hope your Juſtice is aton'd;
I hope the glorious Liberty of *Rome*,
Thus water'd by the Blood of both your Sons,
Will get Imperial Growth, and flouriſh long.

Brut. Thou haſt ſo nobly born thy ſelf in dying,
That not to bleſs thee were to curſe my ſelf;
Therefore I give thee thus my laſt Embrace,
Print this laſt Kiſs upon thy trembling Lips:
And e'er thou goeſt, I beg thee to report me
To the great Shades of *Romulus* and *Numa*,
Juſt with that Majeſty and rugged Virtue
Which they inſpir'd, and which the World has ſeen.
So, for I ſee thou'rt gone, farewel for ever:
Eternal *Jove*, the King of Gods and Men,
Reward and crown thee in the other World.

Tit. What Happineſs has Life to equal this?
By all the Gods I would not live again;
For what can *Jove*, or all the Gods give more,
To fall thus crown'd with Virtue's fulleſt Charms,
And die thus bleſt in ſuch a Father's Arms. [*Dies.*

Val. He's gone; the gallant Spirit's fled for ever.
How fares this noble Veſſel, that is robb'd
Of all its Wealth, ſpoil'd of its topmoſt Glory,
And now lies floating in this World of Ruin?

Brut. Peace, Conſul, Peace; let us not ſoil the Pomp
Of this Majeſtick Fate with Woman's Brawls.
Kneel Fathers, Friends, kneel all you *Roman* People,
Huſh'd as dead Calms, while I conceive a Pray'r

That

That ſhall be worthy *Rome*, and worthy *Jove*.
Val. Inſpire him, Gods, and thou, O *Rome*, attend.
Brut. Let Heav'n and Earth for ever keep their Bound,
The Stars unſhaken go their conſtant Round;
In harmleſs Labour be our Steel employ'd,
And endleſs Peace through all the World enjoy'd:
Let every Bark the Waves in Safety plough,
No angry Tempeſt curl the Ocean's Brow;
No darted Flames from Heav'n make Mortals fear,
Nor Thunder fright the weeping Paſſenger;
Let not poor Swains for Storms at Harveſt mourn,
But ſmile to ſee their Hoards of bladed Corn:
No dreadful Comets threaten from the Skies,
No Venom fall, nor pois'nous Vapours riſe:
Thou *Jove*, who doſt the Fates of Empires doom,
Guard and defend the Liberty of *Rome*.

OEDIPUS,

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by

Mr. *LEE* and Mr. *DRYDEN*.

Hi proprium decus & partem indignantur honorem
Ni teneat. ——— Virgil.

Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna. Horat.

THE

PREFACE.

THO it be dangerous to raiſe too great an Expectation, eſpecially in Works of this Nature, where we are to pleaſe an unſatiable Audience, yet 'tis reaſonable to prepoſſeſs them in favour of an Author; and therefore both the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* inform'd you, that *OEdipus* was the moſt celebrated Piece of all Antiquity: That *Sophocles*, not only the greateſt Wit, but one of the greateſt Men in *Athens*, made it for the Stage, at the publick Coſt; and that it had the Reputation of being his Maſter-piece, not only amongſt the Seven of his which are ſtill remaining, but of the greater Number which are periſh'd. *Ariſtotle* has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry; *Horace* has mentioned it; *Lucullus*, *Julius Cæſar*, and other noble *Romans*, have written on the ſame Subject, tho their Poems are wholly loſt; but *Seneca*'s is ſtill preſerv'd. In our own Age, *Corneille* has attempted

attempted it, and it appears by his Preface, with great Succeſs: But a judicious Reader will eaſily obſerve, how much the Copy is inferior to the Original. He tells you himſelf, that he owes a great part of his Succeſs to the happy Epiſode of *Theſeus* and *Dirce*; which is the ſame thing, as if we ſhould acknowledge, that we are indebted for our good Fortune, to the Under-plot of *Adraſtus*, *Eurydice*, and *Cr*[illegible] The Truth is, he miſerably failed in the [illegible]racter of a Hero: If he deſired that *OEdipus* ſhould be pitied, he ſhould have made him a better Man. He forgot that *Sophocles* had taken care to ſhew him in his firſt Entrance a juſt, a merciful, a ſucceſsful, a religious Prince, and in ſhort a Father of his Country: Inſtead of theſe, he has drawn him ſuſpicious, deſigning, more anxious of keeping the *Theban* Crown, than ſollicitous for the Safety of his People; hector'd by *Theſeus*, contemn'd by *Dirce*, and ſcarce maintaining a ſecond Part in his own Tragedy. This was an Error in the firſt Concoction; and therefore never to be mended in the ſecond or the third: He introduc'd a greater Hero than *OEdipus* himſelf; for when *Theſeus* was once there, that Companion of *Hercules* muſt yield to none: The Poet was obliged to furniſh him with Buſineſs, to make him an Equipage ſuitable to his Dignity; and by following him too cloſe, to loſe his other King of *Brentford* in the Cro[illegible] *Seneca* on the other ſide, as if there were no [illegible] thing as Nature to be minded in a P[illegible]y, is always running after pompous Expreſſion[illegible] pointed Sentences, and philoſophical Notion[illegible] more proper for the [illegible]y than the Stage. The *Frenchman* followed

a

a wrong Scent; and the *Roman* was abſolutely at cold Hunting. All we could gather out of *Corneille*, was, that an Epiſode muſt be, but not his way: And *Seneca* ſupply'd us with no new Hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his *Tireſias* raiſing the Ghoſt of *Lajus*, which is here perform'd in view of the Audience; the Rites and Ceremonies ſo far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the *Greeks*: [illegible] himſelf was beholden to *Homer*'s *Tireſias* in the *Odyſſes* for ſome of them; and the reſt have been collected from *Helidore*'s *Ethiopiques*, and *Lucan*'s *Erictho*. *Sophocles* indeed is admirable every where; and therefore we have followed as cloſe as poſſibly we cou'd: But the *Athenian* Theatre (whether more perfect than ours is not now diſputed) had a Perfection differing from ours. You ſee there in every Act a ſingle Scene (or two at moſt) which manage the Buſineſs of the Play; and after that ſucceeds the *Chorus*, which commonly takes up more Time in ſinging, than there has been employ'd in ſpeaking. The principal Perſon appears almoſt conſtantly thro the Play; but the inferior Parts ſeldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to loſe any conſiderable Character which we have once preſented. Cuſtom likewiſe has obtain'd, that we muſt form an Under-Plot of ſecond Perſons, which muſt be depending on the firſt; and their By-Walks muſt be like thoſe in a Labyrinth, which all of them lead into the great *Parterre*; or like ſo many ſeveral Lodging-Chambers, which have their Out-lets into the ſame Gallery. Perhaps, after all, if we cou'd think ſo, the antient

Method,

Method, as 'tis the eaſieſt, is alſo the moſt natural, and the beſt: For Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often ſubject to breed Diſtraction; and while we would pleaſe too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we pleaſe in none. But we have given you more already than was neceſſary for a Preface; and for ought we know, may gain no more by our Inſtructions, th[illegible] that politick Nation is like to do, wh[illegible] taught their Enemies to fight ſo long, that at laſt they are in a Condition to invade them.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN Athens *all the* Grecian *State did guide,*
And Greece *gave Laws to all the World beſide,*
Then Sophocles *with* Socrates *did ſit.*
Supreme in Wiſdom one, and one in Wit:
And Wit from Wiſdom differ'd not in thoſe,
But as 'twas ſung in Verſe, or ſaid in Proſe.
Then OEdipus *on crowned Theatres,*
Drew all admiring Eyes and liſtning Ears;
The pleas'd Spectator ſhouted every Line,
The nobleſt, manlieſt, and the beſt Deſign!
And every Critick of each learned Age
By this juſt Model has reform'd the Stage.
Now, ſhould it fail, (as Heav'n avert our Fear!)
Damn it in Silence, leſt the World ſhould hear.
For were it known this Poem did not pleaſe,
You might ſet up for perfect Salvages:
Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men,
But think the Nation all turn'd Picts again.
Faith as you manage Matters, 'tis not fit
You ſhould ſuſpect your ſelves of too much Wit.
Drive not the Jeſt too far, but ſpare this Piece;
And, for this once, be not more wiſe than Greece:
See twice! do not pell-mell to damning fall;
Like true-born Britains, *who ne'er think at all:*
Pray be adviſ'd; and tho a million you won,
On pointed Cannon never always run.
With ſome reſpect to antient Wit proceed;
You take the four firſt Councils for your Creed.
But when you lay Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone rely,
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.

If notwithſtanding all that we can ſay,
You needs will have your Penn'worths of the Play,
And come reſol'v'd to damn, becauſe you pay:
Record it, in memorial of the Fact,
The firſt Play bury'd ſince the Woollen Act.

EPILOGUE.

WHAT Sophocles *could undertake alone,*
Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
And therefore two lay tugging at the Piece,
With all their Force, to draw the ponderous Maſs from Greece.
A Weight that bent even Seneca's *ſtrong Muſe,*
And which Corneille's *Shoulders did refuſe.*
So hard it is th' Athenian *Harp to ſtring!*
So much two Conſuls yield to one juſt King.
Terror and Pity this whole Poem ſway;
The mightieſt Machines that can mount a Play.
How heavy will thoſe vulgar Souls be found,
Whom two ſuch Engines cannot move from Ground?
When Greece *and* Rome *have ſmil'd upon this Birth,*
You can but damn for one poor Spot of Earth.
And when your Children find your Judgment ſuch,
They'll ſcorn their Sires, and wiſh themſelves born Dutch.
Each haughty Poet will inſult with Eaſe,
How much his Wit muſt under-write to pleaſe.
As ſome ſtrong Churl would brandiſhing advance
The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
So you by judging this, your Judgments teach
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the Vote of full two thouſand Years
Has crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs;

Think

Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own Defence, let this Play live.
Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles *is ſhown;*
To praiſe his Worth, they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each others Pow'r aſſure,
Weak Poets by Conjunction are ſecure:
Their Treat is what your Palates reliſh moſt,
Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder and a Ghoſt!
We know not what you can deſire or hope,
To pleaſe you more, but burning of a Pope.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Oedipus,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Adraſtus,	Mr. *Smith.*
Creon,	Mr. *Sanford.*
Tireſias,	Mr. *Harris.*
Hæmon,	Mr. *Crosby.*
Alcander,	Mr. *Williams.*
Diocles,	Mr. *Norris.*
Pyracmon,	Mr. *Bowman.*
Phorbas,	Mr. *Gillo.*
Dymas,	
Ægeon,	
Ghoſt of Lajus,	Mr. *Williams.*

WOMEN.

Jocaſta,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Eurydice,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Manto,	Mrs. *Evans.*

Prieſts, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *THEBES.*

OE D I-

OEDIPUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain riſes to a plaintive Tune, repreſenting the preſent Condition of Thebes: *Dead Bodies appear at a diſtance in the Streets; ſome faintly go over the Stage, others drop.*

Enter Alcander, Diocles, *and* Pyracmon.

Alc. Methinks we ſtand on Ruins; Nature ſhakes
About us; and the univerſal Frame
So looſe, that it but wants another Puſh
To leap from off its Hinges.

Dio. No Sun to chear us, but a bloody Globe
That rolls above, a bald and beamleſs Fire;
His Face o'er-grown with Scurf: The Sun's ſick too;
Shortly he'll be on Earth.

Pyr. Therefore the Seaſons
Lie all confus'd; and by the Heav'ns neglected,
Forget themſelves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Mid-way, and, ſeeing not his Livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: And the raw Damps

With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their peſtilential Colds and Rheums
Thro all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murrains follow,
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds:
At laſt, the Malady
Grew more domeſtick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Maſter's Feet.

Dio. And next his Maſter:
For all thoſe Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
Firſt on inferior Creatures try'd their Force;
And laſt they ſeiz'd on Man.

Pyr. And then a thouſand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And every Dart took place; all was ſo ſudden,
That ſcarce a firſt Man fell; one but began
To wonder, and ſtrait fell a wondering too;
A third, who ſtoop'd to raiſe his dying Friend,
Drop'd in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan?

[*Groan without.*

Dio. A Troop of Ghoſts took flight together there:
Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For ſingle Stakes; but Families and Tribes:
How are we ſure we breathe not now our laſt,
And that next Minute,
Our Bodies caſt into ſome common Pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
By half a People?

Alc. There's a Chain of Cauſes
Link'd to Effects; invincible Neceſſity,
That whate'er is could not but ſo have been;
That's my Security.

Enter Creon.

Cre. So had it need, when all our Streets lie cover'd
With dead and dying Men,
And Earth expoſes Bodies on the Pavements
More than ſhe hides in Graves!
Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I ſeen
The Nuptial Torch do common Offices

of

Of Marriage and of Death.
Dio. Now *Oedipus*
(If he return from War, our other Plague)
Will ſcarce find half he left to grace his Triumphs.
Pyr. A feeble Pæan will be ſung before him.
Alc. He would do well to bring the Wives and Children
Of conquer'd *Argians* to renew his *Thebes.*
Cre. May Funerals meet him at the City-Gates
With their deteſted Omen.
Dio. Of his Children.
Cre. Nay, tho ſhe be my Siſter, of his Wife.
Alc. Oh that our *Thebes* might once again behold
A Monarch *Theban* born!
Dio. We might have had one.
Pyr. Yes, had the People pleas'd.
Cre. Come you're my Friends:
The Queen, my Siſter, after *Lajus'* Death,
Fear'd to lie ſingle; and ſupply'd his Place
With a young Succeſſor.
Dio. He much reſembles
Her former Husband too.
Alc. I always thought ſo. (black Locks,
Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his
He will be a very *Lajus.*
Cre. So he will.
Mean time ſhe ſtands provided of a *Lajus*
More young and vigorous too; by twenty Springs.
Theſe Women are ſuch cunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,
The ſame Reſemblance in a younger Lover
Lies brooding in their Fancies, the ſame Pleaſures,
And urges their Remembrances to deſire.
Dio. Had Merit, not her Dotage, been conſider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *Oedipus*
A Stranger!
Cre. That Word Stranger, I confeſs,
Sounds harſhly in my Ears.
Dio. We are your Creatures.
The People prone, as in all general Ills,
To ſudden Change; the King in Wars abroad,

The Queen a Woman, weak and unregarded?
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
A Princeſs young and beauteous, and unmarried.
Methinks from theſe disjointed Propoſitions
Something might be produc'd.
Cre. The Gods have done
Their part, by ſending this commodious Plague:
But Oh the Princeſs! her hard Heart is ſhut
By Adamantine Locks againſt my Love.
Alc. Your Claim to her is ſtrong; you are betroth'd.
Pyr. True! in her Nonage.
Alc. But that Lett's remov'd.
Dio. I heard the Prince of *Argos*, your *Adraſtus*,
When he was Hoſtage here ——.
Cre. Oh name him not! the Bane of all my Hopes;
That hot-brain'd, headlong Warriour, has the Charms
Of Youth, and ſomewhat of a lucky Raſhneſs,
To pleaſe a Woman yet more Fool than he.
That thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man.
Alc. But ſince the War broke out about our Frontiers,
He's now a Foe to *Thebes*!
Cre. But is not ſo to her; ſee ſhe appears;
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: you inſinuate
Kind Thoughts of me into the Multitude;
Lay load upon the Court, gull 'em with Freedom;
And you ſhall ſee 'em toſs their Tails, and gad,
As if the Breeze had ſtung 'em.
Dio. We'll about it.

[*Exeunt* Alcander, Diocles, Pyracmon.

Enter Eurydice.

Cre. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Eurydice!*
A laviſh Planet reign'd when thou waſt born,
And made thee of ſuch Kindred Mould to Heav'n,
Thou ſeemſt more Heav'nly than ours.
Eur. Caſt round your Eyes;
Where late the Streets were ſo thick ſown with Men,
Like *Cadmus'* Brood, they juſtled for the Paſſage;

Now

Now look for thoſe erected Heads, and ſee 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick Ways:
When you have thought on this, anſwer me this,
If theſe be Hours of Courtſhip.
Cre. Yes, they are;
For when the Gods deſtroy ſo faſt, 'tis time
We ſhou'd renew the Race.
Eur. What, in the midſt of Horror!
Cre. Why not then?
There's the more need of Comfort.
Eur. Impious *Creon!*
Cre. Unjuſt *Eurydice!* can you accuſe me
Of Love, which is Heav'ns Precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you ſay purſues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries?
Eur. Still the old Argument.
I bad you caſt your Eyes on other Men,
Now caſt 'em on your ſelf: think what you are.
Cre. A Man.
Eur. A Man!
Cre. Why doubt you? I'm a Man.
Eur. 'Tis well you tell me ſo, I ſhould miſtake you
For any other part o' th' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man: hence from my ſight,
Thou Poiſon to my Eyes.
Cre. 'Twas you firſt poiſon'd mine; and yet methinks
My Face and Perſon ſhou'd not make you ſport.
Eur. You force me, by your Importunities,
To ſhew you what you are.
Cre. A Prince who loves you:
And ſince your Pride provokes me, worth your Love,
Ev'n at his higheſt Value.
Eur. Love for thee?
Why Love renounc'd thee e'er thou ſaw'ſt the Light:
Nature her ſelf ſtart back when thou wert born,
And cry'd, The Work's not mine ——
The Midwife ſtood agaſt; and when ſhe ſaw
Thy Mountain Back, and thy diſtorted Legs,
Thy Face it ſelf,
Half minted with the Royal Stamp of Man,

And half o'ercome with Beaſt, ſtood doubting long,
Whoſe Right in thee were more:
And knew not if to burn thee in the Flames,
Were not the holier Work.

Cre. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In ſo perverſe a Mould? Yet when ſhe caſt
Her envious Hand upon my ſupple Joints,
Unable to reſiſt, and rumpled 'em
On heaps in their dark Lodging, to revenge
Her bungled Work, ſhe ſtamp'd my Mind more fair:
And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,
The Gods ſtruck Fire, and lighted up their Lamps
That beautify the Sky, ſo ſhe form'd
This ill-ſhap'd Body with a darling Soul;
And making leſs than Man, ſhe made me more.

Eur. No, thou art all one Error; Soul and Body;
The firſt young Trial of ſome unskill'd Pow'r,
Rude in the making Art, an Ape of *Jove*.
Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back,
And wandred in thy Limbs: To thy own Kind
Make Love, if thou canſt find it in the World;
And ſeek not from our Sex to raiſe an Off-ſpring,
Which mingled with the reſt, would tempt the Gods
To cut off Human Kind.

Cre. No; let 'em leave
The *Argian* Prince for you: that Enemy
Of *Thebes* has made you falſe, and break the Vows
You made to me.

Eur. They were my Mother's Vows,
Made when I was at Nurſe.

Cre. But hear me, Maid;
This Blot of Nature, this deform'd loath'd *Creon*,
Is Maſter of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young Minion, ſpoil the Gods fine Work,
And ſtab you in his Heart.

Eur. This when thou doeſt,
Then mayſt thou ſtill be curſt with loving me:
And, as thou art, be ſtill unpitied, loath'd;
And let his Ghoſt —— No, let his Ghoſt have reſt;
But let the greateſt, fierceſt, fouleſt Fury,

Let

Let *Creon* haunt himself. [*Exit* Eurydice.

Cre. 'Tis true, I am
What she has told me, an Offence to sight:
My Body opens inward to my Soul,
And lets in Day to make my Vices seen
By all discerning Eyes, but the blind Vulgar.
I must haste, e'er *Oedipus* return,
To snatch the Crown and her; for I still love,
But love with Malice: as an angry Cur
Snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and staunch
The hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the Scraps for Slaves.

Enter Tiresias, *leaning on a Staff, and led by his Daughter* Manto.

What makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad?
Wou'd his *Apollo* had him, he's too holy
For Earth and me; I'll shun his walk, and seek
My popular Friends. [*Exit* Creon.

Tir. A little farther, yet a little farther:
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old Man,
Conduct my weary Steps; and thou who seest
For me and for thy self, beware thou tread not
With impious Steps upon dead Corps; —— Now stay;
Methinks I draw more open, vital Air.
Where are we?

Manto. Under Cover of a Wall:
The most frequented once, and noisy part
Of *Thebes*, now Midnight Silence reigns even here;
And Grass untrodden springs beneath our Feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this Place a Sunny Bank,
There let me rest a while: A Sunny Bank!
Alas, how can it be where no Sun shines!
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and scarce holds up its drousy Head
To glimmer thro the Damp.

[*A Noise within, Follow, Follow, Follow: A Creon, A Creon, A Creon!*

Hark!

Hark! a tumultuous Noiſe, and *Creon*'s Name
Thrice eccho'd.

Manto. Fly, the Tempeſt drives this way.

Tir. Whither can Age and Blindneſs take their flight?
If I could fly, what could I ſuffer worſe,
Secure of great Ill? [*Noiſe again,* Creon, Creon, Creon!

Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon, *follow'd by the Crowd.*

Cre. I thank ye, Countrymen; but muſt refuſe
The Honours you intend me, they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think again,
And make a better Choice.

1 *Cit.* Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in all my Life: That's double Work.

2 *Cit.* My firſt Word is always my ſecond; and therefore I'll have no ſecond Word; and therefore once again I ſay, a *Creon.*

All. A *Creon,* a *Creon,* a *Creon.*

Cre. Yet hear me, Fellow-Citizens.

Dio. Fellow-Citizens! there was a Word of Kindneſs.

Alc. When did *OEdipus* ſalute you by that familiar Name?

3 *Cit.* Never, never; he was too proud.

Cre. Indeed he could not, for he was a Stranger:
But under him our *Thebes* is half deſtroy'd.
Forbid it Heav'n the reſidue ſhould periſh
Under a *Theban* born.
'Tis true, the Gods might ſend this Plague among you,
Becauſe a Stranger rul'd. But what of that?
Can I redreſs it now?

3 *Cit.* Yes, you of none.
'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us,
Becauſe he reigns.

Cre. *OEdipus* may return, you may be ruin'd.

1 *Cit.* Nay if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2 *Cit.* Half of us that are here preſent, were living Men but yeſterday; and we that are abſent do but drop and drop, and no Man knows whether he be dead or living.

And

And therefore, while we are ſound and well, let us ſatisfy our Conſciences, and make a new King.

3 *Cit.* Ha, if we were but worthy to ſee another Coronation! And then, if we muſt die, we'll go merrily together.

All. To the Queſtion, to the Queſtion.

Dio. Are you content *Creon* ſhould be your King?

All. A *Creon*, a *Creon*, a *Creon*.

Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans*: And thou *Creon* hear me.

1 *Cit.* Who's that would be heard? We'll hear no Man; We can ſcarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.

2 *Cit.* Oh 'tis *Apollo*'s Prieſt; we muſt hear him: 'Tis the old blind Prophet that ſees all things.

3 *Cit.* He comes from the Gods too; and they are our Betters: And therefore in good Manners we muſt hear him. Speak Prophet.

2 *Cit.* For coming from the Gods, that's no great matter; they can all ſay that: But he's a great Scholar, he can make Almanacks an he were put to't; and therefore I ſay hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n ſcatters its Plagues among you,
Is it for nought, ye *Thebans*?
Are the Gods
Unjuſt in puniſhing? Are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?

1 *Cit.* Yes, yes, no doubt there are ſome Sins ſtirring, that are the Cauſe of all.

3 *Cit.* Yes there are Sins, or we ſhould have no Taxes.

2 *Cit.* For my part, I can ſpeak it with a ſafe Conſcience, I ne'er ſin'd in all my Life.

1 *Cit.* Nor I.

3 *Cit.* Nor I.

2 *Cit.* Then we are all juſtified: The Sin lies not at our Doors.

Tir. All juſtified alike, and yet all guilty.
Were every Man's Falſe-dealing brought to light;
His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
His Weights and Meaſures, th' other Man's Extortions,
With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n,
You had not ſin'd?

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Nay, if these be Sins, the case is alter'd: For my part, I never thought any thing but Murder had been a Sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than nothing, You add Rebellion to 'em. Impious *Thebans!* Have you not sworn before the Gods, to serve And to obey this *OEdipus*, your King, By publick Voice elected? Answer me, If this be true.

2 *Cit.* This is true: But it's a hard World, Neighbours, if a Man's Oath must be his Master.

Cre. Speak *Diocles:* All goes wrong.

Dio. How are you Traitors, Countrymen of *Thebes?* This holy Sir, who presses you with Oaths, Forgets your first. Were you not sworn before To *Lajus*, and his Blood?

All. We were, we were,

Dio. While *Lajus* has a lawful Successor, Your first Oath still must bind: *Eurydice* Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon:* Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd, While *OEdipus* pollutes the Throne of *Lajus*, A Stranger to his Blood.

All. We'll no *OEdipus*, no *OEdipus.*

1 *Cit.* He puts the Prophet in a Mouse-hole.

2 *Cit.* I knew it would be so: the last Man ever speaks the best Reason.

Tir. Can Benefits thus die? Ungrateful *Thebans!* Remember yet, when, after *Lajus'* Death, The Monster *Sphynx* laid your rich Country waste, Your Vineyards spoil'd, your labouring Oxen slew; Your selves, for fear, mew'd up within your Walls; She, taller than your Gates, o'er-look'd your Town: But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you, She drove the Air around her like a Whirl-wind, And shaded all beneath; till stooping down, She clap'd her Leathern-Wing against your Tow'rs, And thrust out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.

Dio. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir.

Tir. You durſt not meet in Temple,
T' invoke the Gods for Aid; the proudeſt he
Who leads you now, then crow'd like a dar'd Lark:
This *Creon* ſhook for fear,
The Blood of *Lajus* cruddled in his Veins;
Till *OEdipus* arriv'd,
Call'd by his own high Courage, and the Gods;
Himſelf to you a God: Ye offer'd him
Your Queen and Crown (but what was then your Crown?)
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his Succeſs.
Speak then, Who is your lawful King?

All. 'Tis *OEdipus.*

Tir. 'Tis *OEdipus*, your King more lawful
Than yet you dream; for ſomething ſtill there lies
In Heav'ns dark Volume, which I read thro Miſts:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful Birth
Of wondrous Fate; and now, juſt now diſcloſing.
I ſee, I ſee how terrible it dawns!
And my Soul ſickens with it.

1 *Cit.* How the God ſhakes him! (Triumph!

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conqueſt!
But; oh! Guiltleſs and Guilty! Murder! Parricide!
Inceſt! Diſcovery! Puniſhment, —— 'tis ended,
And all your Sufferings o'er.

A Trumpet within: Enter Hæmon.

Ham. Rouſe up, ye *Thebans*; tune your *Io Paans*,
Your King returns: The *Argians* are o'ercome;
Their warlike Prince in ſingle Combat taken,
And led in Bands by god-like *OEdipus.*

All. OEdipus, OEdipus, OEdipus!

Creon. Furies confound his Fortune! — [*Aſide to 'em.*
Haſte, all haſte,
And meet with Bleſſings our victorious King;
Decree Proceſſions; bid new Holy Days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raiſe a Brazen Column, thus inſcrib'd,
To OEdipus, *now twice a Conqueror, Deliverer of his*
Truſt me, I weep for Joy to ſee this Day. (Thebes.

Tir.

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows how thou weep'ſt: —— Go Country-men,
And, as you us'd to ſupplicate your Gods,
So meet your King, with Bays, and Olive-branches:
Bow down, and touch his Knees, and beg from him
An End of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you. [*Exit* Tireſias, *the People following.*

Enter Oedipus *in Triumph*; Adraſtus *Priſoner*; Dymas, *Train.*

Creon. All hail, great *OEdipus*;
Thou mighty Conqueror, hail; welcome to *Thebes*,
To thy own *Thebes*, to all that's left of *Thebes*,
For half thy Citizens are ſwept away,
And wanting to thy Triumphs;
And we, the happy Remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and die.

Oed. Thus Pleaſure never comes ſincere to Man,
But lent by Heav'n, upon hard Uſury;
And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis daſh'd with Gall
By ſome Left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!
O Conqueſt gain'd abroad, and loſt at home!
O *Argos*, now rejoice, for *Thebes* lies low;
Thy ſlaughter'd Sons now ſmile, and think they won,
When they can count more *Theban* Ghoſts than theirs.

Adr. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes*; you temper'd ſo
Your Courage while you fought, that Mercy ſeem'd
The manlier Virtue, and much more prevail'd.
While *Argos* is a People, think you *Thebes*
Can never want for Subjects: Every Nation
Will croud to ſerve where *Oedipus* commands.

Creon to *Hem.* How mean it ſhews, to fawn upon the Victor!

Hem. Had you beheld him fight you had ſaid otherwiſe;
Come, 'tis brave Bearing in him not to envy
Superior Virtue.

Oed. This, indeed, is Conqueſt,
To gain a Friend like you. Why were we Foes?

Adr.

Adr. 'Cauſe we were Kings, and each diſdain'd an (Equal;
I fought to have it in my Power to do
What thou doſt done; and ſo to uſe my Conqueſt,
To ſhew thee Honour was my only Motive.
Know this, that were my Army at the Gates,
And *Thebes* thus waſte, I would not take the Gift,
Which, like a Toy drop'd from the Hands of Fortune,
Lay for the next Chance-comer.

Oed. Embracing. No more Captive,
But Brother of the War: 'Tis much more pleaſant,
And ſafer, truſt me, thus to meet thy Love;
Than when hard Gantlets clench'd our warlike Hands,
And kept 'em from ſoft Uſe.

Adr. My Conqueror!

Oed. My Friend! That other Name keeps Enmity alive.
But longer to detain thee were a Crime
To Love, and to *Eurydice* go free:
Such Welcome as a ruin'd Town can give,
Expect from me; the reſt let her ſupply.

Adr. I go without a Bluſh, tho conquer'd twice;
By you, and by my Princeſs. [*Exit* Adraſtus.

Creon Aſide. Then I am conquer'd thrice; by *OEdipus*,
And her, and even by him, the Slave of both.
Gods, I am beholden to you for making me your Image:
Would I could make you mine. [*Exit* Creon.

Enter the People with Branches in their Hands holding them up, and kneeling: Two Prieſts before them.

Oed. Alas my People!
What means this ſpeechleſs Sorrow, down-caſt Eyes,
And lifted Hands? If there be one among you,
Whom Grief has left a Tongue, ſpeak for the reſt.

1 *Pri.* O Father of thy Country!
To thee theſe Knees are bent, theſe Eyes are lifted,
As to a viſible Divinity;
A Prince, on whom Heav'n ſafely might repoſe
The Buſineſs of Mankind: for Providence

Might

Might on thy Boſom ſleep ſecure,
And leave her Task to thee.
But where's the Glory of thy former Acts?
Ev'n that's deſtroy'd when none ſhall live to ſpeak it.
Millions of Subjects ſhalt thou have, but mute.
A People of the Dead; a crouded Deſart:
A Midnight-ſilence at the Noon of Day.

Oed. Oh!. were our Gods as ready with their Pity,
As I with mine, this Preſence ſhould be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my ſad Eyes
Not ſearch in vain for Friends, whoſe promis'd Sight
Flatter'd my Toils of War.

1 *Pri.* Twice our Deliverer!

Oed. Nor are now your Vows
Addreſs'd to one who ſleeps:
When this unwelcome News firſt reach'd my Ears,
Dymas was ſent to *Delphos*, to enquire
The Cauſe and Cure of this contagious Ill;
And is this Day return'd: but ſince his Meſſage
Concerns the Publick, I refus'd to hear it,
But in this general Preſence: Let him ſpeak.

Dym. A dreadful Anſwer from the hallow'd Urn,
And ſacred *Tripos* did the Prieſteſs give,
In theſe myſterious Words:

The Oracle. *Shed in a curſed Hour, by curſed Hand,*
Blood-Royal unreveng'd, has curs'd the Land:
When Lajus' *Death is expiated well,*
Your Plague ſhall ceaſe: the reſt let Lajus *tell.*

Oed. Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a King's Blood too!
And ſuch a King, and by his Subjects ſhed!
(Elſe, by this Curſe on *Thebes!*) No wonder then
If Monſters, Wars, and Plagues revenge ſuch Crimes:
If Heav'n be juſt, its whole Artillery
All muſt be empty'd on us: not one Bolt
Shall err from *Thebes*, but more be call'd for, more!
New-moulded Thunder of a larger Size,
Driven by whole *Jove*. What! touch anointed Pow'r!
Then Gods beware; *Jove* would himſelf be next,
Cou'd you but reach him too.

2 *Pri.* We mourn the ſad Remembrance.

Oed.

Oed. Well you may.
Worſe than a Plague infects you: Ye're devoted
To Mother Earth, and to th'Infernal Pow'rs:
Hell has a Right in you: I thank you Gods,
That I am no *Theban* born: How my Blood cruddles!
As if this Curſe touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer
Than all this Preſence! —— Yes, 'tis a King's Blood;
And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper Bonds
To expiate this Blood: But where, from whom,
Or how muſt I atone it? Tell me, *Thebans*,
How *Lajus* fell; for a confus'd Report
Paſs'd thro my Ears, when firſt I took the Crown;
But full of hurry, like a Morning Dream,
It vaniſh'd in the Buſineſs of the Day.

1 *Pri.* He went in private forth, but thinly follow'd,
And ne'er return'd to *Thebes*.

Oed. Nor any from him? Came there no Attendant?
None to bring News?

2 *Pri.* But one, and he ſo wounded,
He ſcarce drew Breath to ſpeak ſome few faint Words.

Oed. What were they? Something may be learnt from thence.

1 *Pri.* He ſaid a Band of Robbers watch'd their Paſſage,
Who took Advantage of a narrow Way,
To murder *Lajus* and the reſt; himſelf
Left too for dead.

Oed. Made you no Enquiry,
But took this bare Relation?

2 *Pri.* 'Twas neglected:
For then the Monſter *Sphynx* began to rage,
And preſent Cares ſoon buried the remote:
So was it huſh'd, and never ſince reviv'd.

Oed. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
Juſt then the *Sphynx* began to rage among you,
The Gods took hold ev'n of th'offending Minute,
And dated thence your Woes: thence will I trace 'em.

1 *Pri.* 'Tis juſt thou ſhouldſt.

Oed. Hear then this dread Imprecation, hear it;
'Tis laid on all, not any one exempt:
Bear witneſs, Heav'n, avenge it on the Perjur'd.

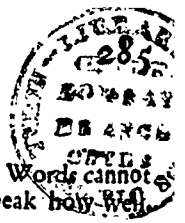
If

If any *Theban* born, if any Stranger
Reveal this Murder, or produce its Author;
Ten *Attick* Talents be his juſt Reward:
But if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire,
The Murder he conceal, the Curſe of *Thebes*
Fall heavy on his Head: Unite our Plagues,
Ye Gods, and place 'em there: From Fire and Water,
Converſe, and all things common, be he baniſh'd.
But for the Murderer's ſelf, unfound by Man,
Find him, ye Pow'rs Celeſtial and Infernal,
And the ſame Fate, or worſe than *Lajus* met,
Let be his Lot; his Children be accurs'd;
His Wife and Kindred, all of his be curs'd.
Both Pri. Confirm it, Heav'n.

Enter Jocaſta *attended by Women.*

Joc. At your Devotions! Heaven ſucceed your Wiſhes,
And bring th'Effect of theſe your pious Pray'rs
On you, and me, and all.
Pri. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!
Oed. O fatal Sound! unfortunate *Jocaſta!*
What haſt thou ſaid! an ill Hour haſt thou choſen
For thoſe fore-boding Words: Why, we were curſing.
Joc. Then may that Curſe fall only where you laid it.
Oed. Speak no more;
For all thou ſay'ſt is ominous: we were curſing;
And that dire Imprecation haſt thou faſten'd
On *Thebes*, and thee, and me, and all of us.
Joc. Are then my Bleſſings turn'd into a Curſe?
O unkind *Oedipus!* My former Lord
Thought me his Bleſſing; be thou like my *Lajus.*
Oed. What, yet again! the third time haſt thou curſt me?
This Imprecation was for *Lajus'* Death,
And thou haſt wiſh'd me like him.
Joc. Horror ſeizes me!
Oed. Why doſt thou gaze upon me? Prithee, Love,
Take off thy Eye, it burdens me too much.
Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Lajus:*
His Speech, his Garb, his Action, nay, his Frown;

(For



(For I have seen it) but ne'er bent on me.
Oed. Are we so like?
Joc. In all things but his Love.
Oed. I love thee more: So well I love, Words cannot (speak how well)
No pious Son e'er lov'd his Mother more,
Than I my dear *Jocasta.*
Joc. I love you too
The self-same way: And when you chid, methought
A Mother's Love start up in your Defence,
And bad me not be angry: be not you:
For I love *Lajus* still as Wives shou'd love;
But you more tenderly, as part of me:
And when I have you in my Arms, methinks,
I lull my Child asleep.
Oed. Then we are blest'd;
And all these Curses sweep along the Skies,
Like empty Clouds, but drop not on our Heads.
Joc. I have not joy'd an Hour since you departed,
For publick Miseries and for private Fears;
But this blest'd Meeting has o'er-pay'd 'em all.
Good Fortune, that comes seldom, comes more welcome.
All I can wish for now, is your Consent
To make my Brother happy.
Oed. How, *Jocasta?*
Joc. By Marriage with his Niece *Eurydice.*
Oed. Uncle and Niece! they are too near, my Love;
'Tis too like Incest; 'tis Offence to Kind:
Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adrastus,*
No Choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,
They shou'd not marry. Speak no more of it,
The Thought disturbs me.
Joc. Heav'n can never bless
A Vow so broken, which I made to *Creon:*
Remember he's my Brother.
Oed. That's the Bar,
And she thy Daughter: Nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon herself,
And, like a Whirl-pool, swallow her own Streams.
Joc. Be not displeas'd, I'll move the Suit no more.

Oed.

Oed. No, do not; for, I know not why, it shakes me
When I but think on Inceſt: move me forward
To thank the Gods for my Succeſs, and pray
To waſh the Guilt of Royal Blood away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *an open Gallery: A Royal Bed-chamber being ſuppoſ'd behind. The Time Night, Thunder,* &c.

Enter Hæmon, Alcander, Pyracmon.

Hæm. SURE 'tis the End of all things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The ghaſtly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you theſe Peals of Thunder but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? By *Jove*, they ſeem to me
The World's laſt Groans; and thoſe vaſt Sheets of Flame
Are its laſt Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen Globes,
The ſhooting Stars end all in Purple Jellies,
And *Chaos* is at hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* ſleeps,
But ſuch as ne'er muſt wake. All croud about
The Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King, who, from the Battlement,
By the red Lightnings glare, deſcry'd afar,
Atones the angry Powers.

Hæm. Ha! *Pyracmon*, look,
Behold, *Alcander*, from yon Weſt of Heav'n,
The perfect Figure of a Man and Woman:
A Scepter bright with Gems in each right Hand,

Their

Their flowing Robes of dazzling Purple made,
Diſtinctly yonder in that Point they ſtand,
Juſt Weſt: A bloody Red ſtains all the Place:
And ſee, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Cluſters of golden Stars hang o'er their Heads,
And ſeem ſo crouded, that they burſt upon 'em:
All dart at once their baleful Influence
In leaking Fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets ſtick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their left Sides,
As they would ſhoot their Quills into their Hearts.

Ham. But ſee! the King, and Queen, and all the Court!
Did ever Day or Night ſhew ought like this?
[*Thunders again.*

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers the Prodigies.*

Enter Oedipus, Jocaſta, Eurydice, Adraſtus, *all coming forward with Amazement.*

Oed. Anſwer, you Pow'rs Divine, ſpare all this Noiſe,
This rack of Heav'n, and ſpeak your fatal Pleaſure;
Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monſtrous Night,
Burſt forth ſuch Miriads of abortive Stars?
Ha! my *Jocaſta*, look! the Silver Moon!
A ſettling Crimſon ſtains her beauteous Face!
She's all o'er Blood! and look, behold again,
What mean the myſtick Heav'ns ſhe journies on?
A vaſt Eclipſe darkens the labouring Planet:
Sound there, ſound all your Inſtruments of War;
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Braſs, and Iron,
And beat a thouſand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain, you ſee the Prodigies continue:
Let's gaze no more, the Gods are humorous.

Oed. Forbear, raſh Man —— Once more I ask your Pleaſure;
If that the Glow-worm Light of human Reaſon
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,

And

And cope with Gods, why all this ſtorm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks ſplit, and why rolls the Sea?
Why theſe Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?
Why yon Gigantick Forms, ethereal Monſters?
Alas! is all this but to fright the Dwarfs
Which your own Hands have made? then be it ſo.
Or if the Fates reſolve ſome Expiation
For murder'd *Lajus*, hear me, hear me, Gods!
Hear me thus proſtrate: Spare this groaning Land,
Save innocent *Thebes*, ſtop the Tyrant Death;
Do this, and lo I ſtand up an Oblation
To meet your ſwifteſt and ſevereſt Anger;
Shoot all at once, and ſtrike me to the Center.

[*The Cloud draws that veil'd the Heads of the Figures in the Sky, and ſhews 'em crown'd, with the Names of* Oedipus *and* Jocaſta *written above in great Characters of Gold.*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler Senſes
Are vaniſh'd with that Cloud that fleets away;
Or juſt above thoſe two majeſtick Heads,
I ſee, I read diſtinctly in large Gold,
Oedipus and *Jocaſta*.

Alc. I read the ſame.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not Man to wade
Too far in the vaſt deep of Deſtiny.

[*Thunder, and the Prodigies vaniſh.*

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods
Had ſome new Monſters made! will you not turn,
And bleſs your People, who devour each Word
You breathe?

Oed. It ſhall be ſo.
Yes, I will die, O *Thebes*, to ſave thee!
Draw from my Heart my Blood with more Content
Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yet, O *Jocaſta!*
By all th'Indearments of miraculous Love,
By all our Languiſhings, our Fears in Pleaſure,
Which oft have made us wonder; here I ſwear
On thy fair Hand, upon thy Breaſt I ſwear
I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood

To

A blooming Youth, a Crime by me committed,
For which the awful Gods ſhould doom my Death.
Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd *Lajus*, frees the Land:
Were you, which is impoſſible, the Man,
Perhaps my Bonyard firſt ſhould drink your Blood;
But you are innocent, as your *Jocaſta*,
From Crimes like thoſe. This made me violent
To ſave your Life, which you unjuſt would loſe;
Nor can you comprehend with deepeſt Thought
The horrid Agony you caſt me in,
When you reſolv'd to die.
Oed. Is't poſſible?
Joc. Alas! why ſtart you ſo? Her ſtiff'ning Grief,
Who ſaw her Children ſlaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine: methinks I ſhould have made
My Boſom bare againſt the armed God,
To ſave my *Oedipus*.
Oed. I pray, no more.
Joc. You've ſilenc'd me, my Lord.
Oed. Pardon me, dear *Jocaſta*;
Pardon a Heart that ſinks with Sufferings,
And can but vent it ſelf in Sobs and Murmurs:
Yet to reſtore my Peace, I'll find him out.
Yes, yes, you Gods! you ſhall have ample Vengeance
On *Lajus'* Murderer. Oh, the Traitor's Name!
I'll know it, I will; Art ſhall be conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravel'd.
Joc. Sacred Sir——
Oed. Rage will have way, and 'tis but juſt: I'll fetch him,
Tho lodg'd in Air upon a Dragon's Wing,
Tho Rocks ſhould hide him; nay, he ſhall be dragg'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along,
His Ghoſt ſhall be by ſage *Tireſias'* Pow'r
(*Tireſias*, that rules all beneath the Moon)
Confin'd to Fleſh, to ſuffer Death once more;
And then be plung'd in his firſt Fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,
Tireſias attends your Pleaſure.
Oed. Haſte, and bring him in.
O my *Jocaſta*, *Eurydice*, *Adraſtus*,
Creon, and all ye *Thebans*, now the end
Of Plagues, of Madneſs, Murders, Prodigies,
Draws on: this Battel of the Heav'ns and Earth
Shall by his Wiſdom be reduc'd to Peace.

Enter Tireſias *leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter* Manto, *follow'd by other* Thebans.

O thou, whoſe moſt aſpiring Mind
Knows all the Buſineſs of the Courts above,
Opens the Cloſets of the Gods, and dares
To mix with *Jove* himſelf and Fate at Council;
O Prophet, anſwer me, declare aloud
The Traitor, who conſpir'd the Death of *Lajus*:
Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
Have drawn this Plague, that blaſts unhappy *Thebes*.
Tir. We muſt no more, than Fate commiſſions us
To tell; yet ſomething, and of moment, I'll unfold,
If that the God would wake; I feel him now,
Like a ſtrong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The rouz'd God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, ſtarts and dilates himſelf:
He ſtruggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burſt;
My ſhriveld Skin
Like Parchment crackles at the hallow'd Fire;
I ſhall be young again, *Manto* my Daughter,
Thou haſt a Voice that might have ſav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to liſten to thy Airs:
O charm this God, this Fury in my Boſom,
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,

With

pow'rful Strains; *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild.

SONG to *Apollo*.

PHœbus, *God belov'd by Men*;
At thy dawn, every Beaſt is rouz'd in his Den;
At thy ſetting, all the Birds of thy Abſence complain,
And we die, all die till the Morning comes again.
Phœbus, *God belov'd by Men,*
Idol of the Eaſtern Kings,
Awful as the God who flings
His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings;
God of Songs and Orphean *Strings,*
Who to this mortal Boſom brings
All harmonious heav'nly Things,
Thy drowſy Prophet to revive,
Ten thouſand thouſand Forms before him drive;
With Chariots and Horſes all o'fire awake him,
Convulſions, and Furies, and Prophecies ſhake him;
Let him tell it in Groans, tho he bend with the Load,
Tho he burſt with the weight of the terrible God.

Tir. The Wretch who ſhed the Blood of old Laïus' (tides,
Lives, and is great;
But cruel Greatneſs ne'er was long:
The firſt of *Lajus'* Blood his Life did ſeize,
And urg'd his Fate;
Which elſe had laſting been and ſtrong.
The Wretch, who *Lajus* kill'd, muſt bleed, or fly,
Or *Thebes* conſum'd with Plague in Ruin lie.
Oed. The firſt of *Lajus'* Blood! pronounce the Perſon:
May the God roar from thy prophetick Mouth,
That ev'n the Dead may ſtart up to behold:
Name him, I ſay, that moſt accurſed Wretch,
For by the Stars he dies:
Speak, I command thee;
By *Phœbus*, ſpeak! for ſudden Death's his Doom:
Here ſhall he fall, bleed on this very ſpot;

His Name, I charge thee once more, ſpeak.
Tir. 'Tis loſt,
Like what we think can never ſhun Remembrance;
Yet of a ſudden's gone beyond the Clouds.
Oed. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where-e'er it be.
Cre. Let me intreat you, ſacred Sir, be calm,
And *Creon* ſhall point out the great Offender.
'Tis true, reſpect of Nature might enjoin
My Silence at another time; but Oh,
Much more the Pow'r of my eternal Love! (try——
That, that ſhould ſtrike me dumb: Yet *Thebes*, my Coun-
I'll break through all, to ſuccour thee, poor City.
O, I muſt ſpeak.
Oed. Speak then, if ought thou knoweſt:
As much thou ſeem'd to know, delay no longer.
Cre. O Beauty! O illuſtrious Royal Maid!
To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
And with ſuch modeſt, chaſte, and pure Affection,
The coldeſt Nymph might read 'em without bluſhing;
Art thou the Murdreſs then of wretched *Lajus*?
And I, muſt I accuſe thee? O my Tears!
Why will you fall in ſo abhorr'd a Cauſe?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous Hand deſtroy'd
Thy Father (O monſtrous Act!) both Gods
And Men at once take notice.
Oed. *Eurydice!*
Eur. Traitor, go on; I ſcorn thy little Malice,
And knowing more my perfect Innocence
Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee,
Who art their oppoſite, and form'd a Lyar?
I thus diſdain thee! thou once didſt talk of Love;
Becauſe I hate thy Love, thou doſt accuſe me.
Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain
And Traytor, double damn'd, who durſt blaſpheme
The ſpotleſs Virtue of the brighteſt Beauty;
Thou dy'ſt: Nor ſhall the ſacred Majeſty
That guards this Place, preſerve thee from my Rage.
[*Draws and wounds him.*
Oed. Diſarm 'em both: Prince, I ſhall make you know
That I can tame you twice. Guards, ſeize him.

Adr.

Adr. Sir,
I must acknowledge in another Cause
Repentance might abash me; but I glory
In this, and smile to see the Traytor's Blood.
Oed. Creon, you shall be satisfied at full.
Cre. My Hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
To wise *Tiresias*, if my Accusation
Be not most true. The first of *Lajus'* Blood
Gave him his Death. Is there a Prince before her?
Then she is faultless, and I ask her Pardon.
And may this Blood ne'er cease to drop, O *Thebes!*
If pity of thy Sufferings did not move me
To shew the Cure, which Heav'n it self prescrib'd.
Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will die to save your Lives,
More willingly than you can wish my Fate;
But let this Good, this Wise, this Holy Man
Pronounce my Sentence: For to fall by him,
By this vile Breath of that prodigious Villain,
Would sink my Soul, tho I should die a Martyr.
Cre. Unhand me, Slaves. O mightiest of Kings,
See at your Feet a Prince not us'd to kneel;
Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
As you would save your *Thebes*, but take my Life:
For should she perish, Heav'n would heap Plagues on Plagues,
Rain Sulphur down, hurl kindled Bolts
Upon your guilty Heads.
Cre. You turn to Gallantry what is but Justice.
Proof will be easy made. *Adrastus* was
The Robber, who bereft th' unhappy King
Of Life; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a Prince his Son-in-Law:
Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.
1 *Theb.* Both, let both die.
All Theb. Both, both; let 'em die.
Oed. Hence you wild Herd! for your Ring-leader here,
He shall be made an Example. *Haman*, take him.
1 *Theb.* Mercy, O Mercy!
Oed. Mutiny in my Presence!
Hence, let me see that busy Face no more.

Tir. *Thebans*, what Madneſs makes you drunk with
Enough of guilty Death's already acted: (Rage?
Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice*,
With Prince *Adraſtus*; which the God removes
By inward Checks, and leaves their Fate in doubt.
Oed. Therefore inſtruct us what remains to do,
Or ſuffer; for I feel a Sleep like Death
Upon me, and I ſigh to be at reſt.
Tir. Since that the Pow'rs Divine refuſe to clear
The mymick Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;
There I can force th' infernal Gods to ſhew
Their horrid Forms;
Each trembling Ghoſt ſhall riſe,
And leave their griſly King without a Waiter:
For Prince *Adraſtus* and *Eurydice*,
My Life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane,
Till the dark Myſteries of Hell are done.
Follow me, Princeſs; *Thebans*, all to reſt.
O *Oedipus*, to-morrow——but no more,
If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,
Indulge thy Brain this Night with ſofter Slumbers:
To-morrow, O to-morrow!—— Sleep, my Son,
And in prophetick Dreams thy Fate be ſhown.
[*Ex.* Tireſ. Adraſt. Euryd. Manto, Thebans.

Manent Oed. Jocaſt. Creon, Pyrac. Hæm. Alcan.

Oed. To bed, my fair, my dear, my beſt *Jocaſta*.
After the Toils of War, 'tis wondrous ſtrange
Our Loves ſhould thus be daſh'd. One Moment's thought,
And I'll approach the Arms of my belov'd.
Joc. Conſume whole Years in Care, ſo now and then
I may have leave to feed my famiſh'd Eyes
With one ſhort paſſing Glance, and ſigh my Vows:
This and no more, my Lord, is all the Paſſion
Of languiſhing *Jocaſta*. [*Exit.*
Oed. Thou ſofteſt, ſweeteſt of the World! good Night.
Nay, ſhe is beauteous too; yet, mighty Love!
I never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
But an unuſual Chilneſs came upon me;

A 2

An unknown Hand ſtill check'd my forward Joy,
Daſh'd me with Bluſhes, tho no Light was near;
That ev'n the Act became a Violation.

Pyr. He's ſtrangely thoughtful.

Oed. Ha! who was that? Ha! *Creon*, didſt thou call (me?

Cre. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here.

Oed. What's ſtrange! methought I heard a doleful Voice
Cry'd *Oedipus*.——The Prophet bad me ſleep;
He talk'd of Dreams and Viſions, and to-morrow!
I'll muſe no more on't, come what will or can,
My Thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;
And with thoſe Thoughts I'll reſt; *Creon*, good Night.

[*Ex. with* Harm.

Cre. Sleep ſeal your Eyes, Sir, eternal Sleep.
But if he muſt ſleep and wake again, O all
Tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,
And Hags of Fancy wing him through the Air;
From Precipices hurl him headlong down;
Infernals roar, and Death be ſet before him.

Alc. Your Curſes have already ta'en effect;
For he looks very ſad.

Cre. May he be rooted, where he ſtands, for ever;
His Eye-Balls never move, Brows be unbent,
His Blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wiſh him, Hell.

Pyr. No more: You tear your ſelf, but vex not him.
Methinks 'twere brave this Night to force the Temple,
While blind *Tireſias* conjures up the *Fiends*,
And paſs the Time with nice *Eurydice*.

Alc. Try Promiſes and Threats, and if all fail,
Since Hell's broke looſe, why ſhould not we be mad?
Raviſh, and leave her dead with her *Adraſtus*.

Cre. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly
For ſuch another Thought. Luſt and Revenge!
To ſtab at once the only Man I hate;
And to enjoy the Woman whom I love!
I ask no more of my auſpicious Stars,
The reſt as Fortune pleaſe; ſo but this Night
She play me fair, why let her turn for ever.

N Enter

Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to reſt;
Yet, e're he ſlept, commanded me to clear
The Anti-Chambers: None muſt dare be near him.
Cre. Hæmon, do your Duty,—— [*Thunder.*
And we obey.—The Night grows yet more dreadful!
'Tis juſt that all retire to their Devotions;
The Gods are angry: But to-morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lye, will make all clear. [*As they go off.*

Oedipus *enters, walking aſleep in his Shirt, with a Dagger in his Right Hand, and a Taper in his Left.*

Oed. O, my *Jocaſta!* 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground;
For this he bears the Storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms:
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever!——ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholy Light, that ſeems
The Gloom of glowing Embers?
The Curtain's drawn; and ſee ſhe's here again!
Jocaſta? Ha! what, fall'n aſleep ſo ſoon?
How fares my Love? this Taper will inform me.
Ha! Lightning blaſt me, Thunder
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus'* Rock,
And Vulture gnaw out my inceſtuous Heart,
By all the Gods! my Mother *Merope!*
My Sword, my Dagger; ha! who waits there? Slaves,
My Sword, *Hæmon*, dar'ſt thou, Villain, ſtop me?
With thy own Poniard periſh. Ha! who's this?
Or is't a Change of Death? by all my Honours,
New Murder; thou haſt ſlain old *Polybus:*
Inceſt and Parricide, thy Father's Murderer!
Out thou infernal Flame: Now all is dark,
All blind and diſmal: Moſt triumphant Miſchief!
And now, while thus I ſtalk about the Room,

I challenge Fate to find another Wretch
Like *Oedipus.* [*Thunder, &c.*

Enter Jocasta, attended with Lights, in a Night Gown.

Oed. Night, Horror, Death, Confusion, Hell and Furies!
Where am I? O *Jocasta*, let me hold thee:
Thus to my Bosom, Ages let me grasp thee:
All that the hardest temper'd weather'd Flesh,
With fiercest human Spirit inspir'd, can dare
Or do, I dare: But, O you Pow'rs, this was
By infinite Degrees too much for Man.
Methinks my deafen'd Ears
Are burst; my Eyes, as if they had been knock'd
By some tempestuous Hand, shoot flashing Fire.
That Sleep should do this!

Joc. Then my Fears were true.
Methought I heard a Voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the Winds
Fight with the Waves; now in a still small Tone.
Your dying Accents fell, as wrecking Ships,
After the dreadful Yell, sink murmuring down,
And bubble up a Noise.

Oed. Trust me, thou fairest, best of all thy Kind,
None e'er in Dreams was tortur'd so before;
Yet what most shocks the Niceness of my Temper,
Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,
And my own Death, is, that this horrid Sleep
Dash'd my sick Fancy with an Act of Incest:
I dream't, *Jocasta*, that thou wert my Mother,
Which, tho impossible, so damps my Spirit,
That I cou'd do a Mischief on my self,
Lest I should sleep, and dream the like again.

Joc. O *Oedipus*, too well I understand you!
I know the Wrath of Heav'n, the Care of *Thebes*,
The Cries of its Inhabitants, War's Toils,
And thousand other Labours of the State,
Are all refer'd to you, and ought to take you
For ever from *Jocasta*.

Oed. Life of my Life, and Treaſure of my Soul!
Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. Oh! you think me vile,
And of an Inclination ſo ignoble,
That I muſt hide me from your Eyes for ever.
Be witneſs, Gods, and ſtrike *Jocaſta* dead,
If an immodeſt Thought, or low Deſire
Inflam'd my Breaſt, ſince firſt our Loves were lighted.
[*Kneeling.*

Oed. Oh, riſe; and add not, by thy cruel Kindneſs,
A Grief more ſenſible than all my Torments.
Thou think'ſt my Dreams are forg'd: but, by thy ſelf,
The greateſt Oath I ſwear, they are moſt true.
But be they what they will, I here diſmiſs 'em;
Be gone *Chimera's*, to your Mother Clouds:
Is there a Fault in us? have we not ſearch'd
The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
Of Birds and Beaſts, and tir'd the Prophet's Art?
Yet what avails? he, and the Gods together,
Seem, like Phyſicians, at a loſs to help us:
Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
We'll ſnatch the ſtrongeſt Cordial of our Love.
To bed, my Fair.

Ghoſt within. Oedipus!

Oed. Ha! Who calls?
Didſt thou not hear a Voice?

Joc. Alas! I did.

Ghoſt. Jocaſta!

Joc. O my Love, my Lord, ſupport me!

Oed. Call louder, till you burſt your airy Forms;
Reſt on my Hand. Thus arm'd with Innocence,
I'll face theſe baffling *Demons* of the Air;
In ſpite of Ghoſts, I'll on.
Tho round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
I'll break 'em, with *Jocaſta* in my Arms;
Claſp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
And act my Joys, tho Thunder ſhake the Room.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A dark Grove.*

Enter Creon *and* Diocles.

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than be unhappy:
Dio. What mean you by theſe Words?
Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be
Creon.
A thinking Soul is Puniſhment enough;
But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
Then every Thought draws Blood.
Dio. You are not wretched.
Cre. I am; my Soul's ill married to my Body.
I would be young, be handſom, be belov'd;
Cou'd I but breathe my ſelf into *Adraſtus*——
Dio. You rave; call home your Thoughts.
Cre. I prithee let my Soul take air a while;
Were ſhe in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
Then I had kill'd a Monſter, gain'd a Battel,
And had my Rival Priſ'ner; brave, brave Actions!
Why have not I done theſe?
Dio. Your Fortune hinder'd.
Cre. There's it; I have a Soul to do 'em all;
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young, handſome Fools: Body and Brawn
Do all her Work. *Hercules* was a Fool,
And ſtreight grew famous; a mad boiſterous Fool;
Nay worſe, a Woman's Fool.
Fool is the Staff of which Heav'n makes a Hero.
Dio. A Serpent ne'er becomes a flying Dragon,
Till he has eat a Serpent.
Cre. Goes it there!
I underſtand thee, I muſt kill *Adraſtus*.

Dio.

Dio. Or not enjoy your Miſtreſs;
Eurydice and he are Priſ'ners here,
But will not long be ſo; this Tell-tale Ghoſt
Perhaps will clear 'em both.
Cre. Well, 'tis reſolv'd,
Dio. The Princeſs walks this way;
You muſt not meet her,
Till this be done.
Cre. I muſt.
Dio. She hates your Sight;
And more, ſince you accus'd her.
Cre. Urge it not.
I cannot ſtay to tell thee my Deſign;
For ſhe's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your Thoughts employ'd?
Eur. On Death and thee.
Cre. Then were they not well ſorted: Life and me
Had been the better Match.
Eur. No; I was thinking
On two the moſt deteſted things in Nature;
And they are Death and thee.
Cre. The thought of Death, to one near Death, is dreadful:
Oh, 'tis a fearful thing to be no more,
Or if to be, to wander after Death;
To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day;
And when the Darkneſs comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves; and in the ſilent Vault,
Where lies your own pale Shrowd, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps;
And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghoſt
Into your lifeleſs Lips:
Then, like a lone, benighted Traveller,
Shut out from Lodging, ſhall your Groans be anſwer'd
By whiſtling Winds, whoſe every Blaſt will ſhake
Your tender Form to Atoms.
Eur. Muſt I be this thin Being? and thus wander?
No Quiet after Death?

Cre.

Cre. None: You muſt leave
This beauteous Body; all this Youth and Freſhneſs
Muſt be no more the Object of Deſire,
But a cold Lump of Clay;
Which then your diſcontented Ghoſt will leave,
And loath its former Lodging.
This is the beſt of what comes after Death,
Ev'n to the beſt.
Eur. What then ſhall be thy Lot?
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur;
Viciſſitudes of Fires, and then of Froſts;
And an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy Ears at every Laſh,
This for *Eurydice*, theſe for her *Adraſtus*.
Cre. For her *Adraſtus!*
Eur. Yes; for her *Adraſtus:*
For Death ſhall ne'er divide us. Death! What's Death?
Dio. You ſeem'd to fear it.
Eur. But I more fear *Creon:*
To take that hunch-back'd Monſter in my Arms;
Th' Excreſcence of a Man.
Dio. to *Cre.* See what you've gain'd.
Eur. Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear, dreſs'd
To frighten Children: Pull but off his Maſque,
And he'll appear a Friend.
Cre. You talk too ſlightly
Of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.
Eur. You beſt can tell the News of your own Country.
Dio. Nay, now you are too ſharp.
Eur. Can I be ſo to one, who has accus'd me
Of Murder, and of Parricide?
Cre. You provok'd me.
And yet I only did thus far accuſe you,
As next of Blood to *Lajus:* Be adviſ'd,
And you may live.
Eur. The Means.
Cre. 'Tis offer'd you;
The Fool *Adraſtus* has accus'd himſelf.
Eur. He has indeed, to take the Guilt from me.

Cre.

Cre. He ſays, he loves you; if he does, 'tis well.
He ne'er cou'd prove it in a better time.
Eur. Then Death muſt be his Recompence for Love.
Cre. 'Tis a Fool's juſt Reward:
The Wiſe can make a better Uſe of Life.
But 'tis the young Man's Pleaſure, his Ambition;
I grudge him not that Favour.
Eur. When he's dead,
Where ſhall I find his Equal?
Cre. Every where.
Fine empty things, like him,
The Court ſwarms with 'em.
Fine fighting things; in Camps they are ſo common,
Crows feeds on nothing elſe. Plenty of Fools;
A Glut of 'em in *Thebes*.
And Fortune ſtill takes care they ſhou'd be ſeen;
She places 'em aloft, o' th' topmoſt Spoke
Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation: If ſhe form
A Man, ſhe loſes by't; 'tis too expenſive;
'Twou'd make ten Fools; A Man's a Prodigy.
Eur. That is, a *Creon*. O thou black Detractor,
Who ſpitt'ſt thy Venom againſt Gods and Man!
Thou Enemy of Eyes!
Thou who lov'ſt nothing, but what nothing loves;
And that's thy ſelf! who haſt conſpir'd againſt
My Life and Fame; to make me loath'd by all,
And only fit for thee.
But for *Adraſtus'* Death, good Gods! his Death!
What Curſe ſhall I invent?
Dio. No more; he's here.
Eur. He ſhall be ever here.
He wou'd give his Life, give up his Fame ——

Enter Adraſtus.

If all the Excellence of Womankind
Were mine; —— No, 'tis too little all for him.
Were I made up of endleſs, endleſs Joys ——

Adr.

Adr. And ſo thou art.
The Man who loves like me,
Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worſt of Ills,
Were cheaply purchas'd, were thy Love the Prize:
Unknown'd, a Captive, nothing left but Honour,
'Tis the laſt thing a Prince ſhould throw away;
But when the Storm grows loud, and threatens Love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel,
And laſt it muſt be kept.
Cre. to *Dio.* Work him, be ſure,
To Rage, he's paſſionate:
Make him th' Aggreſſor.
Dio. O falſe Love! Falſe Honour!
Cre. Diſſembled both, and falſe!
Adr. Dar'ſt thou ſay thus to me?
Cre. To you! Why, what are you, that I ſhould fear
I am not *Lajus*: Hear me, Prince of *Argos*; (you?
You give what's nothing, when you give your Honour;
'Tis gone; 'tis loſt in Babel. For your Love,
Vows made in Wine are not ſo falſe as that:
You kill'd her Father; you confeſs'd you did: (ter!
A mighty Argument to prove your Paſſion to the Daugh-
Adr. Aſide. Gods! Muſt I bear this Brand, and not re-
The Lye to his foul Throat! (tort
Dio. Baſely you kill'd him.
Adr. Aſide. Oh, I burn inward; my Blood's all o' fire!
Alcides, when the poiſon'd Shirt ſat cloſeſt,
Had but an Ague-fit to this my Fever.
Yes, for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll ſuffer,
To free my Love —— Well then, I kill'd him baſely.
Cre. Fairly I'm ſure you cou'd not.
Dio. Nor alone.
Cre. You had your Fellow-Thieves about you, Prince:
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.
Adr. Aſide. Down, ſwelling Heart!
'Tis for the Princeſs all —— O my *Eurydice!* — [*To her.*
Eur. to him. Reproach not thus the Weakneſs of my
As if I could not bear a ſhameful Death, (Sex,
Rather than ſee yon burden'd with a Crime,
Of which I know you free.

Cre.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o'er Nature.
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer?
Eur. You know he kill'd him not.
Cre. Let him ſay ſo.
Dio. See, he ſtands mute.
Cre. Oh Pow'r of Conſcience ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it ſtings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, no, not to clear himſelf
From the moſt baſe, deteſted, horrid Act
That e'er cou'd ſtain a Villain, not a Prince.
Adr. Ha! Villain!
Dio. Eccho to him, Groves: Cry Villain.
Adr. Let me conſider: Did I murder *Lajus*
Thus like a Villain?
Cre. Beſt revoke your Words,
And ſay, you kill'd him not.
Adr. Not like a Villain: Prithee change me that,
For any other Lye.
Dio. No, Villain, Villain.
Cre. You kill'd him, not! Proclaim your Innocence,
Accuſe the Princeſs: ſo I knew 'twou'd be.
Adr. I thank thee, thou inſtruct'ſt me:
No matter how I kill'd him.
Cre. Aſide. Cool'd again.
Eur. Thou who uſurp'ſt the ſacred Name of Conſcience,
Did not thy own declare him Innocent?
To me declare him ſo; the King ſhall know it.
Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forſwear it.
Eur. What's now thy Conſcience?
Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my ſupple Glove;
My upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think beſt. 'Tis my obedient Conſcience.
Adr. Infamous Wretch!
Cre. My Conſcience ſhall not do me the ill Office
To ſave a Rival's Life: When thou art dead,
(As dead thou ſhalt be, or be yet more baſe
Than thou think'ſt me,
By forfeiting her Life, to ſave thy own:)
Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,

She

She shall be mine; (she is, if Vows were binding;)
Mark me; the Fruit of all thy Faith and Passion,
Ev'n of thy foolish Death, shall all be mine.
Adr. Thine, say'st thou, Monster?
Shall my Love be thine?
Oh, I can bear no more!
Thy cunning Engines have with Labour rais'd
My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
To fall, and crush thee dead.
See here thy Nuptials; see, thou rash *Ixion*, (*Draws.*
Thy promis'd *Juno* vanish'd in a Cloud;
And in her Room avenging Thunder rolls,
To blast thee thus —— Come both ——
Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd: [*Both draw.*
Now see whose Arm can launch the surer Bolt,
And who's the better *Jove* —— [*Fight.*
Eur. Help; Murder; help!

Enter Hæmon *and Guards, run betwixt them, and beat down their Swords.*

Hæm. Hold, hold your impious Hands: I think the Furies,
To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you:
Now, by my Soul, the holiest Earth of *Thebes*
You have profan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant
Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice;
All full of Human Souls, that cleave their Barks,
To dance at Midnight, by the Moon's pale Beams:
At least two hundred Years these reverend Shades
Have known no Blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,
Shed by the Priest's own Hand, to *Proserpine*.
Adr. Forgive a Stranger's Ignorance; I knew not
The Honours of the Place.
Hæm. Thou *Creon*, didst.
Not *OEdipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,
Durst violate the Religion of these Groves,
To touch one single Hair; but must, unarm'd,
Parl, as in Truce, or surlily avoid
What most he long'd to kill.

Cre.

Cre. I drew not firſt;
But in my own Defence.
Adr. I was provok'd
Beyond Man's Patience: All, Reproach cou'd urge,
Was us'd, to kindle one not apt to bear.
Hæm. 'Tis *OEdipus*, not I, muſt judge this Act:
Lord *Creon*, you and *Diocles* retire;
Tireſias, and the Brotherhood of Prieſts,
Approach the Place: None at theſe Rites aſſiſt,
But you th' accus'd; who by the Mouth of *Lajus*,
Muſt be abſolv'd, or doom'd.
Adr. I bear my Fortune.
Eur. And I provok'd my Trial.
Hæm. 'Tis at hand:
For ſee the Prophet comes, with Vervain crown'd;
The Prieſts with Yew; a venerable Band:
We leave you to the Gods.
[*Exit* Hæm. *with* Cre. *and* Dio.

Enter Tireſias, *led by* Manto; *The Prieſts follow; all clothed in long black Habits.*

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers;
Ill-fated Pair! whom ſeeing not, I know:
This Day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were join'd:
When (lo!) an envious Planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with Death. I fear, I fear.
Eur. Is there no God ſo much a Friend to Love,
Who can controul the Malice of our Fate?
Are they all deaf? Or have the Giants Heav'n?
Tir. The Gods are juſt ——
But how can Finite meaſure Infinite?
Reaſon! alas, it does not know it ſelf!
Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this ſhort-lin'd Plummet,
Fathom the vaſt Abyſs of Heav'nly Juſtice.
Whatever is, is in its Cauſes juſt,
Since all things are by Fate. But purblind Man
Sees but a part o' th' Chain, the neareſt Links;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poizes all above.

Eur.

Eur. Then we muſt die!
Tir. The Danger's imminent this Day.
Adr. Why then there's one Day leſs for Human Ills;
And who would moan himſelf for ſuffering that,
Which in a Day muſt paſs? Something, or nothing ——
I ſhall be what I was again, before
I was *Adraſtus* ——
Penurious Heav'n! Canſt thou not add a Night
To our one Day? Give me a Night with her,
And I'll give all the reſt.
Tir. She broke her Vow
Firſt made to *Creon*. But the Time calls on;
And *Lajus*' Death muſt now be made more plain.
How loth I am to have recourſe to Rites
So full of Horror, that I once rejoice
I want the Uſe of Sight! ——
1 *Pr.* The Ceremonies ſtay.
Tir. Chuſe the darkeſt part o' th' Grove,
Such as Ghoſts at Noon-day love.
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Lajus* lie:
Altars rais'd, of Turf or Stone,
Will th' infernal Pow'rs have none.
Anſwer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pit:
Draw the barren Heifer back,
Barren let her be, and black;
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full betwixt her Horns and Brows:
And turn your Faces from the Sun.
Anſwer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Pour in Blood, and Blood like Wine,
To Mother Earth, and *Proſerpine*:
Mingle Milk into the Stream;
Feaſt the Ghoſts that love the Steam:
Snatch a Brand from Funeral-pile,
Toſs it in to make 'em boil;

And turn your Faces from the Sun;
Answer me, if all be done?
All Pr. All is done.

Peal of Thunder; and Flashes of Lightning; then groaning below the Stage.

Manto. O what Laments are there?
Tir. The Groans of Ghosts, that cleave the Earth with Pain:
And heave it up, they pant and stick half way.
[*The Stage wholly darkned.*
Manto. And now a sudden Darkness covers all
The genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heav'n.
Tir. Am I but half obey'd? Infernal Gods,
Must you have Musick too? then tune your Voices,
And let 'em have such Sounds as hell ne'er heard,
Since *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades. [*Musick.*

SONG.

1. *Hear ye sullen Pow'rs below;*
Hear, ye Taskers of the dead;
2. *You that boiling Cauldrons blow,*
You that scum the molten Lead;
3. *You that pinch with red hot Tongs;*
1. *You that drive the trembling Hosts*
Of poor, poor Ghosts,
With your sharpen'd Prongs;
2. *You that thrust 'em off the brim;*
3. *You that plunge 'em when they swim:*
1. *Till they down;*
Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down,
Ten thousand thousand thousand Fathoms low.
Chorus. *Till they drown,* &c.
1. *Musick for a while*
Shall your Cares beguile:

Won-

Wondring how your Pains were eas'd.
2. *And diſdaining to be pleas'd;*
3. *Till* Alecto *free the dead*
From their eternal Bands;
Till the Snakes drop from her Head,
And whip from out her Hands.
1. *Come away,*
Do not ſtay,
But obey
While we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghoſts have Holy-day.
Chorus, *Come away,* &c.

[A Flaſh of Lightning: the Stage is made bright, and the Ghoſts are ſeen paſſing betwixt the Trees.

1. *Lajus!* 2. *Lajus!* 3. *Lajus!*
1. *Hear!* 2. *Hear!* 3. *Hear!*
Tir. *Hear and appear.*
By the Fates that ſpun thy thread;
Cho. *Which are three.*
Tir. *By the Furies fierce and dread;*
Cho. *Which are three.*
Tir. *By the Judges of the dead;*
Cho. *Which are three.*
Three times three.
Tir. *By Hell's blue Flame;*
By the Stygian *Lake;*
And by Demogorgon's *Name,*
At which Ghoſts quake,
Hear and appear.

[*The Ghoſt of* Lajus *riſes arm'd in his Chariot, as he was ſlain. And behind his Chariot ſit the three who were murder'd with him.*

Ghoſt. Why haſt thou drawn me from my Pains below,
To ſuffer worſe above; to ſee the Day,
And *Thebes* more hated? Hell is Heav'n to *Thebes.*
For Pity ſend me back, where I may hide,

In willing Night, this ignominious Head:
In Hell I ſhun the publick Scorn; and then
They hunt me for their Sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd Side,
And chatter at my Wounds.

Tir. I pity thee,
Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy Death accurſt,
And I'll unbind the Charm.

Ghoſt. O ſpare my Shame.

Tir. Are theſe two Innocent?

Ghoſt. Of my Death they are.
But he who holds my Crown, Oh, muſt I ſpeak!
Was doom'd to do what Nature moſt abhors.
The Gods foreſaw it; and forbad his Being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their Laws,
And cloth'd with Fleſh his pre-exiſting Soul;
Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Deſtiny,
Took pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Maſs
With Temperance, Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every kingly Virtue; but in vain.
For Fate, that ſent him hood-wink'd to the World,
Perform'd its Work by his miſtaking Hands.
Ask'ſt thou who murder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus*;
Who ſtains my Bed with Inceſt? *Oedipus*!
For whom then are you curſt, but *Oedipus*?
He comes; the Parricide; I cannot bear him:
My Wounds ake at him: O his murd'rous Breath
Venoms my airy Subſtance! hence with him,
Baniſh him; ſweep him out; the Plague he bears
Will blaſt your Fields, and mark his way with Ruin.
From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driv'n;
Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heav'n.

[*Ghoſt deſcends.*

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Hæmon, *&c.*

Oed. What's this! methought ſome peſtilential Blaſt
Strook me juſt entring; and ſome unſeen Hand
Struggled to puſh me backward: Tell me why
My Hair ſtands briſtling up, why my Fleſh trembles!

You

You ſtare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And ſome lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.
Tir. What Omen ſaw'ſt thou entring?
Oed. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his Back;
Till weary with the Weight, he ſhook him off,
And peck'd out both his Eyes.
Adr. Oh, *Oedipus!*
Eur. Oh, wretched *Oedipus!*
Tir. Oh, fatal King!
Oed. What mean theſe Exclamations of my Name?
I thank the Gods, no ſecret Thoughts reproach me:
No; I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And ſhake my Soul quite empty in your Sight.
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
Theſe fix'd Regards, and ſilent Threats of Eyes.
A generous Fierceneſs dwells with Innocence,
And conſcious Virtue is allow'd ſome Pride.
Tir. Thou know'ſt not what thou ſay'ſt.
Oed. What mutters he? tell me, *Eurydice:*
Thou [illegible]'ſt; thy Soul's a Woman. Speak, *Adraſtus,*
And boldly, as thou met'ſt my Arms in Fight;
Dar'ſt thou not ſpeak? why then 'tis bad indeed:
Tireſias, thee I ſummon by the Prieſthood,
Tell me what News from Hell; where *Laius* points,
And who's the guilty Head?
Tir. Let me not anſwer.
Oed. Be dumb then, and betray thy Native Soil
To farther Plagues.
Tir. I dare not name him to thee.
Oed. Dar'ſt thou converſe with Hell, and canſt thou fear
Any human Name?
Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known
Wou'd make thee more unhappy: 'twill be found
Tho I am ſilent.
Oed. Old and obſtinate! Then thou thy ſelf
Art Author or Accomplice of this Murder,
And ſhun'ſt the Juſtice, which by publick Ban
Thou haſt incurr'd.
Tir. O! if the Guilt were mine,

It were not half ſo great: Know, wretched Man;
Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own Curſe
Falls heavy on thy ſelf.

Oed. Speak this again:
But ſpeak it to the Winds, when they are loudeſt;
Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as ſoon,
And ſooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me Heav'n
For bluſhing thou haſt ſeen it; hear me Earth,
Whoſe hollow Womb could not contain this Murder,
But ſent it back to Light; and thou Hell, hear me,
Whoſe own black Seal has 'firm'd this horrid Truth,
Oedipus murder'd *Lajus*.

Oed. Rot the Tongue,
And blaſted be the Mouth that ſpoke that Lye!
Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul.

Tir. Thy Parents thought not ſo.

Oed. Who were my Parents?

Tir. Thou ſhalt know too ſoon.

Oed. Why ſeek I Truth from thee?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradeſmens Oaths, and Mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Prieſts tell.
O why has Prieſthood Privilege to lye,
And yet to be believ'd! —— Thy Age protects thee.

Tir. Thou canſt not kill me; 'tis not in thy Fate,
As 'twas to kill thy Father; wed thy Mother;
And beget Sons, thy Brothers.

Oed. Riddles, Riddles!

Tir. Thou art thy ſelf a Riddle; a perplext
Obſcure *Enigma*, which when thou unty'ſt,
Thou ſhalt be found and loſt.

Oed. Impoſſible!
Adraſtus, ſpeak; and as thou art a King,
Whoſe Royal Word is ſacred, clear my Fame.

Adr. Wou'd I cou'd!

Oed. Ha, wilt thou not? Can the Plebeian Vice
Of Lying mount to Kings! can they be tainted!
Then Truth is loſt on Earth.

Tir. The Cheat's too groſs.

Adraſtus.

Adraſtus is his Oracle, and he,
The pious Jugler, but *Adraſtus'* Organ.
Oed. 'Tis plain the Prieſt's ſuborn'd to free the Priſ'ner.
Cre. And turn the Guilt on you.
Oed. O honeſt *Creon*, how haſt thou been bely'd?
Eur. Hear me.
Cre. She's brib'd to ſave her Lover's Life.
Adr. If, *Oedipus*, thou think'ſt ——
Cre. Hear him not ſpeak.
Adr. Then hear theſe holy Men.
Cre. Prieſts, Prieſts, all brib'd, all Prieſts.
Oed. *Adraſtus*, I have found thee;
The Malice of a vanquiſh'd Man has ſeiz'd thee.
Adr. If Envy and not Truth ——
Oed. I'll hear no more: away with him.
[Hæmon *takes him off by force*, Cre. *and* Eur. *follow.*
Oed. to *Tir.* Why ſtand'ſt thou here, Impoſtor!
So old, and yet ſo wicked —— lye for Gain;
And Gain ſo ſhort as Age can promiſe thee!
Tir. So ſhort a time I have yet to live
Exceeds thy pointed Hour; remember *Lajus*;
No more; if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual Darkneſs; we ſhall feel before us
To reach each others Hand; remember *Lajus*.
[*Exit* Tireſias; *Prieſts follow.*

Oedipus Solus.

Remember *Lajus!* that's the Burden ſtill:
Murder and Inceſt! but to hear 'em nam'd,
My Soul ſtarts in me: The good Sentinel
Stands to her Weapons; takes the firſt Alarm
To guard me from ſuch Crimes —— Did I kill *Lajus?*
Then I walk'd ſleeping, in ſome frightful Dream,
My Soul then ſtole my Body out by Night;
And brought me back to Bed e'er Morning-wake.
It cannot be ev'n this remoteſt Way,
But ſome dark hint would juſtle forward now;
And goad my Memory —— Oh my *Jocaſta!*

Enter Jocaſta.

Joc. Why are you thus diſturb'd?
Oed. Why, would'ſt thou think it?
No leſs than Murder?
Joc. Murder? what of Murder?
Oed. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,
And Inceſt; bear not theſe a frightful Sound?
Joc. Alas!
Oed. How poor a pity is Alas,
For two ſuch Crimes! —— Was *Lajus* us'd to lye?
Joc. Oh no; the moſt ſincere, plain, honeſt Man,
One who abhor'd a Lye.
Oed. Then he has got that Quality in Hell.
He charges me —— but why accuſe I him?
I did not hear him ſpeak it: They accuſe me;
The Prieſt, *Adraſtus* and *Eurydice*
Of murdering *Lajus* —— Tell me, while I think on't,
Has old *Tireſias* practis'd long this Trade?
Joc. What Trade?
Oed. Why this foretelling Trade?
Joc. For many Years.
Oed. Has he before this Day accus'd me?
Joc. Never.
Oed. Have you e'er this inquir'd, who did this Murder?
Joc. Often; but ſtill in vain.
Oed I am ſatisfy'd.
Then 'tis an Infant-lye; but one day old.
The Oracle takes place before the Prieſt:
The Blood of *Lajus* was to murder *Lajus*;
I'm not of *Lajus'* Blood.
Joc. Ev'n Oracles
Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:
Lajus had one, which never was fulfill'd,
Nor ever can be now.
Oed. And what foretold it?
Joc. That he ſhou'd have a Son by me, fore-doom'd
The Murderer of his Father: True indeed,
A Son was born; but to prevent that Crime,

The

The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,
Bor'd thro his untyr'd Feet, and bound with Cords,
On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd:
The King himself liv'd many, many Years,
And found a different Fate; by Robbers murder'd,
Where three Ways meet. Yet these are Oracles;
And this the Faith we owe 'em.
Oed. Say no more. Woman?
By Heav'n thou hast waken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very Soul!
Joc. What, new disturbance!
Oed. Methought thou said'st, ——— (or do I dream
thou said'st it!)
This Murder was on *Lajus'* Person done,
Where three Ways meet!
Joc. So common Fame reports.
Oed. Wou'd it had ly'd.
Joc. Why, good my Lord?
Oed. No Questions:
'Tis busy time with me: dispatch mine first;
Say where, where was it done?
Joc. Mean you the Murder? (der?
Oed. Could'st thou not answer, without naming Mur-
Joc. They say in *Phocide*; on the Verge that parts it
From *Daulia* and from *Delphos*.
Oed. So! ——— How long! when happen'd this?
Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.
Oed. What will the Gods do with me?
Joc. What means that Thought?
Oed. Something; but 'tis not your turn to ask:
How old was *Lajus*, what his Shape, his Stature,
His Action and his Mein? quick, quick, your Answer.
Joc. Big made he was, and tall; his Port was fierce,
Erect his Countenance; manly Majesty
Sat in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he view'd; his Hair just grizled,
As in a green old Age: late but his Years,
You are his Picture.
Oed. Aside. Pray Heav'n he drew me not. Am I this
Joc. So I have often told you (Picture?

Oed. True, you have;
Add that to the reſt: How was the King
Attended when he travell'd?
Joc. By four Servants:
He went out privately.
Oed. Well counted ſtill;
One ſcap'd I hear; what ſince became of him?
Joc. When he beheld you firſt as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling, beg'd I wou'd diſmiſs him,
He had my leave; and now he lives retir'd.
Oed. This Man muſt be produc'd; he muſt, *Jocaſta*.
Joc. He ſhall —— yet have I leave to ask you why?
Oed. Yes, you ſhall know; for where ſhould I repoſe
The Anguiſh of my Soul, but in your Breaſt?
I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my Birth;
My Parents *Polybus* and *Merope*,
Two Royal Names; their only Child am I.
It happen'd once, 'twas at a Bridal Feaſt,
One warm with Wine, told me I was a Foundling,
Not the King's Son; I, ſtung with this Reproach,
Struck him: My Father heard of it; the Man
Was made ask Pardon; and the Buſineſs hush'd.
Joc. 'Twas ſomewhat odd.
Oed. And ſtrangely it perplex'd me.
I ſtole away to *Delphos*, and implor'd
The God to tell my certain Parentage.
He bad me ſeek no farther; 'twas my Fate
To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,
By marrying her who bore me.
Joc. Vain, vain Oracles!
Oed. But yet they frighted me;
I look'd on *Corinth* as a Place accurſt,
Reſolv'd my Deſtiny ſhould wait in vain;
And never catch me there.
Joc. Too nice a Fear.
Oed. Suſpend your Thoughts, and flatter not too ſoon
Juſt in the Place you nam'd, where three Ways meet,
And near that time, five Perſons I encounter'd;
One was too like, (Heav'n grant it prove not him)
Whom you deſcribe for *Lajus*: Inſolent

And fierce they were, as Men who liv'd on Spoil.
I judg'd 'em Robbers, and by force repell'd
The fourth they us'd: In ſhort, four Men I ſlew;
The fifth upon his Knees demanding Life,
My Mercy gave it ——— bring me comfort now,
If I ſlew *Lajus*, what can be more wretched!
From *Thebes* and you my Curſe has baniſh'd me;
From *Corinth*, Fate.

Joc. Perplex not thus your Mind;
My Husband fell by Multitudes oppreſt,
So *Phorbas* ſaid: This Band you chanc'd to meet;
And murder'd not my *Lajus*, but reveng'd him.

Oed. There's all my hope: Let *Phorbas* tell me this,
And I ſhall live again ———
To you good Gods, I make my laſt Appeal;
Or clear my Virtues or my Crime reveal:
If wandring in the maze of Fate I run,
And backward trod the Paths I ſought to ſhun,
Impute my Errors to your own Decree;
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. [*Exeunt.*

ACT VI. SCENE I.

Enter Pyracmon *and* Creon.

Pyr. SOME Buſineſs of import that Triumph wears
You ſeem to go with; nor is it hard to gueſs
When you are pleas'd by ſome malicious Joy:
Whoſe red and fiery Beams caſt thro your Viſage
A glowing Pleaſure. Sure you ſmile Revenge,
And I cou'd gladly hear.

Cre. Would'ſt thou believe,
This giddy hair-brain'd Ring, whom old *Tireſias*
Has thunder-ſtruck with heavy Accuſation,

Tho conſcious of no inward Guilt, yet fears;
He fears *Jocaſta*, fears himſelf, his Shadow;
He fears the Multitude; and, which is worſt,
An Age of Laughter, out of all Mankind,
He chuſes me to be his Oracle:
Swears that *Adraſtus*, and the lean-look'd Prophet,
Are joint Conſpirators; and with me to
Appeaſe the raving *Thebans*; which I swore
To do.

Pyr. A dangerous Undertaking;
Directly oppoſite to your own Intereſt.

Cre. No, dull *Pyracmon*; when I left his Preſence,
With all the Wings with which Revenge could imp
My flight, I gain'd the midſt o' th' City;
There, ſtanding on a Pile of dead and dying,
I to the mad and ſickly Multitude,
With interrupting Sobs, cry'd out, O *Thebes*,
O wretched *Thebes*, thy King, thy *Oedipus*,
This barbarous Stranger, this Uſurper, Monſter,
Is by the Oracle, the wiſe *Tireſias*,
Proclaim'd the Murderer of the Royal *Laius*:
Jocaſta too, no longer now my Siſter;
Is found Comptroller in the horrid Deed.
Here I renounce all tye of Blood and Nature,
For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes*!
And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thouſand antick Mouths
Gabbled Revenge, Revenge was all the cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail: I ſee you on the Throne,
And *Oedipus* caſt out.

Cre. Then ſtrait came on
Alcander, with a wild and bellowing Crowd;
Whom when he had wrought, I whiſper'd him to join,
And head the Forces while the Heat was in 'em:
So to the Palace I return'd to meet
The King, and greet him with another Story.
But ſee, he enters.

Enter Oedipus *and* Jocasta, *attended.*

Oed. Said you that *Phorbas* is return'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concerning what we have discover'd?
Joc. He started when I told him your Intent,
Replying, what he knew of that Affair
Would give no Satisfaction to the King;
Then, falling on his Knees, begg'd as for Life
To be dismiss'd from Court; he trembled too,
As if conclusive Death had seiz'd upon him,
And stammer'd in his abrupt Pray'r so wildly,
That, had he been the Murderer of *Lajus*,
Guilt and Distraction could not have shook him more.
Oed. By your Description, sure as Plagues and Death
Lay waste our *Thebes*, some Dread that shuns the Light
Begot those Fears: If thou respect'st my Peace,
Secure him, dear *Jocasta*; for my Genius
Shrinks at his Name.
Joc. Rather let him go,
So my poor boding Heart would have it be,
Without a Reason.
Oed. Hark, the *Thebans* come!
Therefore retire; and, once more, if thou lov'st me,
Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.
Joc. You shall, while I
Have Life, be still obey'd;
In vain you feed me with your soft Endearments,
And set the fairest Countenance to view;
Your gloomy Eyes, my Lord, betray a Deadness
And inward languishing: That Oracle
Eats like a subtile Worm its venom'd Way,
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
How'er the beauteous Out-side shews so lovely.
Oed. Oh, thou wilt kill me with thy Love's Excess!
All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come.
[*Exit* Jocasta.
Ghost. Oedipus!
Ha! again that Scream of Woe!

Thrice have I heard, thrice ſince the Morning dawn'd
It hallow'd loud, as if my Guardian Spirit
Call'd from ſome vaulted Manſion, *Oedipus!*
Or is it but the Work of Melancholy?
When the Sun ſets, Shadows that ſhew'd at Noon
But ſmall, appear moſt long and terrible;
So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
Our Apprehenſions ſhoot beyond all Bounds,
Owls, Ravens, Crickets ſeem the Watch of Death,
Nature's worſt Vermine ſcare her godlike Sons.
Ecchoes, the very Leavings of a Voice,
Grow babling Ghoſts, and call us to our Graves:
Each Mole-hill Thought ſwells to a huge *Olympus*,
While we fantaſtick Dreamers heave and puff,
And ſweat with an Imagination's Weight;
As if, like *Atlas*, with theſe mortal Shoulders
We could ſuſtain the Burden of the World.

[Creon *comes forward.*

Cre. O Sacred Sir, my Royal Lord ——

Oed. What now?
Thou ſeem'ſt affrighted at ſome dreadful Action,
Thy Breath comes ſhort, thy darted Eyes are fix'd
On me for Aid, as if thou wert purſu'd:
I ſent thee to the *Thebans*, ſpeak thy Wonder;
Fear not, this Palace is a Sanctuary,
The King himſelf 's thy Guard.

Cre. For me, alas! (yours!
My Life's not worth a Thought, when weigh'd with
But fly, my Lord, fly as your Life is Sacred;
Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
Who therefore, on his Knees, thus proſtrate begs
You would remove from *Thebes* that vows your Ruin.
When I but offer'd at your Innocence,
They gather'd Stones, and menac'd me with Death,
And drove me thro the Streets with Imprecations
Againſt your Sacred Perſon, and thoſe Traytors
Who juſtify'd your Guilt; which curs'd *Tireſias*
Told, as from Heav'n, was Cauſe of their Deſtruction.

Oed. Riſe, worthy *Creon*, haſte and take our Guard,
Rank 'em in equal part upon the Square,

Then

Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes, [*Shout.*
I hear 'em roar: Be gone, and break down all
The Dams that would oppose their furious Passage.
[*Ex.* Creon *with Guards.*

Enter Adrastus, *his Sword drawn.*

Adr. Your City
Is all in Arms, all bent to your Destruction.
I heard but now, where I was close confin'd,
A thundering Shout, which made my Jaylors vanish,
Cry, Fire the Palace! where's the cruel King?
Yet, by th'Infernal Gods, those awful Pow'rs
That have accus'd you, which these Ears have heard,
And these Eyes seen, I must believe you guiltless:
For, since I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
I have observ'd in all his Acts such Truth
And God-like Clearness, that to the last Gush
Of Blood and Spirits, I'll defend his Life,
And here have sworn to perish by his Side.
Oed. Be witness, Gods, how near this touches me!
O what Recompence can Glory make? [*Embracing him.*
Adr. Defend your Innocence, speak like yourself,
And awe the Rebels with your dauntless Virtue.
But hark! the Storm comes nearer.
Oed. Let it come.
The Force of Majesty is never known
But in a general Wreck: then, then is seen
The difference 'twixt a Threshold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tiresias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold!
There stands your Plague, the Ruin, Desolation
Of this unhappy —— speak; shall I kill him?
Or shall he be cast out to Banishment?
All Theb. To Banishment, away with him.
Oed. Hence, you Barbarians, to your slavish Distance,
Fix to the Earth your sordid Looks; for he

Who ſtirs, dares more than Mad-men, Fiends, or Furies:
Who dares to face me, by the Gods, as well
May brave the Majeſty of thundering *Jove*.
Did I for this relieve you when beſieg'd
By this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Wans,
And to the very Brink of Fate reduc'd;
When lean-jaw'd Famine made more Havock of you,
Than does the Plague? But I rejoice I know you,
Know the baſe Stuff that tempeſts you, vile Souls:
The Gods be prais'd, I needed not your Empire,
Born to a greater, nobler of my own;
Nor ſhall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
To rule ſuch Brutes, ſo barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I ſee a ſad Repentance,
A general Conſternation ſpread among 'em.

Oed. My Reign is at an end; yet e'er I finiſh
I'll do a Juſtice that becomes a Monarch,
A Monarch who i'th' midſt of Swords and Javelins,
Dares act as on his Throne encompaſs'd round
With Nations for his Guard. *Alcander*, you
Are nobly born, therefore ſhall loſe your Head.

[Seizes him.

Here, *Hamon*, take him; but for this, and this,
Let Cords diſpatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

Tir. O ſacred Prince, pardon diſtracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if ſhe acts by Heav'n's award;
If that th'Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May ſpeak, O do not too ſeverely deal,
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at leaſt compleat:
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
If innocent, then let *Tireſias* die.

Oed. I take thee at thy word. Run, haſte, and ſave
Whether the Prophet or the King ſhall die. (*Alcander*,
Be witneſs all you *Thebans* of my Oath;
And *Phorbas* be the Umpire.

Tir. I ſubmit.

[*Trumpets ſound.*

Oed. What mean thoſe Trumpets?

Liſten.

Enter Hæmon *with* Alcander.

Ham. From your native Country,
Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd,
That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father;
He comes as an Ambaſſador from *Corinth*,
And ſues for Audience.

Oed. Haſte, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
T'embrace him.

Ham. The Queen, my Lord, at preſent holds him
In private Conference; but behold her here.

Enter Jocaſta, Eurydice, *&c.*

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happieſt of Kings;
Henceforth be bleſt, bleſt as thou canſt deſire.
Sleep without Fears the blackeſt Nights away;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou ſhalt ſleep
Secure, thy Slumbers ſhall be ſoft and gentle,
As Infants Dreams.

Oed. What does the Soul of all my Joys intend?
And whither would this Rapture?

Joc. Oh, I could rave,
Pull down thoſe lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,
From whence reſounded thoſe falſe Oracles,
That robb'd my Love of reſt. If we muſt pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a grey-beard forging Prieſt come near,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with his Dotage mad the gaping World.
But ſee, the Oracle that I will truſt,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men.

Enter Ægeon, *kneels.*

Oed. Oh, to my Arms, welcome, my dear *Ægeon*;
Ten thouſand welcomes. Oh, my Foſter-Father,
Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd!

Welcome

Welcome to me,
As to a ſinking Mariner
The lucky Plant that bears him to the Shore!
But ſpeak, O tell me what ſo mighty Joy
Is this thou bring'ſt, which ſo tranſports *Jocaſta*?
Joc. Peace, peace, *Ægeon*, let *Jocaſta* tell him!
O that I could for ever charm as now,
My deareſt *Oedipus!* Thy Royal Father
Polybus King of *Corinth* is no more.
Oed. Ha! can it be? *Ægeon*, anſwer me,
And ſpeak in ſhort, what my *Jocaſta*'s Tranſport
May over-do.
Æge. Since in few words, my Royal Lord, you ask
To know the Truth; King *Polybus* is dead.
Oed. O all you Pow'rs, is't poſſible? What, dead!
But that the Tempeſt of my Joy may riſe
By juſt degrees, and hit at laſt the Stars;
Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by Sword, by Fire,
Or Water? by Aſſaſſinates or Poiſon? ſpeak:
Or did he languiſh under ſome Diſeaſe?
Æge. Of no Diſtemper, of no Blaſt he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-Fruit that mellow'd long;
Ev'n wonder'd at, becauſe he dropt no ſooner.
Fate ſeem'd to wind him up for fourſcore Years,
Yet freſhly ran he on ten Winters more;
Till, like a Clock worn out with eating Time,
The Wheels of weary Life at laſt ſtood ſtill.
Oed. Oh, let me preſs thee in my youthful Arms,
And ſmother thy old Age in my Embraces.
Yes *Thebans*, yes *Jocaſta*, yes *Adraſtus*,
Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
Fires ſhall be kindled in the midſt of *Thebes*;
I'th'midſt of Tumults, Wars, and Peſtilence,
I will rejoyce for *Polybus* his Death.
Know, be it known to the limits of the World;
Yet farther let it paſs yon dazling Roof,
The Manſion of the Gods, and ſtrike 'em deaf
With everlaſting Peals of thundring Joy.
Tir. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this World?

Oed. Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old wizard Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now,
Your Birds of Knowledge, that in dusky Air
Chatter Futurity? and where are now
Your Oracles, that call'd me Parricide?
Is he not dead? deep laid in's Monument?
And was not I in *Thebes* when Fate attack'd him?
Avant, be gone, you Vizors of the Gods!
Were I as other Sons, now I should weep;
But as I am, I've reason to rejoice;
And will, tho his cold Shade should rise and blast me.
Oh, for his Death, let Waters break their Bounds,
Rocks, Vallies, Hills, with splitting *Io*'s ring;
Io, Jocasta, Io Pæan sing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude an happy End?
But all Fate's Turns are swift and unexpected.

Æge. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
She had no Soul since you forsook the Land,
Waves all the neighbouring Princes that adore her.

Oed. Waves all the Princes! poor Heart! for what, O speak.

Æge. She, tho in full-blown flow'r of glorious Beauty,
Grows cold, ev'n in the Summer of her Age,
And for your sake has sworn to die unmarry'd.

Oed. How! for my sake, die and not marry! Oh,
My Fit returns.

Æge. This Diamond, with a thousand Kisses blest,
With thousand Sighs and Wishes for your Safety,
She charg'd me give you, with the general Homage
Of our *Corinthian* Lords.

Oed. There's Magick in it, take it from my sight;
There's not a Beam it darts, but carries Hell,
Hot flashing Lust, and necromantick Incest:
Take it from my sick Eyes, O hide it from me.
No, my *Jocasta*, tho *Thebes* cast me out,
While *Merope*'s alive, I'll ne'er return!
Oh, rather let me walk round the wide World
A Beggar, than accept a Diadem
On such abhor'd Conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own Unhappineſs;
By theſe extravagant and needleſs Fears.
Oed. Needleſs! O, all you Gods! By Heav'n I'd ra(ther)
Embrue my Arms up to my very Shoulders
In the dear Entrails of the beſt of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable Act
Of damned Inceſt; therefore no more of her.
Æge. And why, O ſacred Sir, if Subjects may
Preſume to look into their Monarch's Breaſt,
Why ſhould the chaſte and ſpotleſs *Merope*
Infuſe ſuch Thoughts as I muſt bluſh to name?
Oed. Becauſe the God of *Delphos* did forewarn me
With thundering Oracles.
Æge. May I intreat to know 'em?
Oed. Yes, my *Ægeon*; but the ſad Remembrance
Quite blaſts my Soul: See then the ſwelling Prieſt!
Methinks I have his Image now in view;
He mounts the *Tripos* in a Minute's Space,
His clouded Head knocks at the Temple-Roof,
While from his Mouth theſe diſmal Words are heard:
" Fly, Wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's
Blood to ſpill!
" And with prepoſterous Births thy Mother's Womb to fill!
Æge. Is this the Cauſe
Why you refuſe the Diadem of *Corinth*?
Oed. The Cauſe! why is it not a monſtrous one?
Æge. Great Sir, you may return; and tho you ſhou'd
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)
The Act would prove no Inceſt.
Oed. How, *Ægeon*?
Tho I enjoy'd my Mother, not inceſtuous!
Thou rav'ſt, and ſo do I, and theſe all catch'd
My Madneſs; look, they're dead with deep Diſtraction:
Not Inceſt! what, not Inceſt with my Mother?
Æge. No, Lord, Queen *Merope* is not your Mother.
Oed. Ha! did I hear thee right? not *Merope*
My Mother!
Æge. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.
Oed. Then all my Days and Nights muſt now be ſpent
In

In curious ſearch, to find out thoſe dark Parents
Who gave me to the World; ſpeak then *Ægeon*,
By all the Gods Cœleſtial and Infernal,
By all the Ties of Nature, Blood and Friendſhip,
Conceal not from this rack'd deſpairing King
A Point or ſmalleſt Grain of what thou know'ſt:
Speak then, O anſwer to my Doubts directly.
If Royal *Polybus* was not my Father,
Why was I call'd his Son?

Æge. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the fareſt Gift of Nature.
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could beſtow, in coſtly Mantles
Upon its Infant Heir.

Oed. But was I made the Heir of *Corinth's* Crown,
Becauſe *Ægeon's* Hand preſented me?

Æge. By my Advice,
Being paſt all hope of Children
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.

Oed. Perhaps I then am yours; inſtruct me, Sir:
If it be ſo, I'll kneel and weep before you,
With all th' Obedience of a penitent Child,
Imploring Pardon.
Kill me if you pleaſe,
I will not wreath my Body at the Wound:
But ſink upon your Feet with a laſt Sigh,
And ask Forgiveneſs with my dying Hands.

Æge. O riſe, and call not to this aged Cheek
The little Blood which ſhould keep warm my Heart;
You are not mine, nor ought I to be bleſt
With ſuch a godlike Offſpring. Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount *Citharon*.

Oed. O ſpeak, go on; the Air grows ſenſible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm:
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms ſo rack'd of late,
Seem to ſtand ſtill, as if that *Jove* were talking.
Citharon! ſpeak, the Valley of *Citharon!*

Æge. Oft-times before I thither did reſort,
Charm'd with the Converſation of a Man
Who led a rural Life, and had command

O'er all the Shepherds, who about thoſe Vales
Tended their numerous Flocks; in this Man's Arms
I ſaw you ſmiling at a fatal Dagger,
Whoſe Point he often offer'd at your Throat;
But then you ſmil'd, and then he drew it back;
Then lifted it again, you ſmil'd again:
Till he at laſt in Fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud, The Gods forbid thy Death:
Then I ruſh'd in, and after ſome Diſcourſe,
To me he did bequeath your innocent Life;
And I, the welcome Care to *Polybus*.

Oed. To whom belongs the Maſter of the Shepherds?

Æge. His Name I knew not, or I have forgot;
That he was of the Family of *Laius*,
I well remember.

Oed. And is your Friend alive? for if he be,
I'll buy his Preſence, tho it coſt my Crown.

Æge. Your menial Attendants beſt can tell
Whether he lives, or not; and who has now
His Place.

Joc. Winds bear me to ſome barren Iſland,
Where Print of human Feet was never ſeen,
O'ergrown with Weeds of ſuch a monſtrous height,
Their baleful Tops are waſh'd with bellowing Clouds,
Beneath whoſe venomous Shade I may have vent
For Horror, that would blaſt the barbarous World.

Oed. If there be any here that knows the Perſon
Whom he deſcrib'd, I charge him on his Life
To ſpeak; Concealment ſhall be ſudden Death:
But he who brings him forth, ſhall have reward
Beyond Ambition's Luſt.

Tir. His Name is *Phorbas*.
Jocaſta knows him well; but if I may
Advise, reſt where you are, and ſeek no farther.

Oed. Then all goes well, ſince *Phorbas* is ſecur'd
By my *Jocaſta*. Hâſte and bring him forth:
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Ha! what mean
Theſe Tears, and Groans, and Struggling? ſpeak my Fair,
What are thy Troubles?

Joc.

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:
Let me conjure you take the Prophet's Counsel,
And let this *Phorbas* go.
Oed. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my Birth, tho Death
Attends the Search: I have already past
The middle of the Stream; and to return
Seems greater Labour than to venture o'er.
Therefore produce him.
Joc. Once more, by the Gods,
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,
My Love, my all, my only utmost Hope,
I beg you baniſh *Phorbas*. O, the Gods!
I kneel that you may grant this firſt Requeſt,
Deny me all things elſe; but for my ſake,
And as you prize your own eternal Quiet,
Never let *Phorbas* come into your Preſence.
Oed. You muſt be rais'd, and *Phorbas* ſhall appear,
Tho his dead Eyes were Baſilisks. Guards, haſte,
Search the Queen's Lodgings; find and force him thither.
[*Exeunt Guards.*
Joc. O, *Oedipus*, yet ſend,
And ſtop their Entrance, e're it be too late:
Unleſs you wiſh to ſee *Jocaſta* rent
With Furies, ſlain out-right with mere Diſtraction,
Keep from your Eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas*.
Forbear this Search, I'll think you more than mortal:
Will you yet hear me?
Oed. Tempeſts will be heard,
And Waves will daſh, tho Rocks their Baſis keep.
But ſee, they enter. If thou truly lov'ſt me,
Either forbear this Subject, or retire.

Enter Hæmon, *Guards, with* Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
A Story, that ſhall turn thee into Stone:
Could there be heav'n a monſtrous Gap in Nature,
A Flaw made through the Center by ſome God,
Thro which the Groans of Ghoſts might ſtrike thy Ears,
They

They would not wound thee, as this Story will.
Hark! hark! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,
Jocaſta: Yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where firſt the Myſteries of our Loves were acted,
And double dye it with Imperial Crimſon;
Tear off this curling Hair,
Be gorg'd with Fire, ſtab every vital Part,
And when at laſt I'm ſlain, to crown the Horror
My poor tormented Ghoſt ſhall clear the Ground,
To try, if Hell can yet more deeply wound.
Oed. She's gone; and as ſhe went, methought her Eyes
Grew larger, while a thouſand frantick Spirits
Seething, like riſing Bubbles, on the brim,
Peep'd from the watry brinks, and glow'd upon me.
I'll ſeek no more; but huſh my Genius up
That throws me on my Fate. Impoſſible!
O wretched Man! whoſe too too buſy Thoughts
Ride ſwifter than the gall'ping Heav'ns around,
With an eternal Hurry of the Soul:
Nay, there's a time, when ev'n the rolling Year
Seems to ſtand ſtill, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath diſturbs the drowſy Waves:
But Man, the very Monſter of the World,
Is ne'er at reſt, the Soul for ever wakes.
Come then, ſince Deſtiny thus drives us on,
Let's know the bottom. *Hæmon*, you I ſent:
Where is that *Phorbas?*
Ham. Here, my Royal Lord.
Oed. Speak firſt, *Ægeon*, ſay, is this the Man?
Æge. My Lord it is; tho Time has plough'd that Face
With many Furrows ſince I ſaw it firſt,
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the Ground, quite to forget it.
Oed. Peace; ſtand back awhile.
Come hither, Friend; I hear thy Name is *Phorbas*.
Why doſt thou turn thy Face? I charge thee anſwer
To what I ſhall enquire: Were thou not once
The Servant of King *Lajus* here in *Thebes?*
Phor. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
Born and bred up in Court, no foreign Slave.
Oed. What Office hadſt thou? What was thy Employment?
Phor.

Phor. He made me Lord of all his rural Pleaſures;
For much he lov'd 'em; oft I entertain'd him
With ſporting Swains, o'er whom I had command.
Oed. Where was thy Reſidence? to what Part o'th' (Country
Didſt thou moſt frequently reſort?
Phor. To Mount *Citharon*, and the pleaſant Vallies
Which all about lie ſhadowing its large Feet.
Oed. Come forth *Ægeon.* Ha! why ſtarts thou *Phorbas?*
Forward, I ſay, and face to Face confront him,
Look wiſtly on him, ſpeak to him if thou canſt;
And tell me on thy Life, ſay, doſt thou know him?
Didſt thou e'er ſee him? converſe with him,
Near Mount *Citharon?*
Phor. Who, my Lord, this Man?
Oed. This Man, this old, this venerable Man?
Speak, didſt thou ever meet him there?
Phor. Where, Sacred Sir?
Oed. Near Mount *Citharon*; anſwer to the Purpoſe.
'Tis a King ſpeaks; and Royal Minutes are
Of much more worth than thouſand vulgar Years:
Didſt thou e'er ſee this Man near *Citharon?*
Phor. Moſt ſure, my Lord, I have ſeen Lines like thoſe
His Viſage bears; but know not where, nor when.
Æge. Is't poſſible you ſhould forget your antient Friend?
There are perhaps
Particulars which may excite your dead Remembrance.
Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale?
The Swadling-Bands were Purple, wrought with Gold;
Have you forgot too how you wept, and begg'd
That I ſhould breed him up, and aſk no more?
Phor. Whatever I begg'd; thou, like a Dotard, ſpeak'ſt
More than is requiſite: And what of this?
Why is it mention'd now? and why, O why,
Doſt thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?
Æge. Be not too raſh. That Infant grew at laſt
A King; and here the happy Monarch ſtands. (utter'd!
Phor. Ha! Whither would'ſt thou! O what haſt thou
For what thou haſt ſaid, Death ſtrike thee dumb for ever.

Oed.

Oed. Forbear to curſe the Innocent; and be
Accurſt thy ſelf, thou ſhifting Traitor, Villain,
Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.
Phor. O Heav'ns! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?
Oed. Why ſpeak you not according to my Charge?
Bring forth the Rack, ſince Mildneſs cannot win you,
Torments ſhall force.
Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir!
You will not rack an innocent old Man.
Oed. Speak then.
Phor. Alas! what would you have me ſay?
Oed. Did this old Man take from your Arms an Infant?
Phor. He did; and, oh! I wiſh to all the Gods,
Phorbas had periſh'd in that very Moment.
Oed. Moment! thou ſhalt be Hours, Days, Years a dying.
Here, bind his Hands; he dallies with my Fury:
But I ſhall find a way——
Phor. My Lord, I ſaid I gave the Infant to him.
Oed. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?
Phor. He was not mine, but given me by another.
Oed. Whence? and from whom? what City? of what
Phor. O Royal Sir, I bow me to the Ground, (Houſe?
Would I could ſink beneath it; by the Gods,
I beg conjure you to enquire no more.
Oed. Furies and Hell! *Hæmon*, bring forth the Rack,
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and ſulphurous Flames,
He ſhall be bound, and gaſh'd, his Skin flead off,
And burnt alive.
Phor. O ſpare my Age.
Oed. Riſe then, and ſpeak.
Phor. Dread Sir, I will.
Oed. Who gave that Infant to thee?
Phor. One of King *Lajus'* Family.
Oed. O you immortal Gods! but ſay, who was't?
Which of the Family of *Lajus* gave it?
A Servant, or one of the Royal Blood?
Phor. O wretched State! I die, unleſs I ſpeak;
And, if I ſpeak, moſt certain Death attends me!
Oed. Thou ſhalt not die. Speak then, who was it ſpeak,
While I have Senſe to underſtand the Horror?

For

For I grow cold.
Phor. The Queen *Jocaſta* told me
It was her Son by *Lajus*.
Oed. O you Gods! but did ſhe give it thee?
Phor. My Lord, ſhe did. (Heart,
Oed. Wherefore? for what? — O break not yet my
Tho my Eyes burſt, no matter: Wilt thou tell me,
Or muſt I ask for ever? for what end?
Why gave ſhe thee her Child?
Phor. To murder it.
Oed. O more than ſavage! murder her own Bowels!
Without a Cauſe!
Phor. There was a dreadful one,
Which had foretold that moſt unhappy Son
Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.
Oed. But one thing more:
Jocaſta told me thou wert by the Chariot
When the old King was ſlain: ſpeak, I conjure thee,
For I ſhall never ask thee ought again,
What was the Number of the Aſſaſſinates?
Phor. The dreadful Deed was acted but by one:
And ſure that one had much of your Reſemblance.
Oed. 'Tis well! I thank you Gods! 'tis wondrous well!
Daggers and Poiſon; O there is no need
For my Diſpatch; and you, you mercileſs Pow'rs,
Hoard up your Thunder-Stones; keep, keep your Bolts
For Crimes of little Note. [*Falls.*
Adr. Help, *Hæmon*, help, and bow him gently forward;
Chafe, chafe his Temples: how the mighty Spirits,
Half ſtrangled with the Damp his Sorrows rais'd,
Struggle for vent! but ſee, he breathes again,
And vigorous Nature breaks thro all Oppoſition.
How fares my Royal Friend?
Oed. The worſe for you.
O barbarous Men! and oh the hated Light!
Why did you force me back to curſe the Day;
To curſe my Friends; to blaſt with this dark Breath
The yet untainted Earth and circling Air;
To raiſe new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down?
Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?

Methinks

Methinks there's not a Hand that graſps this Hell,
But ſhould run up like Flax all blazing Fire.
Stand from this Spot, I wiſh you as my Friends,
And come not near me, leſt the gaping Earth
Swallow you too——Lo, I am gone already.
[*Draws and claps his Sword to his Breaſt, which* Adraſtus *ſtrikes away with his Foot.*
Adr. You ſhall no more be truſted with your Life.
Creon, *Alcander*, *Hamon*, help to hold him.
Oed. Cruel *Adraſtus!* Wilt thou, *Hamon* too?
Are theſe the Obligations of my Friends?
O worſe than worſt of my moſt barbarous Foes!
Dear, dear *Adraſtus*, look with half an Eye
On my unheard of Woes, and judge thy ſelf,
If it be fit that ſuch a Wretch ſhould live!
O, by theſe melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
With all the low Submiſſions of a Slave,
I do conjure thee give my Horrors way!
Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave:
As well thou may'ſt adviſe a tortur'd Wretch,
All mangled o'er from Head to Foot with Wounds,
And his Bones broke, to wait a better Day.
Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impoſſible;
And I with Juſtice ſhould be thought your Foe,
To leave you in this Tempeſt of your Soul.
Tho baniſh'd *Thebes*, in *Corinth* you may reign;
Th' Infernal Pow'rs themſelves exact no more.
Calm then your Rage, and once more ſeek the Gods.
Oed. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men:
Hence from my Arms, avant. Enjoy thy Mother!
What, violate with beſtial Appetite
The ſacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn!
This is not to be borne; hence! off, I ſay!
For they who left my Vengeance, make themſelves
Accomplices in my moſt horrid Guilt.
Adr. Let it be ſo, we'll fence Heav'ns Fury from you,
And ſuffer all together: This perhaps,
When Ruin comes, may help to break your Fall.
Oed. O that, as oft I have at *Athens* ſeen
The Stage ariſe, and the big Clouds deſcend;

So

So now in very Deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yon marble Roof
Meet, like the Hands of *Jove*, and cruſh Mankind.
For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs
Celeſtial, nay, Terreſtrial and Infernal,
Conſpire the Rack of out-caſt *Oedipus:*
Fall Darkneſs then, and everlaſting Night
Shadow the Globe; may the Sun never dawn,
The ſilver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
And for an univerſal Rout of Nature
Thro all the inmoſt Chambers of the Sky,
May there be not a Glimpſe, one ſtarry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods and joſtle in the Dark;
That Jars may riſe, and Wrath divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms ſhake the ſolid World. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Creon, Alcander, *and* Pyracmon.

Cre. THEBES is at length my own; and all my Wiſhes, form'd)
(Which ſure were great as Royalty e'er
Fortune and my auſpicious Stars have crown'd.
O Diadem, thou Center of Ambition,
Where all its different Lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou were the Burning-Glaſs of Glory!
Pyr. Might I be Counſellor, I would intreat you
To cool a little, Sir:
Find out *Euryſice*;
And with the Reſolution of a Man
Mark'd out for Greatneſs, give the fatal Choice
Of Death or Marriage.
Alc. Survey curs'd *Oedipus*,
As one who, tho unfortunate, 's belov'd,
Thought innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you muſt mark him dead:
Since nothing but his Death, not Baniſhment,
Can give Aſſurance to your doubtful Reign.

Cre.

Cre. Well have you done to snatch me from the Storm
Of racking Transport, where the little Streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the under Passions,
As Waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn;
Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire.
Therefore *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice shall die, or be my Bride.
Alcander, summon to their Master's Aid
My menial Servants, and all those whom change
Of State, and Hope of the new Monarch's Favour
Can win to take our part: Away; what now?

[*Exit* Alcander.

Enter Hæmon.

When *Hæmon* weeps, without the help of Ghosts,
I may foretel there is a fatal Cause.
Hæm. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate King?
Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Closet, where I saw him fling
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed;
All left him there, at his desire, alone:
But sure no Ill, unless he dy'd with Grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.
Hæm. I did: and, having lock'd the Door, I stood,
And thro a Chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no Eyes beheld him:
At first, deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,
Murmurs and Groans, that shook the outward Rooms.
Art thou still alive, O Wretch! he cry'd:
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away.
Cre. I weep to hear; how then should I have griev'd,
Had I beheld this wondrous Heap of Sorrow!
But, [illegible] fatal period.
Hæm. Thrice he struck,
With [illegible] his force, his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus, with out-cries, to himself complain'd:
But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st 'tis well,
These Bubbles of the shallowest emptiest Sorrow,

Which

Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are ſet on;
Yet theſe thou think'ſt are ample Satisfaction
For bloodieſt Murder, and for burning Luſt:
No, Parricide, if thou muſt weep, weep Blood;
Weep Eyes, inſtead of Tears: O! by the Gods,
'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd; and fits my Woes.
Which ſaid, he ſmil'd revengefully, and leapt
Upon the Floor; thence gaz'd at the Skies,
His Eyes-balls fiery red, and glowing Vengeance,
Gods, I accuſe you not, tho I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glaſſes,
The mighty Soul's immortal Perſpectives,
I find your dazzling Beings: Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your laſt, you fatal farewel-View.
When with a Groan that ſeem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid force lifting his impious Hands,
He ſnatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
The Balls of Sight, and daſh'd 'em on the Ground.

Cre. A Maſter-piece of Horror! new and dreadful!

Ham. I ran to ſuccour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant Strings away.
What then remains, but that I find *Tireſias*,
Who, with his Wiſdom may allay thoſe Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul? [*Exit.*

Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy Care, moſt honeſt, faithful, fooliſh *Hæmon*.
But ſee, *Alcander* enters, well attended.

Enter Alcander.

I ſee thou haſt been diligent.

Alc. Nothing theſe
For Number to the Crouds that ſoon will follow.
Be reſolute,
And call your utmoſt fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou haſt given
Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
Theſe Eyes be cloſ'd till they behold *Adraſtus*
Stretch'd at the Feet of falſe *Eurydice*.

Enter Adraſtus *and* Eurydice *attended.*

Adr. Alas! *Eurydice*, what fond raſh Man,

What inconſiderate and ambitious Fool,
That ſhall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*,
Will dare, with his frail Hand, to graſp a Scepter?
Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown ſeems dreadful, and I wiſh
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might paſs
Our ſofter Hours in humble Cells away:
Not but I love you to that infinite Height,
I could (O wondrous Proof of fierceſt Love!)
Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.
Adr. Take then this moſt lov'd Innocence away;
Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*,
From Blood and Murder,
Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
Rapes, Death, and Treaſon, from that Fury *Creon*;
Vouchſafe that I, o'erjoy'd, may bear you hence,
And at your Feet preſent the Crown of *Argos*.
[Creon *and Attendants come up to him.*
Cre. I have o'er-heard thy black Deſign, *Adraſtus*:
And therefore, as a Traitor to this State,
Death ought to be thy Lot: Let it ſuffice
That *Thebes* ſurveys thee as a Prince; abuſe not
Her proffer'd Mercy, but retire betimes;
Leſt ſhe repent, and haſten on thy Doom.
Adr. Think not, moſt abject,
Moſt abhorr'd of Men,
Adraſtus will vouchſafe to anſwer thee;
Thebans, to you I juſtify my Love:
I have addreſs'd my Prayers to this fair Princeſs.
But, if I ever meant a Violence,
Or thought to raviſh, as that Traitor did,
What humbleſt Adorations could not win,
Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul Diſhonour,
And let all curſe me by the Name of *Creon*.
Hear me, O *Thebans*, if you dread the Wrath
Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen;
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your Lives,
To take the part of that rebellious Traitor.
By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
By Queen *Jocaſta*'s Order, by what's more,
My own dear Vows of everlaſting Love,

I

I here resign to Prince *Adrastus'* Arms
All that the World can make me Mistress of.
Cre. O perjur'd Woman!
Draw all; and when I give the Word, fall on.
Traitor, resign the Princess, or this moment
Expect, with all those most unfortunate Wretches,
Upon this spot strait to be hewn in pieces.
Adr. No, Villain, no; with twice those odds of Men,
I doubt not in this Cause to vanquish thee.
Captain, remember to your Care I give
My Love, ten thousand thousand times more dear
Than Life or Liberty.
Cre. Fall on, *Alcander.*
Pyracmon, you and I must wheel about
For nobler Game, the Princess.
Adr. Ah! Traytor, dost thou shun me?
Follow, follow,
My brave Companions; see, the Cowards fly.
[*Exit fighting*: Creon's *Party beaten off by* Adrastus.

Enter Oedipus.

Oed. O, 'tis too little this! thy loss of Sight,
What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, There goes the Murderer!
Nor have I hid my Horrors from my self;
For tho corporeal Light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, thro glaring Opticks,
Presents in larger Size her black Ideas;
Doubling the bloody Prospect of my Crimes,
Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
With Wife, and Mother, Tortures, Hell, and Furies.
Ha! now the baleful Off-spring's brought to light!
In horrid Form they rank themselves before me.
What shall I call this Mockery of Creation!
Here one, with all th' Obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocasta's* Look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father; there is a sturdy Boy,
Resembling *Laius* just as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold Hand grasping mine,
Cries out, how fares my Brother *Oedipus*?

What, Sons and Brothers! Siſters and Daughters too?
Fly all, be gone, fly from my whirling Brain;
Hence Inceſt, Murder; hence you ghaſtly Figures!
O Gods! Gods, anſwer, is there any means?
Let me go mad, or die.

Enter Jocaſta.

Joc. Where, where is this moſt wretched of Mankind,
This ſtately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
Whoſe Story told, whoſe very Name but mention'd,
Would cool the Rage of Fevers, and unlock
The Hand of Luſt from the pale Virgin's Air,
And throw the Raviſher before her Feet?

Oed. By all my Fears, I think't *Jocaſta*'s Voice!
Hence; fly, be gone: O thou far worſe than worſt
Of damning Charmers! O abhorr'd, loath'd Creature!
Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the Eaſt, Weſt, North or South of Heav'n;
But think not thou ſhalt ever enter there:
The Golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant
'Gainſt thee, and me; and the Celeſtial Guards,
Still as we riſe, will daſh our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two worlds of Woe!

Oed. Art thou not gone then? Ha!
How dar'ſt thou ſtand the Fury of the Gods?
Or com'ſt thou in the Grave to reap new Pleaſures?

Joc. Talk on, till thou mak'ſt mad my rolling Brain,
Groan ſtill more Death: and may thoſe diſmal Sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears.
Methinks at ſuch a Meeting, Heav'n ſtands ſtill;
The Sea nor ebbs nor flows; this Mole-hill Earth
Is heard no more; the buſy Emmets ceaſe:
Yet hear me

Oed. Speak then, and blaſt my Soul.

Joc. O my lov'd Lord, tho I reſolve a Ruin
To match my Crimes; by all my Miſeries,
'Tis Horror worſe than thouſand thouſand Deaths,
To ſend me hence without a kind Farewel.

Oed. Gods! how ſhe ſhakes me! ſtay thee, O *Jocaſta*,

Speak

Speak ſomething e'er thou goeſt for ever from me.
Joc. 'Tis Woman's Weakneſs that I would be pity'd;
Pardon me then, O greateſt, thoſe moſt wretched
Of all thy Kind; my Soul is on the brink,
And ſees the boiling Furnace juſt beneath.
Do not thou puſh me off, and I will go
With ſuch a Willingneſs, as if that Heav'n
With all its Glories glow'd for my Reception.
Oed. Oh, in my Heart I feel the Pangs of Nature!
It works with Kindneſs o'er. Give, give me way;
I feel a melting here, a Tenderneſs
Too mighty for the Anger of the Gods.
Direct me to thy Knees; yet, Oh forbear!
Leſt the dead Embers ſhould revive,
Stand off —— and at juſt *diſtance*
Let me groan my Horrors —— here
On the Earth, here below my utmoſt Gale;
Here ſob my Sorrows, till I burſt with ſighing;
Here gaſp and languiſh out my wounded Soul.
Joc. In ſpite of all thoſe Crimes, the cruel Gods
Can charge me with, I know thy Innocence;
Know your's; 'tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,
For you are ſtill my Husband.
Oed. Swear I am,
And I'll believe thee, ſteal into thy Arms,
Renew Endearments, think 'em no Pollutions;
But chaſte as Spirits Joys; gently I'll come,
Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,
And fold thee ſoftly in my Arms to Slumbers.
The Ghoſt of Lajus *aſcends by degrees, pointing at* Jocaſta.
Joc. Be gone, my Lord! alas, what are we doing?
Fly from my Arms! Whirlwinds, Seas, Continents,
And Worlds, divide us! O thrice happy thou,
Who haſt no uſe of Eyes; for here's a Sight
Would turn the melting Face of Mercy's ſelf
To a wild Fury.
Oed. Ha! what ſeeſt thou there?
Joc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
How wan he looks!
Oed. Thou rav'ſt; thy Husband's here.

Joc. There, there he mounts,
In circling Fire, amongst the blushing Clouds!
And see, he waves *Jocasta* from the World!
Ghost. Jocasta, Oedipus. [*Vanishes with Thunder.*
Oed. What wouldst thou have?
Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In Darkness here, and kept from means of Death.
I've heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful;
At whose Approach when starting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does shake, and the old Ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and Towers are thundred down;
And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant,
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.
Joc. Was that a Raven's Croak or my Son's Voice?
No matter which; I'll to the Grave and hide me;
Earth open, or I'll tear thy Bowels up.
Hark! he goes on, and blabs the Deed of Incest.
Oed. Strike then, Imperial Ghost, dash all at once
This House of Clay into a thousand Pieces;
That my poor lingring Soul may take her flight
To your immortal Dwellings.
Joc. Haste thee then,
Or I shall be before thee: see, thou canst not see;
The [illegible] tell thee that my Wings are on;
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a Port divine
Glide all along the gaudy milky Soil,
To find my *Lajus* out; ask every God
In his bright Palace, if he knows my *Lajus*,
My murder'd *Lajus*!
Oed. Ha! how's this, *Jocasta*?
Nay, if thy Brain be sick, then thou art happy.
Joc. Ha! will you not? shall I not find him out?
Will you not show him? are my Tears despis'd?
Why, [illegible] thunder: [illegible] be mad,
And fri[illegible] you with my Cries: yes, cruel Gods!
Tho Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my Heart,
I'll snatch Celestial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
Melt down your Golden Roofs, and make your Doors
Of Chrystal fly from off their Diamond Hinges;
Drive you all out from your ambrosial Hives,

To swarm, like Bees about the Field of Heav'n.
This will I do unless you shew me *Lajus*,
My dear, my murder'd Lord. O *Lajus! Lajus! Lajus!*
[*Ex.* Jocasta.

Oed. Excellent Grief! why, this is as it should be!
No Mourning can be suitable to Crimes
Like ours, but what Death makes, or Madness forms.
I cou'd have wish'd methought for Sight again,
To mark the Gallantry of her Distraction:
Her blazing Eyes darting the wandring Stars,
T'have seen her mouth the Heav'ns and mate the Gods,
While with her thundring Voice she menac'd high,
And every Accent twang'd with smarting Sorrow.
But what's all this to thee? thou Coward yet,
Art living, canst not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
Tho thousand Ways lead to his thousand Doors,
Which Day and Night are still unbarr'd for all.
[*Clashing of Swords: Drums and Trumpets without.*
Hark! 'tis the Noise of clashing Swords! the Sound
Comes near; Oh, that a Battel would come o'er me!
If I but grasp a Sword, or wrest a Dagger,
I'll make a Ruin with the first that falls.

Enter Hæmon, *with Guards.*

Ham. Seize him, and bear him to the Western Tow'r.
Pardon me, sacred Sir; I am inform'd
That *Creon* has Designs upon your Life:
Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,
I order your Confinement.

Oed. Slaves unhand me.
I think thou hast a Sword: 'twas the wrong side.
Yet, cruel *Hæmon*, think not I will live;
All that could tear his Eyes out, sure can find
Some desperate way to stop his first Breath:
Or if I starve, but that's a lingring Ease.
Or if I leave my Brains upon the Wall!
The airy Soul can easily o'er-shoot
Those Bounds with which thou striv'st to pale her in.
Yes, I will perish in despite of thee;
And by the Rage that stirs me, if I meet thee

In

In th' other World I'll curſe thee for this Uſage. [*Ex.*

Hæm. Tireſias, after him, and with your Counſel
Adviſe him humbly; charm, if poſſible,
Theſe Feuds within, while I without extinguiſh
Or periſh in th' Attempt, the furious *Creon*,
That Brand which ſets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n proſper your Intent, and give a Period
To all your Plagues: what old *Tireſias* can
Shall ſtrait be done. Lead, *Manto*, to the Tow'r.
[*Ex.* Tir. Manto.

Hæm. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray,
[*Trumpets again.*
Or fall together in the bloody Broil. [*Ex.*

Enter Creon *with* Eurydice, Pyracmon *and his Party giving Ground to* Adraſtus.

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adraſtus* Prince of *Argos*,
Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Priſoner.

Adr. What would'ſt thou, Hell-hound?

Cre. This brandiſh'd Dagger:
Forego th' Advantage which thy Arms have won,
Or by the Blood which trembles thro' the Heart
Of her who is more than Life I know thou lov'ſt
I'll bury to the Haft, in her fair Breaſt,
This Inſtrument of my Revenge. (bloody Hand.

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd Wretch, hold, ſtop thy

Cre. Give order then, that on this Inſtant now,
This moment, all thy Soldiers ſtrait diſband.

Adr. Away, my Friends, ſince Fate has ſo allotted;
Be gone, and leave me to the Villain's Mercy.

Eur. Ah, my *Adraſtus!* call 'em, call 'em back!
Stand there; come back! Oh, cruel barbarous Men!
Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After ſo brave a having fought his Cauſe,
To periſh by th' Hands of this baſe Villain?
Why rather ruſh you not at once together
All to his Ruin? drag him thro the Streets,
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
Nor let my Death affright you.

Cre. Die firſt thy ſelf then.

Adr.

Adr. Oh, I charge thee, hold.
Hence from my Presence all; he's not my Friend
That disobeys. See, art thou now appeas'd?
[*Ex. Attendants.*
Or is there ought else yet remains to do
That can atone thee? Slake thy Thirst of Blood
With mine; but save, O save that innocent Wretch.
Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy self my Prisoner.
Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of Hope to save
Thy precious Life, my dear *Adrastus*,
Whate'er thou dost, deliver not thy Sword;
With that thou may'st get off, tho odds oppose thee:
For me, O fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
His horrid Love will spare me. Keep thy Sword;
Lest I be ravish'd after thou art slain!
Adr. Instruct me, Gods! What shall *Adrastus* do
Cre. Do what thou wilt when she is dead; my So ?
With Numbers will o'erpower thee. Is't thy Wish ldiers
Eurydice should fall before thee?
Adr. Traitor, no;
Better, that thou and I, and all Mankind
Should be no more.
Cre. Then cast thy Sword away,
And yield thee to my Mercy, or I strike.
Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a moment's pause;
My Father, when he blest me, gave me this;
My Son, said he, let this be thy last Refuge:
If thou forego'st it, Misery attends thee;
Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all
The Hazards of my Life I never lost.
'Tis thine, my faithful Sword, my only Trust;
Tho my Heart tells me that the Gift is fatal.
Cre. Fatal! Yes, foolish Love sick Prince, it shall:
Thy Arrogance, thy Storm, my Wounds Remembrance,
Turn all at once the fatal Point upon thee.
Pyracmon, to the Palace, dispatch
The King; hang *Hæmon* up, for he is Loyal
And will oppose me. Come, Sir, are you ready?
Adr. Yes, Villain, for whatever thou canst dare.
Eur. Hold, *Creon*, or thro me, thro me you wound.

Adr.

Adr. Off, Madam, or we periſh both; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my Poniard's in my Hand:
Therefore away.
Eur. I'll guard your Life with mine.
Cre. Die both then; there is now no time for dallying.
[*Kills* Eurydice.
Eur. Ah, Prince, farewel! farewel, my dear *Adraſtus*.
[*Dies.*
Adr. Unheard of Monſter! eldeſt born of Hell!
Down to thy primitive Flames. [*Stabs* Creon.
Cre. Help, Soldiers, help:
Revenge me.
Adr. More, yet more: a thouſand Wounds!
I'll ſtamp thee ſtill, thus, to the gaping Furies.
[Adraſtus *falls, kill'd by the Soldiers.*

Enter Hamon, *Guards with* Alcander *and* Pyracmon *bound: the Aſſaſſins are driven off.*

O *Hamon*, I am ſlain; nor need I name
The inhuman Author of all Villanies;
There he lies gaſping.
Cre. If I muſt plunge in Flames,
Burn firſt my Arm; baſe Inſtrument, unfit
To act the Dictates of my daring Mind;
Burn, burn for ever, O weak Subſtitute
Of that, the God Ambition. [*Dies.*
Adr. She's gone; O deadly Marks-Man, in the Heart!
Yet in the Pangs of Death ſhe graſps my Hand:
Her Lips too tremble, as if ſhe would ſpeak
Her laſt farewel. O *Oedipus*, thy Fall
Is great; and nobly now thou goeſt attended.
They talk of Heroes, and Celeſtial Beauties,
And wondrous Pleaſures in the other World;
Let me but find her there, I aſk no more. [*Dies.*
Enter a Captain, Hamon, *with* Tireſias *and* Manto.
Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocaſta*, ſwift and wild,
As a robb'd Tygreſs bounding o'er the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze Mankind:
In twiſted Gold I ſaw her Daughters hang
On the Bed Royal; and her little Sons

Stabb'd

Stabb'd thro the Breaſts upon the bloody Pillows.

Hæm. Relentleſs Heav'ns! is then the Fate of *Lajus*
Never to be aton'd? how ſacred ought
Kings Lives be held, when but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation?
But ſee! the furious mad *Jocaſta*'s here.

SCENE *draws; and diſcovers* Jocaſta *held by her Women, and ſtabb'd in many Places of her Boſom, her Hair diſhevel'd, her Children ſlain upon the Bed.*

Was ever ſuch a ſight of ſo much Horror,
And Pity, brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel Women!
Will you not let me take my laſt farewel
Of thoſe dear Babes? O let me run and ſeal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling Wounds!
I'll print upon their coral Mouths ſuch Kiſſes,
As ſhall recal their wandring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal.
Help, *Hæmon*, help:
Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocaſta* dies.

Enter Oedipus *above.*

Oed. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods,
'Tis quite unbarr'd: ſure by the diſtant Noiſe,
The height will fit my fatal Purpoſe well.

Joc. What hoa, my *Oedipus*; ſee where he ſtands!
His groping Ghoſt is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount my Soul;
I'll wrap thy ſhivering Spirit in lambent Flames! and ſo
But ſee! we're landed on the happy Coaſt; (we'll ſail;
And all the golden Strands are cover'd o'er
With glorious Gods that come to try our Cauſe.
Jove, *Jove*, whoſe Majeſty now ſinks me down;
He who himſelf burns in unlawful Fires,
Shall judge, and ſhall acquit us. O, 'tis done!
'Tis fixt by Fate upon Record Divine!
And *Oedipus* ſhall now be ever mine. [*Dies.*

Oed. Speak, *Hæmon*; what has Fate been doing there?
What dreadful Deed has mad *Jocaſta* done?

Hæm.

Hem. The Queen her ſelf, and all your wretched Off-
Are by her Fury ſlain. (ſpring,

Oed. By all my Woes,
She has out-done me in Revenge and Murther;
And I ſhould envy her the ſad Applauſe:
But, oh! my Children! oh! what have they done?
This was not like the Mercy of the Heav'ns,
To ſet her Madneſs on ſuch Cruelty:
This ſtirs me more than all my Sufferings,
And with my laſt Breath I muſt call you Tyrants.

Hem. What mean you, Sir?

Oed. Jocaſta! Lo! I come.
O, *Lajus*, *Labdacus*, and all you Spirits
Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me.
All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore;
Extend your Arms t' embrace me; for I come.
May all the Gods too from their Battlements
Behold, and wonder at a Mortal's daring;
And when I knock the Goal of dreadful Death,
Shout and applaud me with a Clap of Thunder.
Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
Swift as a falling Meteor; lo! I fly,
Headlong downwards to the darker Sky.

Thunder, he flings himſelf from the Window, the Thebans gather about his Body.

Hem. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now no more!
O curs'd Effect of the moſt deep Deſpair!

Tir. Ceaſe your Complaints, and bear his Body hence
The dreadful Sight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
Whom Heav'n decrees to raiſe with Peace and Glory.
Yet by theſe terrible Examples warn'd,
The ſacred Fury that alarms the World,
Let none, by me'er ſo virtuous, great and high,
Becjudg'd entirely bleſt before they die.

Exeunt.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

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